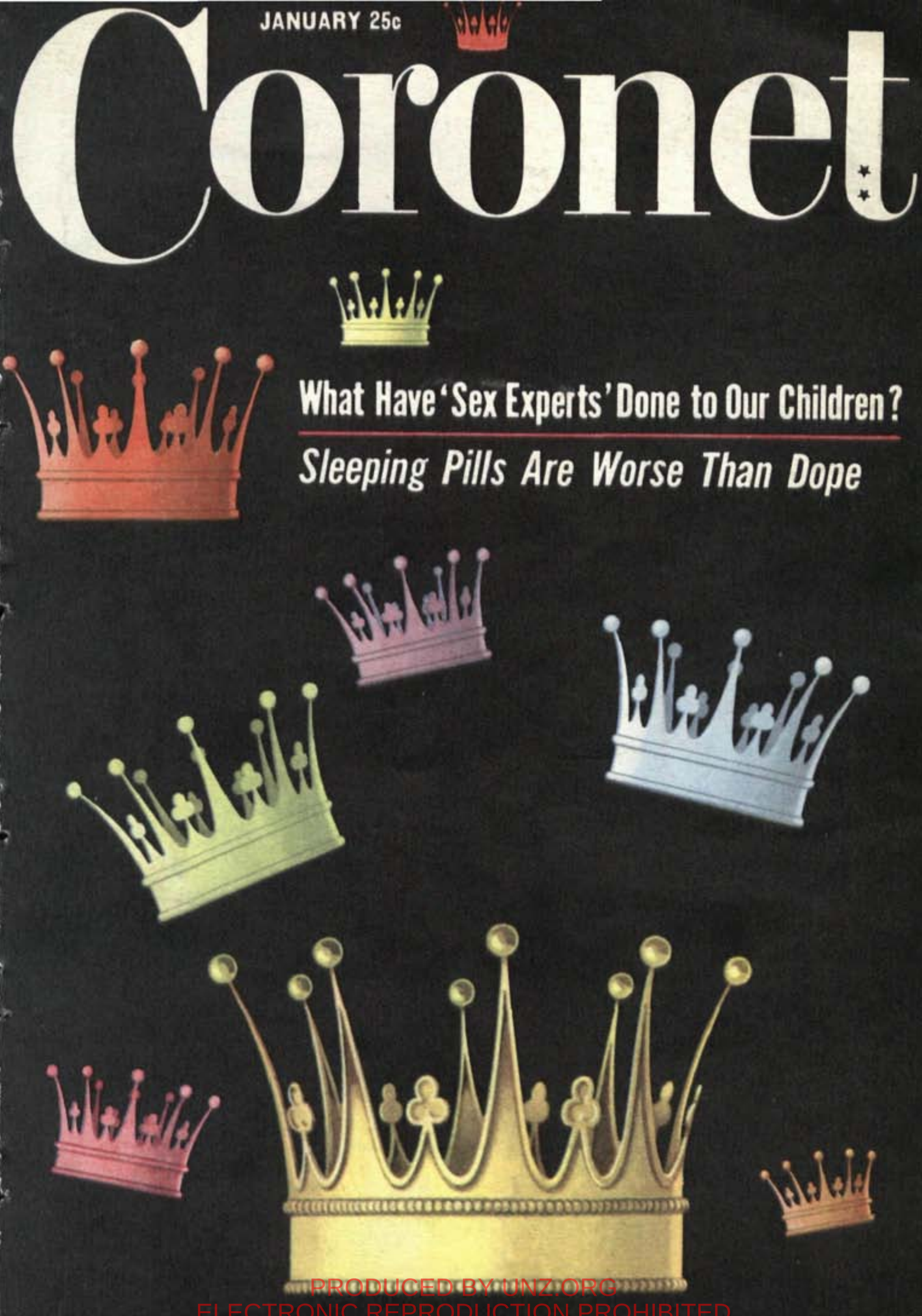
JANUARY 25c

Coronet

What Have 'Sex Experts' Done to Our Children?

Sleeping Pills Are Worse Than Dope



Symbol of HOPE

• FLOWERS express man's hope for everlasting peace. Their delicate beauty and fragrance shut out doubt and darkness by symbolizing the love we hold for those we've lost.

And, because we love, we grieve. But, because we have faith, we look forward to immortality. To our soul's unspoken question on these solemn occasions, flowers whisper comfortingly, "Hope!"

Because . . . like life . . . flowers flourish and fade. But there is something in their vital beauty that cannot wholly perish.

When you can't be there with those who grieve, Flowers-By-Wire carry your sympathy across the miles.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY
Send Flowers Worldwide
INTERFLORA

LOOK FOR THE FAMOUS F.T.D.
MERCURY EMBLEM. IT IDENTIFIES
THE RIGHT SHOPS!

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION **Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan**

RELIEVES PAIN OF HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS

FAST

TABLETS
ANACIN
ANALGESIC TABLETS
FOR TEMPORARY RELIEF OF PAIN DUE TO SIMPLE HEADACHE AND MINOR NEURALGIA
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS—ACETOPHENETIDIN 3 GRAINS PER TABLET ASPIRIN, CAFFEINE
WHITEHALL
WHITEHALL PHARMACAL COMPANY
NEW YORK, N.Y., U.S.A.
PRESS HERE

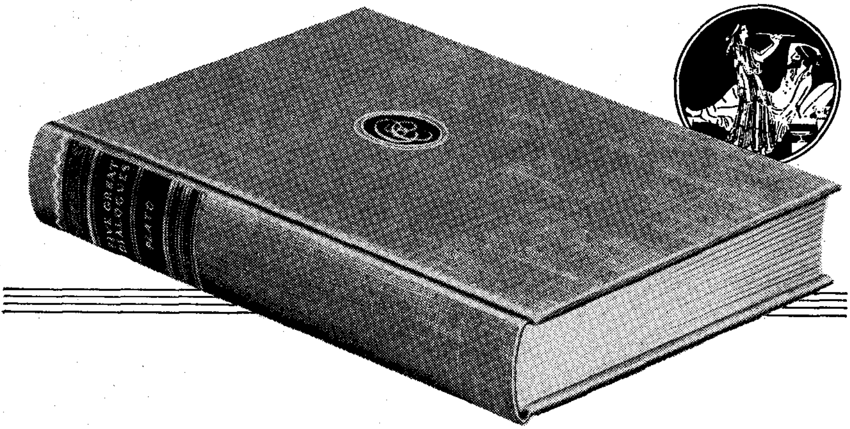
HERE'S WHY... Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. It's this combination of ingredients, working together, that accounts for Anacin's incredibly fast relief. So for really fast relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, or neuritis, get Anacin today.

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

BOTH FREE ...WALTER J. BLACK,

TO NEW MEMBERS

INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE



Both of these beautifully bound, superbly decorated editions of

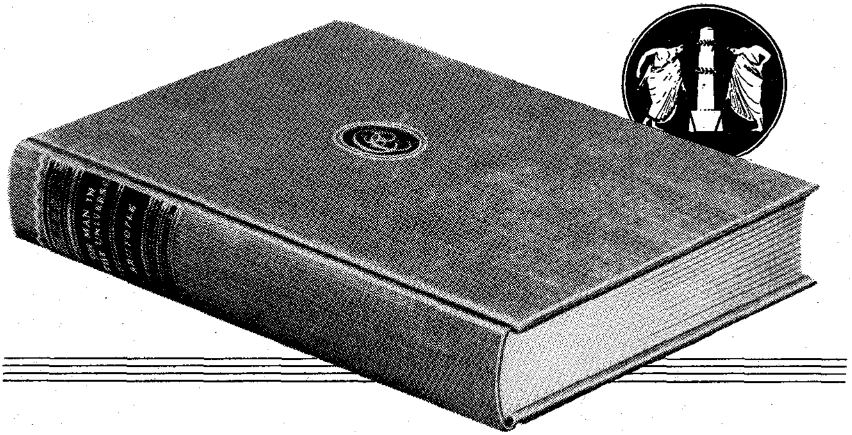
PLATO AND ARISTOTLE

FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES **ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE**

NOTHING short of amazing is the way these classics—written two thousand years ago—hit so many nails squarely on the head today! Here, in the clearest reasoning in all literature, two of the greatest scholars of all time tell us how to live intelligently happy lives, whether we possess worldly wealth or only the riches that lie hidden in our hearts and minds. Plato and Aristotle were mighty pioneers in the field of knowledge, and their ideas are astonishingly timely now.

PLATO is presented in the famous Jowett translation, and contains the five great dialogues—*Apology, Crito, Phaedo, Symposium,* and the *Republic.* ARISTOTLE includes the five celebrated essays—*Metaphysics, Parts of Animals, Nicomachean Ethics, Politics,* and *Poetics.* These are splendid De Luxe editions, beautifully printed and superbly bound. Both books will be cornerstones of your library. And both are yours *free,* as membership gifts from The Classics Club!

PRESIDENT OF THE CLASSICS CLUB,



Why The Classics Club Offers You These 2 Books Free

WILL YOU accept these two volumes as membership gifts from The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling novel. Why have the truly great books *become* "classics"? Because they would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the qualities characterizing Classics Club selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

Will you accept a Trial Membership? With your first book will come an advance notice about future selections. You reject any book you do not wish. You take only the ones you want. No money in advance; no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Publishing costs are rising. This low price—and your FREE copies of PLATO *and* ARISTOTLE—cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, Roslyn, L. I., New York.

Walter J. Black, President **PT**
THE CLASSICS CLUB
Roslyn, L. I., New York

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, the beautiful 2-volume De Luxe Classics Club Editions of PLATO and ARISTOTLE, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership any time.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you $2.89, plus a few cents mailing charges. *(Books shipped in U. S. A. only).*

Mr.
Mrs. } ....
Miss
(Please Print Plainly)

Address ....

City .... Zone No. (if any) .... State ....

"It's Daddy! Long Distance!"

A regular call from Dad when he's away is an exciting event at both ends of the line.

Why not try it the next time you're out of town on business? You'll find it pays heart-warming dividends in happiness and peace of mind. The service is quick. And the cost is small.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Cleveland to Pittsburgh .	45¢
New York to Boston	55¢
Chicago to Atlanta	$1.05
Philadelphia to Miami . . .	$1.35
Los Angeles to Washington, D.C.	$2.00

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the federal excise tax.

Call by Number.
It's Twice as Fast.

Bell Telephone System

Coronet

Contents for January 1955 VOL. 37, No. 3, WHOLE No. 218

Articles

I'd Hate to Be a Man . . . . ELAINE WHITEHILL 27
Sleeping Pills Are Worse Than Dope! . . MORT WEISINGER 31
30 Priceless Minutes . . . . RAY JOSEPHS 36
The Super Spy Who Fooled Hitler . . . . EMERY DERI 40
Football's Biggest Upset . . . . CLIFF MONTGOMERY 46
The Balanced Wisdom of Father Brown . . PETER WYDEN 59
New Treatment for Pimples . . . . LEWIS F. GITTLER 66
His Last Battle . . . . BILL CULLEN 69
Beneath the Earth . . . . ROBERT FROMAN 70
Very Funny Name, Peculiar
KATHARINE BEST AND KATHARINE HILLYER 75
Why Not Eat Rice? . . . . JACK DENTON SCOTT 79
Antoine of Paris: the Hairdo King . . . . . . J. D. RATCLIFF 100
Let Your Friends Judge You! . . . . AUREN URIS 105
Canada's Asbestos Capital . . . . ANNE FROMER 107
What Have "Sex Experts" Done to Children?
PEGGY CRAIG 111
World War III and How to Win It
MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY 116
The Men in My Life . . . . ZSA ZSA GABOR 131
A Hand for the Champion . . . . JACK PAAR 141
Shepherds in Fur . . . . OREN ARNOLD 142
Guy Lombardo: Legend in Music . . . . . GEORGE FRAZIER 146
"I Wish I Hadn't Said That!" . . . GRACE STUART NUTLEY 152

Pictorial Features

My Most Unusual Photograph . . . . PHOTOGRAPHY 18
Baby Doctor . . . . PICTURE STORY 51
The Great Southwest . . . . PICTURE STORY 83
Animal Antics . . . . PICTURE STORY 123
The Spirit of Liberty . . . . INSIDE BACK COVER

Service Features

The Month's Best . . . . MOVIES 6
Bermuda Holiday . . . . TRAVEL 8
Stick Together! . . . . HOUSEHOLD HINTS 10
Coronet Family Shopper . . . . NEW PRODUCTS 14
"Heel, Sit and Stay" . . . . PETS 20
Instrument and Voice . . . . RECORDS 24

Departments

Something in Common . . . . A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 39
Human Comedy 45
Grin and Share It 65
Travel Talk 99
Whistling Words 129

Publisher:
GORDON CARROLL
Editor:
FRITZ BAMBERGER
Senior Editors:
GEROLD FRANK
BERNARD L. GLASER
BEN NELSON
LEONARD W. ROBINSON
Associate Editors:
CARL BAKAL
ANNE FROMER
JIM GUERRIER
MARK S. NICHOLS
Editorial Associates:
MARY CAREY
PHILIP DOYLE
PATRICIA GATELY
HANNAH RABINOWITZ
Art Editor:
AUGUSTINO PENNETTO
Art Associate:
WILLIAM A. CONNELL
Production Director:
GUS BERKES
Advertising Manager:
PAUL P. JONES

John Smart, President: A. L. Blinder, Executive Vice-Pres.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; Jack Abraham, Vice-Pres. for Films; *Arnold Gingrich,* **Vice-Pres.; Lester Petchaft, Treas.; A. D. Elden, Sec.; Edgar G. Richards, Vice-Pres.** General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Subscription offices, Boulder, Colorado. Editorial, Advertising & Production offices, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. **Postage must** accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. Manuscripts and artwork should be sent to Coronet, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Semiannual index available on request. Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.
Copyright 1954 by Esquire, Inc. Copyrighted under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Inter-American Copyright Convention. Title registered U. S. Pat. Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content in any manner is prohibited.

Change of Address: Subscribers should notify their Postmaster and the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colorado, thirty days before change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. When writing in, please enclose your mailing label which gives all necessary information.

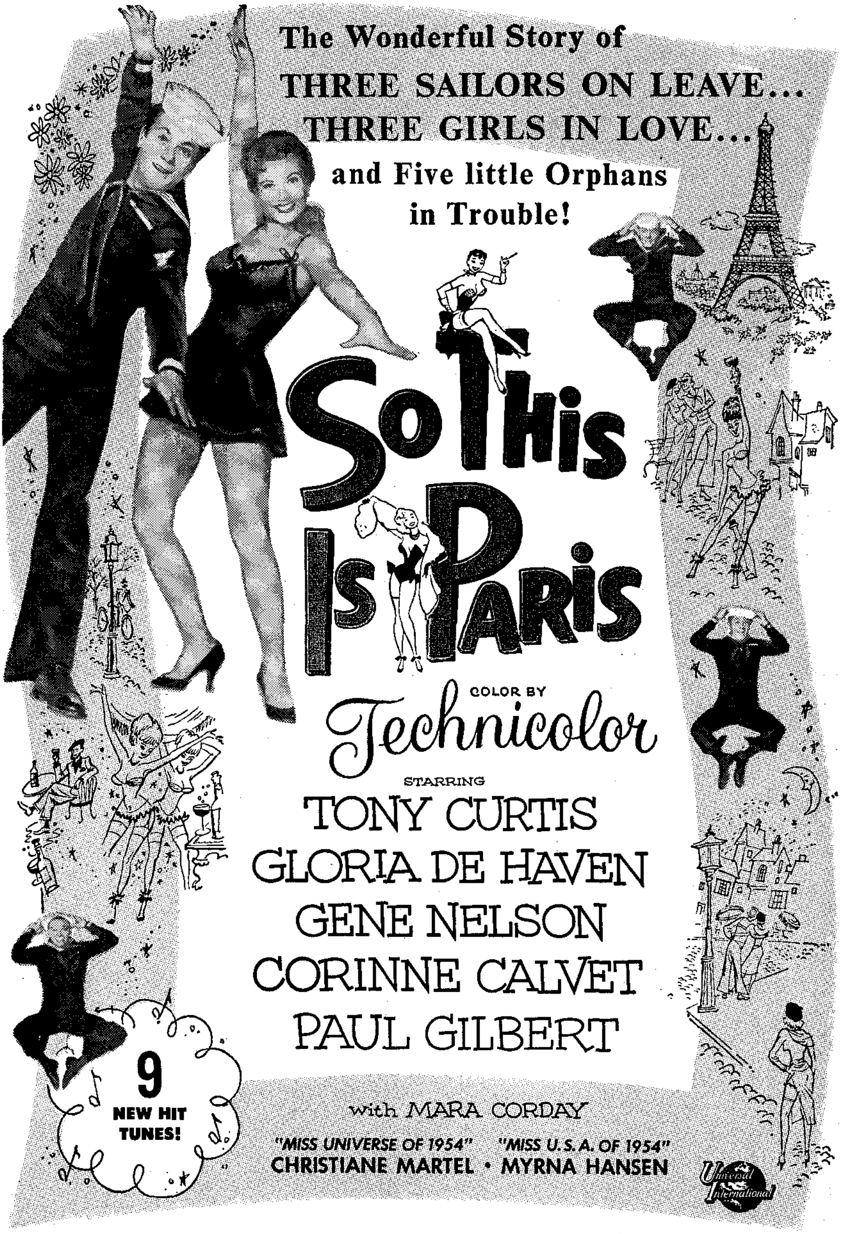
Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Printed in U. S. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years.

MOVIES

THE MONTH'S BEST...

"THE COUNTRY GIRL" gives Bing Crosby an off-beat role—as a once famous musical comedy star who is trying, unsteadily, to make a comeback—and he delivers his strongest performance.

Paramount has added songs to this backstage story, adapted from the Broadway hit play by Clifford Odets. Grace Kelly plays the devoted wife who helps Crosby find the way, and William Holden forcefully depicts the stage director who guides him in his struggles.



The Wonderful Story of
THREE SAILORS ON LEAVE...
THREE GIRLS IN LOVE...
and Five little Orphans
in Trouble!

So This Is Paris

COLOR BY
Technicolor

STARRING
TONY CURTIS
GLORIA DE HAVEN
GENE NELSON
CORINNE CALVET
PAUL GILBERT

with MARA CORDAY

"MISS UNIVERSE OF 1954" CHRISTIANE MARTEL • "MISS U.S.A. OF 1954" MYRNA HANSEN

9 NEW HIT TUNES!

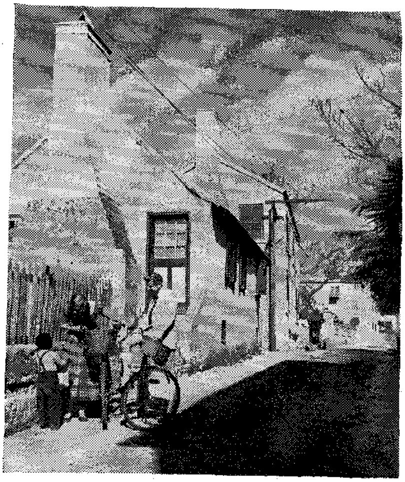
Universal International

Directed by RICHARD QUINE • Screenplay by CHARLES HOFFMAN • Produced by ALBERT J. COHEN • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

TRAVEL

Bermuda Holiday

Bermuda offers many diverting pastimes: beach games on coral sands, waterskiing, underwater fishing, yachting.

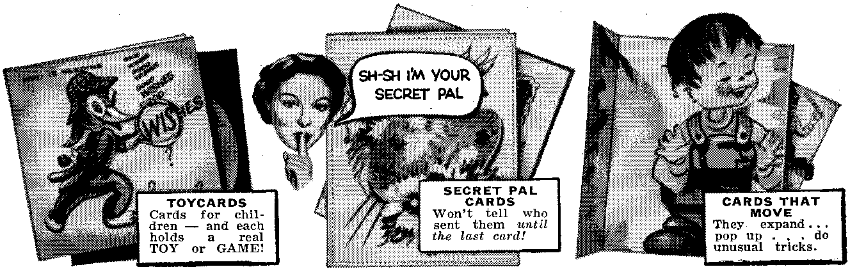


Bicycling on winding lanes through picturesque countryside is the favorite method of transportation for visitors.

Automobiles have appeared in recent years, but Bermuda still retains horse-drawn carriages for leisurely rides.

FREE BOX OF CARDS

for making the simple little test described below


WISHES
SH-SH I'M YOUR SECRET PAL

TOYCARDS Cards for children — and each holds a real TOY or GAME!

SECRET PAL CARDS Won't tell who sent them *until the last card!*

CARDS THAT MOVE They expand . . . pop up . . . do unusual tricks.

THIS OFFER MADE TO DEMONSTRATE WHY OTHER FOLKS FIND IT SO EASY TO

Make Good Money

without taking a job or putting in regular hours—and without experience!

THE coupon will bring you five boxes of famous Doehla All-Occasion Greeting Cards. One of these boxes is yours FREE—*whether or not you do anything about this opportunity to make extra money.*

We ask that you show the other four boxes to friends. If they do not snap them up, and ask for more, return the four boxes—without cost or obligation. *The other box is our gift to you!*

We want to demonstrate to you how easily thousands are making good money. Some folks report spare-time earnings of $50 to $100 within a week or two. That's because Doehla cards are so unusual, such wonderful bargains, that as soon as people *see* them they *want* them. You need only SHOW them.

If this little test works out as well for you (as it has for thousands of others) it will prove a simple way to make that extra money for which you now have so many good uses. Just mail coupon below—*at once,* because this offer may never be repeated.

One of These Nation-Wide Associates Will Give You Prompt Service in Your Area:

Iva E. Brundage & Sons
Detroit 4, Mich.

Capitol Card Company, Inc.
New Orleans 12, La.

Columbia Card Co., Ltd.
Dallas, Texas

Harry Doehla Co.
Nashua, N. H. &
Palo Alto, Cal.

Greetings Unlimited
St. Paul & Minneapolis
Minn.

Hye-Quality Card Co., Inc.
Kansas City 6, Mo.

Imperial Greeting Card Co.
Los Angeles 13, Cal.

Midwest Card Co.
St. Louis 1, Mo.

Western States Card Co.
Denver 4, Colo.

Mail Coupon To:
HARRY DOEHLA and ASSOCIATES, Studio C-281,
(Address any one of these three offices.)
NASHUA, N. H.
ST. LOUIS 1, MO.
PALO ALTO, CAL.

Send me five boxes of your new All Occasion Greeting Card assortments. One box I am to keep entirely free, for myself. I will return the other four boxes to you—without cost or obligation—unless I find that merely *showing* them to other folks can provide me with an easy way to make extra money. Send free samples of "Name-Imprinted" Stationery, too.

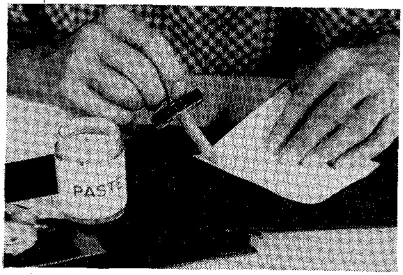
Name ....
(Please Print)

Address ....

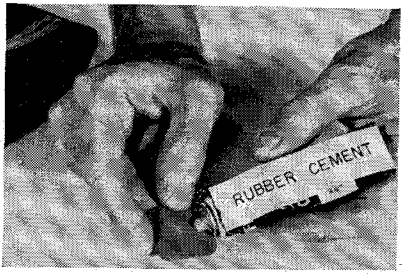
City.. State......................

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Stick Together!



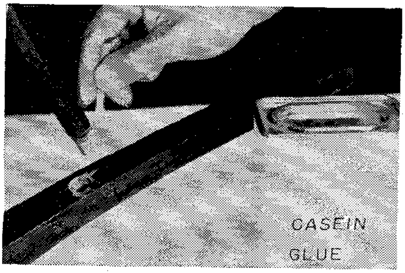
For best results when mounting pictures, clippings or similar work with paper, use paste applied with a brush.


RUBBER CEMENT

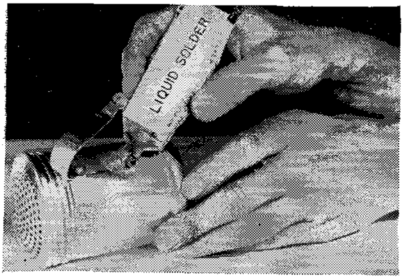
When patching inner tubes, apply rubber cement to patch and puncture area, allow both to dry, then press together.

HOUSEHOLD CEMENT

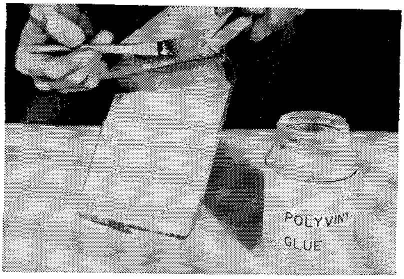
A thin coat of household cement holds broken plastic and china. Press wet surfaces together and brace until dry.


CASEIN
GLUE

Casein glue powder mixed with water forms a paste for repairing furniture. Hold pieces together until glue has set.

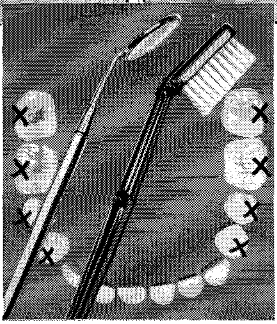

LIQUID SOLDER

Liquid solder is used for gluing metal objects. Apply directly from tube and allow to dry thoroughly before using.


POLYVINYL
GLUE

For repairing flexible materials such as leather or torn book bindings, use polyvinyl glue applied with a heavy brush.

TRY TO PLACE a conventional toothbrush on the back of your last molar



NOW see how easily it can be done with a Squibb ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH

80% of decay occurs in the hard-to-clean back teeth . . . use the brush that's bent like your dentist's mirror to reach those hard-to-get-at places

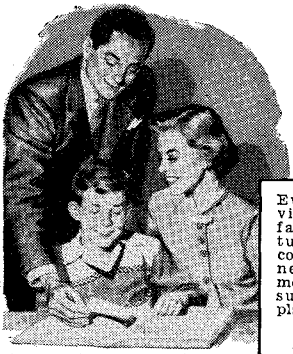
SQUIBB ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH

Look for this **SQUIBB** product at your drugstore

THE NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY

A New Educational Nature

Here is an exciting way to enrich your children's lives — and your own — with fascinating things-to-know and things-to-do in the wonderful world of Nature!

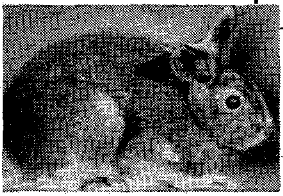


Everything provided, including fascinating pictures in natural color . . . permanent albums to mount them in . . . suggestions and plans for outdoor projects . . . and a handsome case to protect your collection.

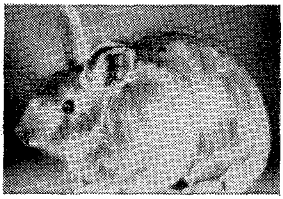
This thrilling new Nature hobby has captured the imagination of thousands of American families. Now—thanks to the world-famous National Audubon Society—*you* and *your family* can discover the wonders of Nature *at home*, under the guidance of friendly, inspired naturalists.

The FREE Gift described below (Value $2.00) is offered to you — without obligation — to demonstrate how much pleasure and knowledge you can enjoy with this new plan.

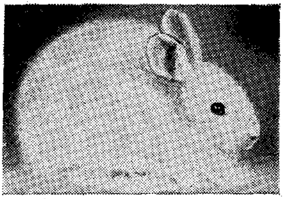
Through the magic eye of magnificent color photographs — and fact-filled albums in which to mount them — you journey each month "into the field" on a fascinating quest after Nature's secrets. Guided by famous naturalists, you *see* how Nature "protects her own" with camouflage . . . *learn* the strange, almost unbelievable ways some animals raise their young . . . *collect* your own "Museum-at-



In summer, the snowshoe rabbit is the same color as his tundra home. But when winter comes . . .



. . . the weather gets colder, and he starts to change color! When the ground is covered with snow . . .



. . . he has become all white — perfectly camouflaged once again!

Discover for yourself the beauties and marvels of Nature that you can find in a woodland pond, in a backyard brook — even in a side-street mud puddle! Your Nature Program tells you what to look for, how to go about it.

FREE IF YOU ENROLL NOW
The Current Album

RIGHT NOW is an excellent time to find out about this new National Audubon Society program. If you send the coupon at once, you will receive "CAMOUFLAGE IN NATURE" absolutely FREE OF CHARGE. Your Free Gift set includes a collection of 31 natural color prints, informative album *and* a distinctive maroon and gold color case to protect your "Museum-at-Home" collections. The value of this Gift Package is $2.00.

There's no obligation when you send for this FREE set. You may resign your membership any time you wish. However, we feel sure that, once you and your family have become acquainted with this "Museum-at-Home" program, you will want

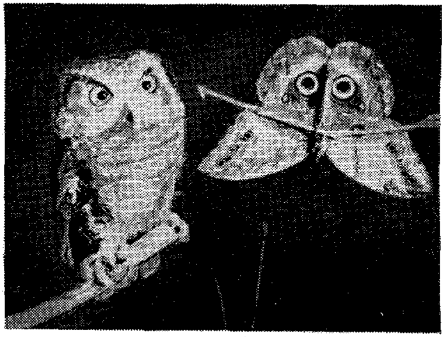
INVITES YOU TO ENJOY

Hobby for the Entire Family!

Home" of fascinating albums about exotic flowers, beautiful butterflies, animal oddities. *Best of all, your naturalist-guides will open your eyes to the wonders you can discover in your own backyard or park!*

Each month an exciting new topic is selected and a set of color prints is issued, together with an album in which to mount them and a text that explains your "Museum-at-Home" collection.

You can "sample" this new program without obligation. Simply send the coupon today, for the current set "CAMOUFLAGE IN NATURE" as a FREE GIFT. Everything provided, including fascinating pictures in natural color . . . permanent albums to mount them in . . . suggestions and plans for outdoor projects . . . and a handsome case to protect your collection.



Here are two unusual "look-alikes." One is the Owl — and the other, the spectacular Caligo Butterfly, which often alights *upside* down with his "owl eyes" showing. In the National Audubon Society's Nature Program you'll find *thousands* of little-known wonders and astonishing true stories.

ALL PICTURES IN THRILLING NATURAL COLORS!
NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY
NATURE PROGRAM

CAMOUFLAGE IN NATURE

to continue these delightful monthly "visits" for a while. The total cost is very low; only $1 for each monthly set, plus a few pennies for shipping.

Anyway, we urge you to send for your FREE introductory kit now, because quantities are limited. Just print your name and address on the coupon and mail it today.

THE AUDUBON NATURE PROGRAM
Dept. CM-1, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me FREE the CAMOUFLAGE IN NATURE series, including 31 natural color prints and an album to mount them in, plus informative text. I understand that you plan to issue a new Nature series each month, in cooperation with the National Audubon Society, for only $1.00 each plus a small charge for shipping. You will immediately send me, without any charge, a handsome maroon-and-gold color case for my albums. After examining my FREE set, I'll notify you if I do not wish any others. I may cancel my subscription at any time I wish without further obligation.

Name...
(Please Print)

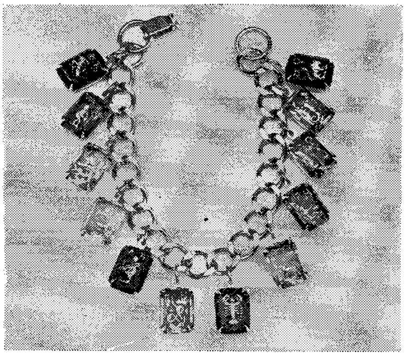
Address...

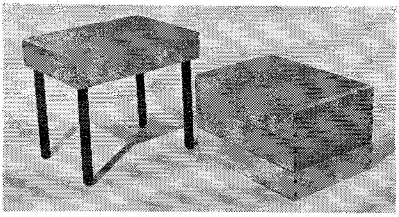
City..............................Zone....State.........

Send No Money. Mail Coupon Promptly.
(Same offer in Canada; address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont. Good only in U. S. A. and Canada.)

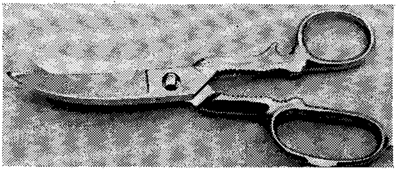
NEW PRODUCTS

Coronet's Family Shopper

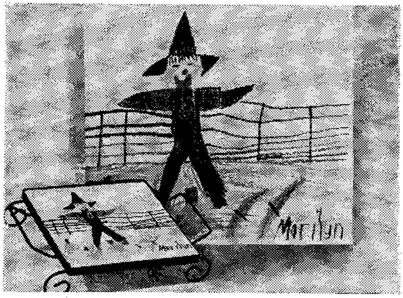




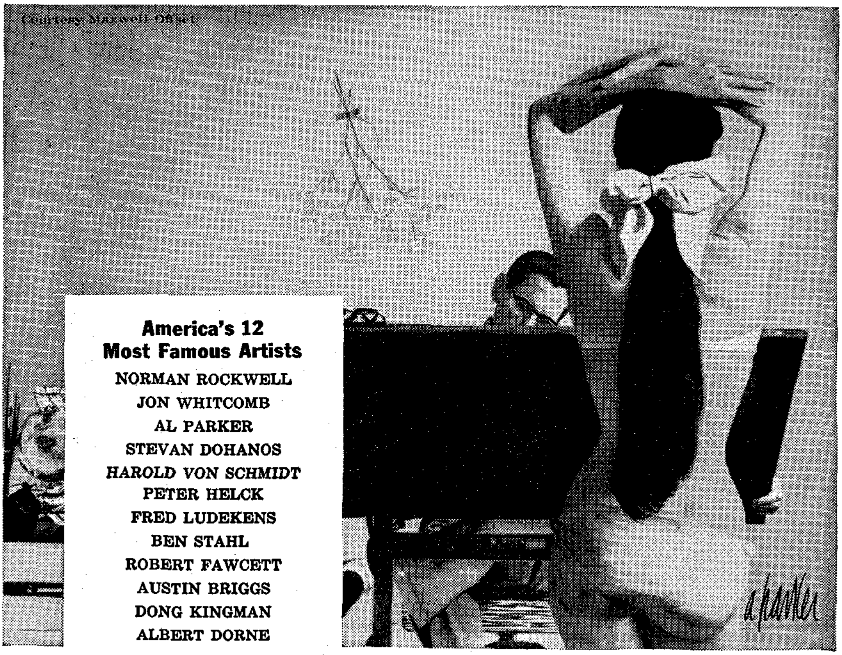
You'll be charmed—and charming, too—with this sparkling Birthstone Bracelet. Each of the 12 imported stones which dangle from its gold-plated links carries a sign of the zodiac carved in the stone and delicately outlined in gold. Hand-pronged mounting holds each imitation amethyst, ruby, topaz, emerald, etc. Individually gift-boxed. $3.95 from Robert Brody, 3 Coenties Slip, Box CO, New York 4, N.Y. If space is a problem, versatile Stak-O-Seat is your answer. Handy hassock converts into three separate units which can be used as extra stools, cocktail or serving tables. Boltaflex plastic covering is dirt-, heat- and moisture-resistant, wipes clean with a damp cloth. When opened, each unit is 17″ high, 14″ x 19″ across. $14.95* in red, green, sand, gray or yellow; Greenhall, 509 Fifth Ave., New York 17, New York.



Joy kitchen shears will do practically everything around your kitchen but cook. A handy all-in-one tool, it's a poultry shears, vegetable shredder, pie-crust cutter, nut cracker, wire cutter, bottle, jar and can opener. Rust-proof, chrome-plated, comes apart for cleaning. Made in Italy. $2.95, Rex Cutlery, Dept. C, 11 E. 36 St., N.Y. 16, N.Y. A child's drawing or message of any size can be permanently reproduced in full color on a decorative, useful, felt-backed tile. An unusual memento for parent or grandparent. Have the artist sign and date his work, then mail to Young Rembrandts, Loch Lane C-21, Port Chester, N. Y. Tile alone, $5.30; with black metal trivet, $6.30.



(*Continued on page 16*)



**America's 12
Most Famous Artists**

NORMAN ROCKWELL
JON WHITCOMB
AL PARKER
STEVAN DOHANOS
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT
PETER HELCK
FRED LUDEKENS
BEN STAHL
ROBERT FAWCETT
AUSTIN BRIGGS
DONG KINGMAN
ALBERT DORNE

"WE'RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO DRAW," say America's 12 Most Famous Artists. Many men and women have hidden art talent they never dreamed of. They could be trained for success and security in the field of art if they only knew their own ability. We artists will help you discover your art talent free! Just send for our **FREE ART TALENT TEST.**

Thousands paid $1
to take this
revealing 8-page test.
It's yours FREE
if you act at once.
Mail the coupon
NOW!

FAMOUS ARTISTS
Talent test

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
Studio 91-O, Westport, Conn.

Send me without obligation your Famous Artists Talent Test.

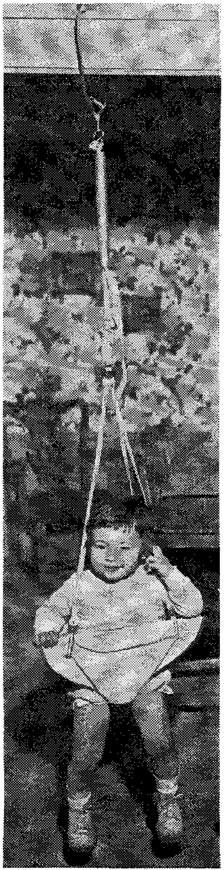
Mr.
Mrs.________________ (PLEASE PRINT) ________________Age________
Miss

Address____

City________________________Zone______State________

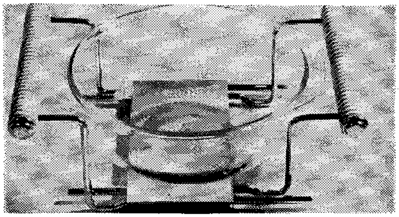
NEW PRODUCTS

Coronet's Family Shopper

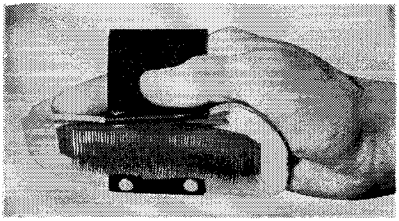


Jumping Jack holds baby safely and comfortably when mother is busy. Clamps to any door sash, holds up to 75 lbs. $6.95; Jumping Jack Co., 453-C Fairfield Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

Sew your own red or black velvet basic hat. Kit holds pre-cut materials, instructions for 10 variations. $1.69; Pretty-Made, D-1, 220 5th Ave., N.Y.C. 1.



Adjustable holder for casseroles eliminates burned fingers and tables. Chrome, maple handles. $2.50; Clarion Prod., Box 255N, Highland Pk., Ill.



A leather grooming mitt for your special pet. Spring steel bristles are soft, yet will penetrate the coat of a long- or thick-haired dog. $1.50 from Gokey Co., Dept. C, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Shipping charges must be paid on delivery of starred (*) items.

Have YOU Met This Young Man?

Chances are you will meet him, or someone very much like him, in the near future. And you're sure to like him when he comes to your home and asks to be invited into your living room. You'll find him courteous, neat, and in all respects a person you'll be proud to know. For he's hard-working, honest, ambitious . . . and well deserves being encouraged in his determination to achieve success in his chosen career.

Who is he? Well, you (America's reading public) will buy 15 million magazine subscriptions from young men and women like him during 1955. It's their job to help you in the choice of publications that are keyed to your family's interests. What's more, they'll show you how publisher's subscription rates can help save you many dollars each year . . . and they enable you to enjoy this convenient service in the comfort of your own home.

Yes, you can have complete confidence in representatives of Publishers Continental Sales Corporation. They'll see to it that your subscription order is sent quickly to the publisher . . . and that you receive an exact reproduction of your receipt from the Home Office.

If you'd like the fine training and invaluable experience to be gained as a travelling representative for Publishers Continental Sales Corporation, just drop us a line.

PUBLISHERS CONTINENTAL

Sales Corporation

St. Johns Building

Michigan City, Indiana

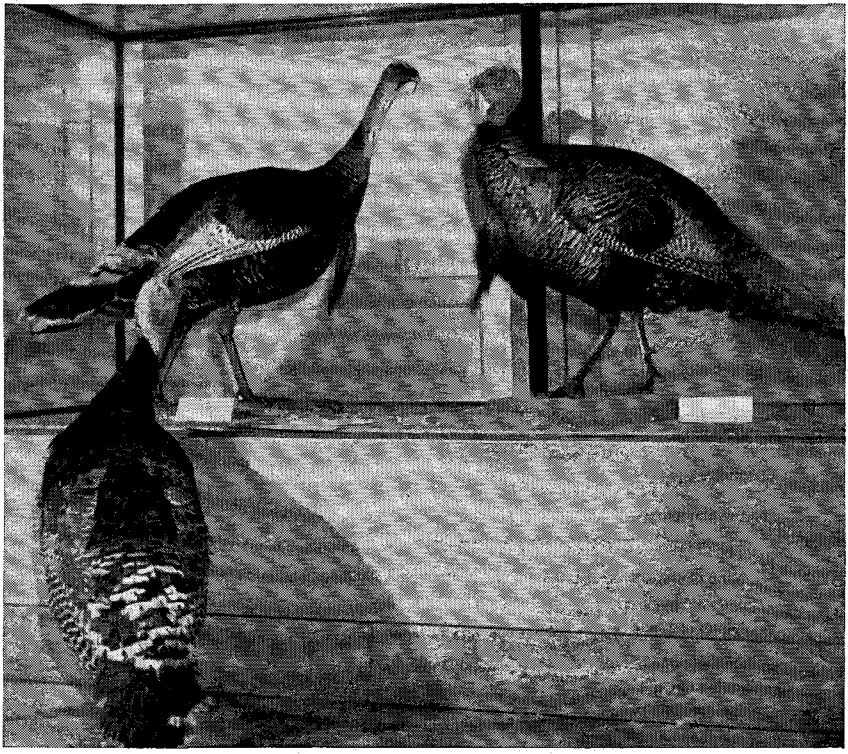
PHOTOGRAPHY

My Most Unusual Photograph

by **NAT FEIN, Staff Photographer, New York Herald Tribune**

ON AN ASSIGNMENT to cover a turkey exhibit at the American Museum of Natural History, I was challenged with the prospect of getting some lively picture material out of a bunch of stuffed birds. To do this I bought a live turkey, hoping he would notice the likeness he bore to his ancestors.

When he was bribed toward them with some temptingly placed corn, he moved cautiously and cocked his head in curious recognition. At this moment I snapped my camera. The result was not only a startled bird, but a unique picture of three turkeys whose unlikeness is hardly distinguishable.



Mrs. Donald Cummings, Jr., and her young son Donald

"I WASN'T ALONE ANY MORE"

Most of us know what it is like to have a telephone. But have you ever thought what it would be like if it wasn't there, even for a little while?

Here are some good words along that line from Mrs. Donald Cummings, Jr., of Massapequa Park, N. Y.

"When we moved into our new house," she told us a few weeks ago, "I felt a little strange—with a young baby and all—and I couldn't seem to get a feeling of being settled.

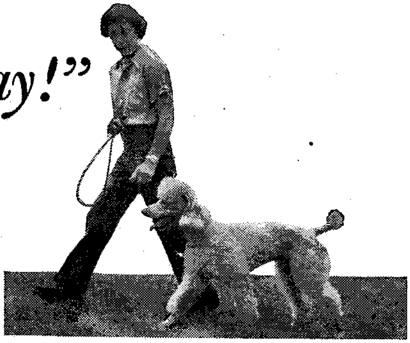
"Then the telephone was put in. And suddenly everything seemed different. I could call people! I felt better about being by myself in the house with the baby. I felt better about my mother who had been ill in Boston. And about my husband in uniform far away.

"And then I realized that it wasn't just the telephone calls I could make — it was that people could call me if necessary. I wasn't alone any more."

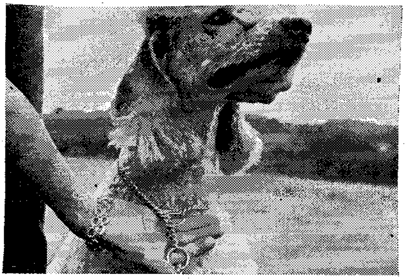
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"Heel, Sit and Stay!"

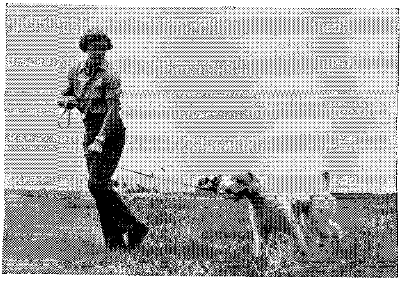
A well-trained dog will be welcomed everywhere and will reflect discipline learned at home. Owning a dog will be a pleasure, not a problem, if you train him correctly. Training gives a dog steady nerves and builds his character, according to Blanche Saunders, famous authority on dogs. For the average dog, practice can begin as early as six months. Here, Miss Saunders demonstrates some of the basic steps involved.



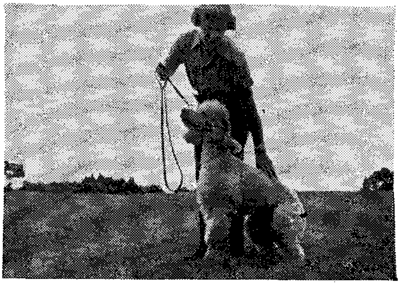
Teach the dog to walk at your left side, on and off leash. The command: "Heel!"



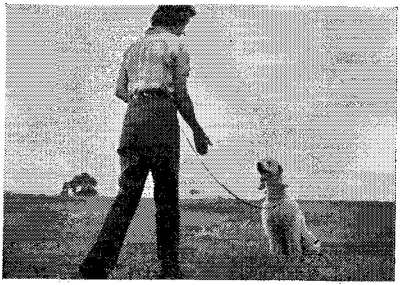
The training collar, made of metal link chain with two or three inches of overlap, teaches obedience as it is tightened or loosened in training. Fasten the leash to end of chain which passes over neck.



Hold leash in right hand, leaving left hand free to correct the dog if he walks too far away. Snap the leash with left hand to keep him close to your side in heeling and follow correction with praise.



To make the dog sit, trainer shortens leash in the right hand, stops and tells dog to "Sit." As the right hand pulls the leash up and backward, the left hand pushes down on the dog's hindquarters.



Command the dog to "Sit and *stay!*" If he starts to move, snap leash upward and push him down to sitting position again. Then back away from dog to full length of leash, making use of the "stay" signals.

(*Continued on Page 22*)

Who Will Look After Erika—
Where Will She Go?

This is Erika, aged 4. She lives with her aged, broken grandmother. They have known only loneliness and despair. Her parents, driven from their native Estonia, met in a forced labor camp in Germany. Here Erika was born. Broken in health and spirit, her parents died in anguish for the safety of their beloved child. With little more hope than at the beginning, and in spite of utter misery, Erika and her grandmother fled into the Western Zone, driven by a fierce longing for home and roots. Home has been a DP barracks, cold, bare and damp. To them all is lost. There is no chance to emigrate. How long can her sick grandmother look after Erika . . . where will she go?

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photograph of "your" child upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your" child is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs.

The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, helping children in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England, Western Germany and Korea and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

Foster Parents' Plan For War Children Inc.

43 W. 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Partial List of Sponsors and Foster Parents

Arturo Toscanini, Mary Pickford, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff, Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Jean Tennyson, Helen Hayes, Dr. Howard A. Rusk, Edward R. Murrow, Bing Crosby, Mrs. Gardner Cowles, K. C. Gifford, Gov. and Mrs. Walter Kohler, Charles R. Hook.

Founded 1937

© 1955 FPP for WC Inc.

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, INC. C1-55
43 W. 61st St., New York 23, N. Y. In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a War Child for one year. If possible, sex.................I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payment will be made monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), yearly ( ). I enclose herewith my first payment $.......................

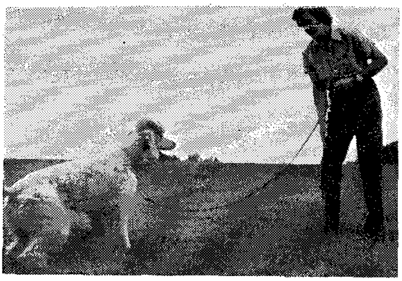
B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $.......................

Name..

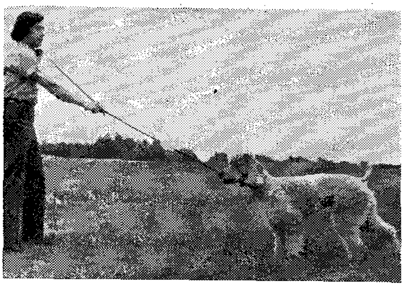
Address...

City....................................Zone........State..........................

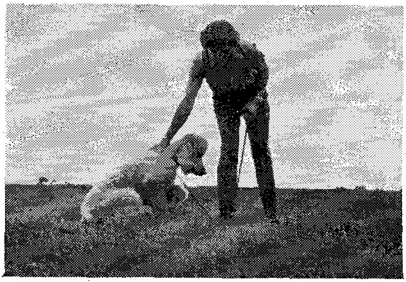
Date..*Contributions are deductible from Income Tax*



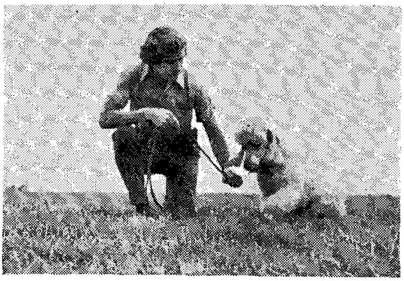
To teach dog to come when called, put him in sit-stay position; step back to end of leash, pat stomach and call, "Rover, come!" Snap the leash quickly once to start him, then praise him for coming.



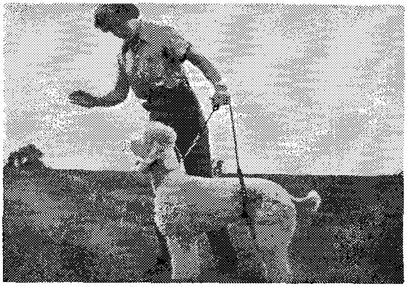
Gather up the leash as the dog moves forward. Make him sit in front of you and then pat him praisingly. See that dog obeys promptly after the *first* command. Repeat exercise until he does.



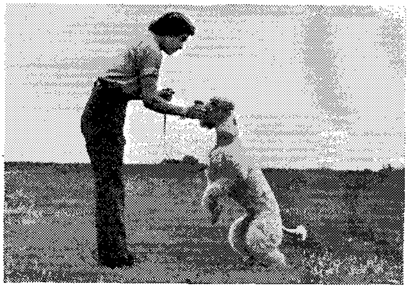
In teaching "down" position, step on leash with right foot as command is given, pulling up on leash with left hand and pushing down on dog's back with the right. Handle him quietly but firmly.



To make the dog lie down at heel position, kneel on the left knee and use the left hand to pull down on the leash. "Down" is the most natural position for a dog and he will learn it quickly.



When walking dog in heeling position, command: "Stand!" Then give stand-stay signal but slacken leash. If dog fails to react, place hand under, or leash around, his body to keep him upright.



Dogs learn through repetition of commands and signals. With each correction, Miss Saunders recommends patting and praising or giving a food reward so the dog will enjoy his training.

Dog: Rene, French poodle, owned by Mrs. Gordon Samstag, of Bronxville, N.Y.

A message to men who want to get ahead (and to their wives):

IF YOU HAVE TO THINK TWICE ABOUT

- how to entertain important clients
- the amount to tip in any situation
- if and when to invite the boss to dinner
- what is expected of you when you participate in a sport new to you
- your relationship with senior members of your firm

YOU'LL PROFIT BY THIS BOOK

"No one ever got to be chairman of the board on good manners alone, but the rude, crude joe can't always blame his business standstill on a poor choice of fathers-in-law, either. Knowing how to keep people happy is getting to be almost as important to success as work and talent (or their weight in a well-placed relative)."

So starts the only complete, sensible and entertaining discussion of BUSINESS manners for men. ESQUIRE ETIQUETTE by the Editors of Esquire Magazine contains all those unwritten rules of behavior that companies assume you know—and criticize you (silently or otherwise) if you don't: how to act at important meetings; how to train your secretary to give you service and respect; how to mix business and pleasure; how to handle sex in the office—everything!

And if you don't think those rules are important, consider the fine line between a popular young executive and a tolerated up-start.

Another unique feature of ESQUIRE ETIQUETTE is the section on SPORTS conduct. Instinct without experience is not much use to the tennis player on a sailboat, the fee-course golfer at a private club. This book will put you at ease in any sport—at any club.

And, in the social world, let's face it, a man who knows his way around will find the red carpet rolled out more often than the one who doesn't. ESQUIRE ETIQUETTE is a practical book written in the sophisticated, amusing style for which the Editors of Esquire are famous. It's a sound investment for any man who wants to get ahead, and for the woman who wants to help him get there.

PARENTS

This book will give any young man added confidence as he enters the business world. Cornell University *Daily Sun* writes: "a fresh, enjoyable, and useful approach to the problem of How to Behave."

ESQUIRE READER SERVICE,
P.O. Box 402, Radio City Station, New York 19, N.Y.

Please send me ESQUIRE ETIQUETTE, a Guide to Business, Sports, and Social Conduct for examination and approval. Within ten days I will send you $5.00 plus postage or return the book postpaid.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

CITY..........................ZONE.....STATE........

SAVE! *Send payment with order and publisher will pay postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.*

RECORDS

Instrument and Voice

NEW NAMES as well as the names of established instrumentalists account for interesting recent records. A 27-year-old violinist of considerable promise, Julian Olevsky, makes his record debut in Brahms' Violin Concerto in D major, op. 77 (Westminster WL 5273). Hubert Barwahser is the highly convincing soloist in Mozart's Concertos Nos. 1 and 2 for Flute and Orchestra (Epic LC 3033). Utmost charm and gaiety flow from Vivaldi's Concerto for Flute, "The Bullfinch" (one of four pieces contained in a remarkable *Bouquet of Vivaldi Concerti*), Ludwig Pfersmann, soloist (Vanguard BG 538).

Among the well-known instrumentalists is Joseph Szigeti, exhibiting his usual penetration and his sense for lyricisms in Bach's Violin Concerto in G minor and Tartini's Violin Concerto in D Minor (Columbia ML 4891). Lili Kraus appears with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Mozart's *Piano Concertos* No. 12 in A and No. 18 in B-flat (RCA Victor LM 1783). David Oistrakh, Russian violinist, adds to his concert fame with a *Sonata Recital* which includes Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata (Vanguard VRS 6024). Two artists of high rank, Robert Casadesus, piano, and Zino Francescatti, violin, produce a brilliant recording of Beethoven's Sonatas No. 7 in C minor and No. 8 in G major (Columbia ML 4861).

Distinguished vocalists (Jussi Bjoerling, Licia Albanese, Leonard Warren, Robert Merrill) combine with famous actors and actresses in an interesting experiment: the arias are introduced by their reading in English (*Arias Sung And Acted*, RCA Victor LM 1801). Otto Edelmann, an impressive basso, sings selections from Richard Wagner's operas (Epic 3052). Marais and Miranda, outstanding folksingers of unusual vocal faculties, beautifully interpret *Ballads of Long Ago* accompanied by the Pardo Ancient Instruments Ensemble (Columbia ML 4894). Magda Laszlo, Italo-Hungarian soprano, is the singer in a record presenting the complete *Music to Goethe's "Egmont"* by Beethoven (Westminster WL 5281).

Leopold Stokowski and his orchestra unfold the thematic riches of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 (RCA Victor LM 1780). William Steinberg, conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, presents Stravinsky's once revolutionary yet now-accepted *Le Sacre du Printemps* (Capitol P 8254). *A Berlioz Program*, offered by Willem van Otterloo conducting the Orchestre des Concerts Lamoureux, is further evidence of the composer's current renaissance (Epic 3054). *Fiedler's 25th* celebrates the anniversary of the conductor of the Boston Pops with a vast medley of pleasing selections (RCA Victor LM 1790). "Concert Favorites which display the tonal grandeur of today's symphonic orchestra" (Chabrier, Smetana, Berlioz) are presented by the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra under Alfred Wallenstein (*Showpieces for Orchestra*, Decca DL 9727/8).

In the operatic field the La Scala album, *I Puritani* by Vincenzo Bellini (Angel 3502 C), is a welcome restoration to deserved renown of a half-forgotten gem. The same recording company's *Les Mamelles de Tirésias* by Francis Poulenc, libretto by Guillaume Apollinaire (Angel 35090), should delight every musical gourmet. —FRED BERGER

THE FABULOUS WONDERS OF NATURE

. . . captured in magnificent

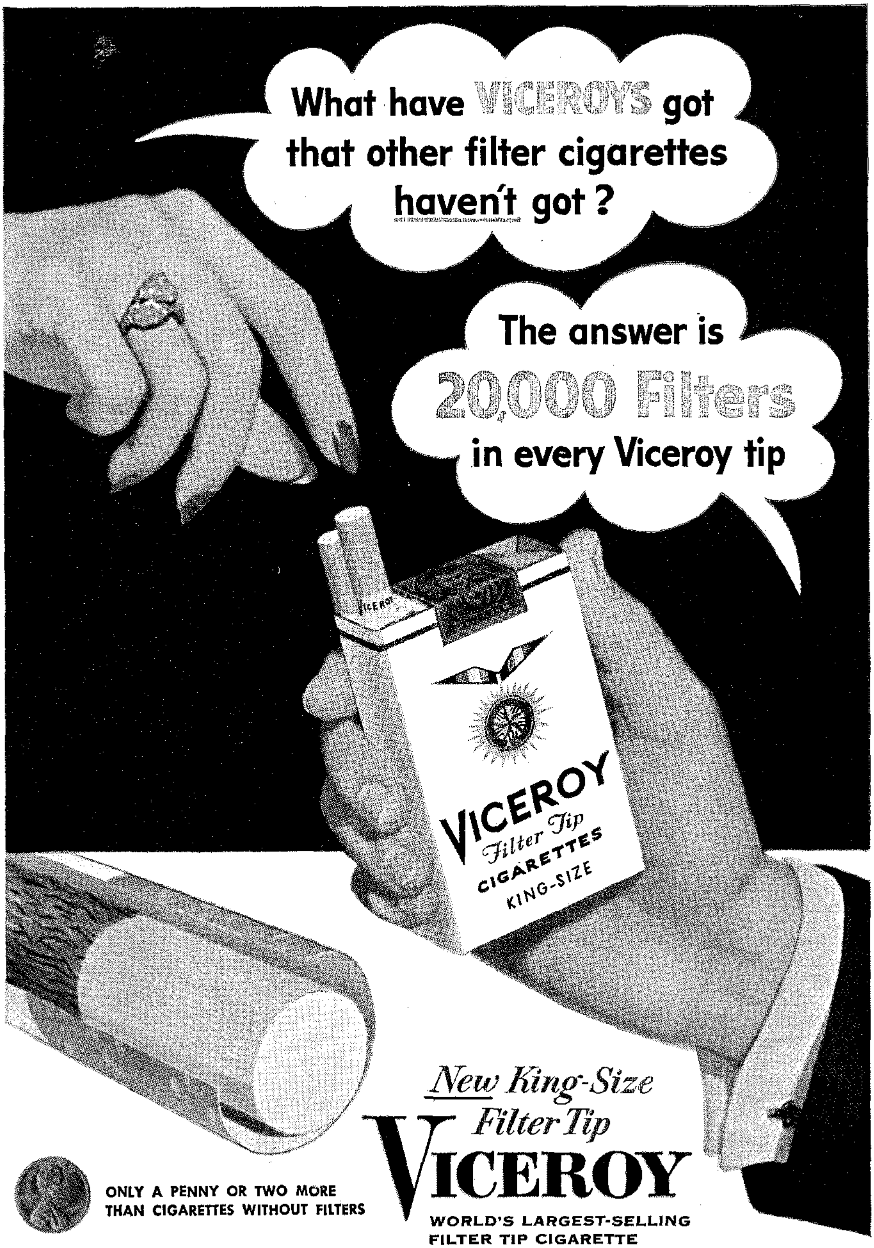
COL R!

In order that today's pupils may enjoy an accurate, realistic panorama of nature's exciting handiwork—right in their own classrooms—Coronet camera crews shoot more than a quarter-million feet of color film each year. Such color motion pictures provide the best way to intensify interest in a classroom subject, increase retention of useful knowledge, and stimulate audience participation. Next to actuality, nothing can bring a subject to life more dramatically than instructional films produced in true-to-life *color.*

Long aware of the teaching significance of color motion pictures, Coronet has built a library of more than 500 superior teaching films . . . *in full color.* Black-and-white prints of most subjects are also available. For complete information on how you may obtain these outstanding subjects, write today to:

Coronet Films

Dept. 3-CA
Coronet Building Chicago 1, Illinois


What have VICEROYS got that other filter cigarettes haven't got?
The answer is 20,000 Filters in every Viceroy tip
VICEROY
VICEROY Filter Tip CIGARETTES KING-SIZE
New King-Size Filter Tip VICEROY
WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING FILTER TIP CIGARETTE
ONLY A PENNY OR TWO MORE THAN CIGARETTES WITHOUT FILTERS

Coronet

Nineteenth Year

January 1955

by **Elaine Whitehill**

I'd hate to be a man, and I will stick by that statement any time of the day. I will even say it at five o'clock in the afternoon when my university-trained mind concentrates on bathing, dressing, soothing, entertaining and feeding my two tired children, and a load of diapers soaks in the tub, and three pies (two for the freezer) bubble in the oven.

Fully aware that at this moment my well-groomed husband is leaving his air-conditioned, soundproofed, carpeted office where he puts in a work day half as long as mine, I will brush the damp hair off my neck, lift my head and proclaim my preference for the *status quo*.

I think I am an average happy woman, and my husband is an average happy man. But even though I work longer and harder, deprived of praise or prestige, I am much happier than he.

Despite the work, the *living* is easier for women. Men do not live instinctively, as we do—they pose and posture, struggle and strain, never satisfied with the effect they create, never quite reaching their impossible ideal of masculinity.

Take sailing, for instance, our family hobby. I get a good animal pleasure out of sailing—a hobby should be fun. I like the feeling of the sun and the wind and the sound of the sails snapping and the mast creaking. It relaxes me.

My husband finds sailing exacting. He is very concerned with the names of the parts of the boat. (He has a fit when I talk about the "left side" instead of the port, and the "ropes" instead of the sheets.) We capsized once (no fault of his—and what if it was?) and he was actively embarrassed for two days.

Frankly, I don't think he ever marveled on how the mast sticks straight up to the sky. He is too busy playing the part of an expert; and no matter how good he is at it, he wants to be better.

There is a nice couple living next door to us. The woman is a housewife, like me. She matter-of-factly cleans a seven-room house and all the wood, tile and painted surface therein—not because she enjoys the work but because she likes the results.

Her husband's contribution to the home is his carpentry work. Last year he built two four-foot shelves in the pantry. This year he has not decided what to make.

In their basement this man passionately maintains and freely exhibits a drill press, grinder, lathe, circular saw, band saw, and his own weight in hardware. He has every book published for the home craftsman, which he likes to call himself.

I don't think he is having as much fun as he could with all this stuff, and I think he is playing the expert—just like my husband.

We are all part of a congenial social group. We have good parties. Usually for some of the evening the women talk among themselves and so do the men. My husband likes to laugh at what we wives talk about—"nothing but babies and recipes and gardens," he says. And he is right.

But just to see how the other half lives, I listened recently to the men's side of the room. They did not discuss philosophy or art, or even sex. They discussed cars, cameras, carpentry tools and boats. Especially cars.

To me a car is just a machine, like my automatic washer. I am fond of it because it increases my efficiency, but I stop at fondness.

As with all men, my husband's car is his modern equivalent of a knight's great steed. He selected it with as much care as he took in choosing me. He keeps it with a fervor that is actually personal. His friends know (because he has told them) about all the extra accessories we had to buy, and they also know what kind of car he will trade it in for next year.

He rides on the commuter's train every morning with men, and he may not know how many children they have—but he knows what model automobile they own and plan to own (because they have told him).

And now we arrive at the first essential difference between men and women, where women have the better of it. We care about life—about babies, husbands, relatives, pets, plants—and about the nourishment and development of life. Men care about things—machines, tools, gadgets—and about mastering and accumulating things.

Women are rewarded with love and a sense of accomplishment. Men get nothing but an empty competitive pride. Of course, we work harder for our reward—you can master a car but you have to bend with a child—but I wouldn't trade places for anything.

LAST SUMMER my husband spent two utterly wasted weeks in bed. In pain, too. It was entirely self-inflicted. He insisted on playing the mighty hero carrying 200-pound boulders across the yard. When this happened I said to myself, I would hate to be a man. Being a man did that to him.

I am perfectly willing to swoon

over masculine muscles—they are much better developed than mine—but I cannot bear to see a machine abused. In order to fill the role of a strong man, most males push themselves beyond their capacities.

Neither does it impress me, although that is why he does it, when my husband boldly spurns the aid of the umbrella and the overshoe. I do not enjoy his colds any more than I enjoy my own, which his usually become. Nor am I proud when he goes off playing tennis in a heat wave.

You know how little boys teeter along a fence shouting "Lookit, lookit!"—before they fall off? Well, those boys grow taller and their voices get deeper, but not much more maturing takes place. Men are just as unreasonable about some things as small boys.

I would like to know who, with a nodding acquaintance with sweet reason, would go on a camping trip. I went once, the first year I was married. Just me and my husband and his pals. No other wife would go—they had all been through one apiece.

These silly, overgrown fence-teeterers loved it. We slept on rocks and wet pine needles—oh, sure, in sleeping bags so only our heads, where our brains are supposed to be, were out in the open with the bugs and snakes and skunks.

I like to think that we have developed civilization to the point where this kind of living is unnecessary. From the second day on, we were all dirty at all times. When I finally dammed up a little stream so I could have a bath before stepping back into my moldy clothes, the boys hooted at me—leave it to a woman to ruin the camping spirit!

I wish I *could* ruin the camping spirit. I believe life should be as easy and pleasant as we can make it. I don't want to show how uncomfortable I can become—that is for men.

Discomfort is only a part of the masculine way of life—danger also rears its unattractive, useless head. Though my husband does not really get much of a kick out of sailing, there is one exception. One day he sailed alone in a bad squall. I was waiting, terrified, when he came exhausted and dripping, rope burns on his hands.

Several other men were on the dock shaking their heads in wonder at his fine handling of the boat in the rough weather. I will not go so far as to say he enjoyed that sail—but he loves it in retrospect. And I think he would risk another such misadventure for some more fine male retrospect.

I want to be admired, too, but I can see nothing worthwhile in having people say "Gee, so-and-so almost got killed doing that." I just want to be loved and useful and comfortable for a nice long time.

Men have more fatal accidents than women per hour of driving, but men know more than women do about driving regulations and the operation and mechanics of a car. Why the apparent contradiction?

"Women," said

the safety experts, "have better attitudes—men take more chances."

I see this all the time. Suppose another driver cuts me off. "Okay," I think to myself, "I'm going to lose you," and I do so, with my ego still intact.

Suppose another driver does this to my husband. First, he says several unprintable things—then he speeds up so he can cut the other driver off next chance he gets. He explains to me "I'll show that guy." What he is showing me is that a man will risk anything to prove his masculinity.

Like any woman, I have done much delicious weeping over weddings, concerts, plays, books . . . once over a sunset. I have done another kind of weeping over disappointment and pain. The first is a luxury, the second, a necessity; and neither will my husband and his confreres permit themselves.

Controlling tears is not a natural sex difference, as some may claim, but is a painfully learned and relearned process. I would hate to be a dry-eyed man.

Another small pleasure I share with my fellow women is gossiping. We are not malicious—we are interested in life around us.

My husband says it is a loathsome habit. He scowled at me when I told a friend that my neighbor down the street had out-of-town guests who were expecting a baby. I would hate to think that this is loathsome, but worse, I would hate to think it loathsome and continue to gossip.

This man I live with who scowls at my society reporting was on the phone recently and I heard him say, "Boy, women sure do gossip. My secretary told me old man Johnson's son . . ." and then launched into a nasty report that I would not repeat to a soul.

The truth is that men do gossip, but dislike the idea and pretend that they don't. It doesn't fit in with their picture of themselves.

Aside from a few trivial matters such as being glad I don't have to shave, this about sums up why I would hate to be a man: I would hate to derive my nourishment from unliving and unloving things, I would hate to seek out discomfort and danger, I would hate to give up the relief of tears and the fun of gossip.

There is only one other big reason and it is really the most important. I would hate to be a man because then I would miss being married to my husband.

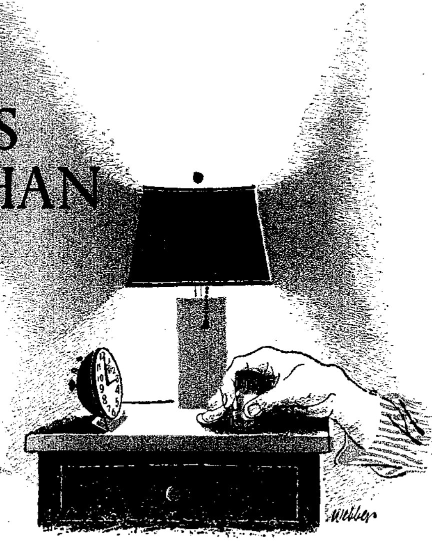
Rapid Growth

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, among his other accomplishments, apparently had the ability to grow a full beard overnight. In the Columbian Exposition stamp issue of 1893, the one-cent stamp shows a clean-shaven "Columbus in Sight of Land." The two-cent stamp, "Landing of Columbus," shows him the next morning with a full beard. —HARRY A. TRITT *in Your Life*

Cheap and easy to get, their misuse leads to serious addiction

SLEEPING PILLS ARE WORSE THAN DOPE!

by **Mort Weisinger**



TONIGHT, as on every night of the year, tens of thousands of sleepless Americans will woo the sandman the "easy way." They will scorn such unguaranteed methods as taking a hot bath, drinking a warm glass of milk or counting sheep. Instead, they will break through the sleep barrier by dosing themselves with barbiturates, commonly known as sleeping pills.

For many, this pre-bedtime ritual of swallowing one or more brightly colored capsules to insure slumber may become an unbreakable habit. Few realize it, but this is a habit which can ultimately destroy them, mentally and physically.

According to Dr. Thomas Parran, former Surgeon General of the United States, sleeping-pill addiction has become one of the country's major health problems.

Dr. Harris Isbell, chief of research at the Federal narcotic hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, after years of investigation, declares that, despite statements to the contrary in some textbooks, "Barbiturates are addiction-forming in every sense of the word . . . the manifestations of chronic barbiturate intoxication are, in most ways, much more serious than those of addiction to morphine . . . and withdrawal of morphine is much less dangerous than is withdrawal of barbiturates."

The shocking, hard-to-believe truth is that there are far more users of barbiturates walking around today "hooked" by the habit than there are morphine addicts. And it is ironic that few of them realize that their prognosis for a normal life span is often much blacker—because of the dangers of inadvertent overdoses and accidents caused by impaired muscular coordination—than the one ordained for morphine users.

If the sleeping-pill novice could see the true clinical picture of the barbiturate addict, he would probably be so jolted that he would say farewell forever to sleeping potions.

Martha S———, a Midwestern housewife, received a telegram from the War Department that her officer husband was missing in action behind North Korean lines. In the days that followed, her deep anxiety brought on insomnia, and her doctor prescribed sleeping pills.

The first pill gave Martha blissful escape from her worries, and she awoke considerably refreshed. But as the day dragged on, anxiety again began to haunt her. By nightfall she was looking forward to escaping reality once more with another pill.

Martha repeated this pattern every evening upon retiring. When her supply of pills ran out, she prevailed upon her neighborhood druggist to give her a refill.

One night, when the pill brought no relief, Martha realized that her system had built up a tolerance to the drug, so she increased the dosage. Shortly thereafter she increased it again, then again.

A few months later, the War Department informed her that her husband had been reported safe in a prison camp. For two nights Martha did without the drug, but abstinence brought on an uncontrollable panic which grew worse each hour. She suffered violent cramps, diarrhea, vomiting, and two sleepless, terror-filled days and nights.

It was her first encounter with the withdrawal symptoms experienced sooner or later by every barbiturate addict. Only a return to the pills gave relief.

By now, too, Martha was beginning to manifest the mental signs of chronic barbiturate intoxication. She became increasingly forgetful, careless about leaving burning cigarettes around. Previously a perfect typist, now she had difficulty striking the proper keys.

Unlike morphine and heroin, which often sharpen the faculties, barbiturates impair the intellectual functioning of their users, so that now Martha found her mind fogged constantly. It became increasingly difficult to perform such simple tasks as dialing a telephone number.

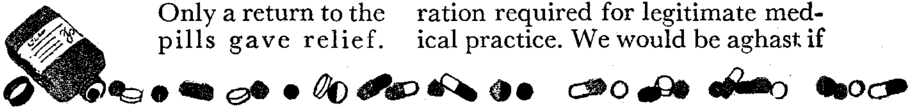
Typically, too, the drug began to manifest its influence on her emotions, so that she became irritable, morose and quarrelsome. Often she was so depressed that she contemplated suicide. When she spoke, her diction was slurred, and she staggered pathetically when she walked.

Martha's case came to a tragic finale one day when she drove through a red light and smashed into a truck.

In addition to the evil effects of addiction, barbiturates may produce skin rashes; large doses may complicate liver and kidney disorders.

There is cause for alarm in Dr. Isbell's report. For Americans are using barbiturates in incredible amounts. To meet the voracious demand, this year pharmaceutical houses will manufacture about 350 tons of the stuff, enough to put the entire population of the U. S. to sleep every night for three weeks.

Obviously, this is far beyond the ration required for legitimate medical practice. We would be aghast if



this involved a drug like morphine, for it would imply that we are becoming a nation of drug fiends—which is exactly the case.

Most of us would as soon keep a box of scorpions in our medicine chests as a vial of narcotics. Yet, when it comes to the far more sinister barbiturates, fear and caution go out the window, and the insidious tablets remain on the bathroom shelf as accessible as aspirins.

Not long ago in Waco, Texas, a kindergarten teacher noticed that a pair of twins in her class were always drowsy by lunch time. She found that one of them had a box of pills which the child said her father had given to her.

Investigation revealed that the father, a factory worker, had been put on the night shift. Unable to adjust to the new hours he took sleeping pills. Still disturbed by the noise of the twins playing, he fed them pills also.

Modern society regards the victims of heroin, cocaine and morphine as very sick, if not depraved, people. Such stigma never taints the slave of barbiturates, however, despite the fact that his prognosis is no less serious. Far from condemning him for his unwholesome appetite, we humor his habit with an indulgence that shocks the medically informed.

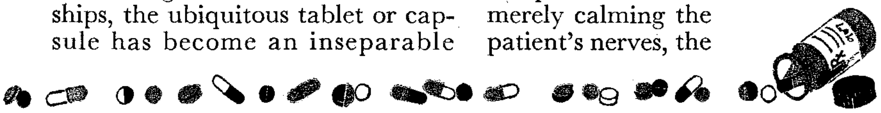
AMONG THE MAYFAIR SET, it has become fashionable etiquette for a hostess to provide her week-end guests with a setup of sleeping pills on the night table. On trains and ships, the ubiquitous tablet or capsule has become an inseparable berth companion for hordes of travelers who seek immunity from the noise of clacking rails or the list of a rocking hull.

Recently, on a crack coast-to-coast streamliner, a Hollywood producer, caught short when his supply of precious Seconal ran out, complained bitterly at the "poor service" when his porter was unable to furnish him with a refill. Indeed, in a popular travel guide to Europe, the author lists a bottle of sleeping pills as indispensable for use on long flights.

Just what are these barbiturates? On the doctor's Rx pad, they can usually be recognized by their "al" suffix—Phenobarbital, Seconal, Veronal, Nembutal, Luminal, Tuminal. These drugs, built on a base of barbituric acid, are the common sleeping pills prescribed by physicians for disorders which can be treated with drugs that affect the central nervous system.

The barbiturates are legitimately prescribed to calm patients going into surgery, and to speed their recuperation afterward by helping them get restorative sleep; for women going through the menopause; and to quiet the nerves of distraught and emotionally overwhelmed people. In combination with pain-killing drugs, they bring blessed relief to thousands whose troubles range from chronic headaches to cancer.

Prescribed in small doses, ⅛ of a grain of Phenobarbital for example, the barbiturate acts as a mild sedative. However, in order to induce sleep rather than merely calming the patient's nerves, the



doctor has to prescribe considerably larger doses, such as 1½ grains for the night. At this point, the barbiturate becomes a strong narcotic.

Because of the assorted colors of the capsules in which sleeping pills are dispensed, chronic users identify them as yellow jackets, red devils, blue heaven and red birds. Sold under the counter by unscrupulous bootleggers, they are referred to as wild geronimos, thrill pills, goof balls and idiot pills.

Most adults first encounter barbiturates via their family physician. Mr. Smith is undergoing a business crisis and finds it hard to fall asleep. Or Mrs. Smith is experiencing change of life and will wake up a few hours after retiring.

Thus, for Mr. Smith the doctor may prescribe a capsule whose action is quick but brief, like Seconal, a drug which acts best for insomniacs whose trouble is in *getting* to sleep. For Mrs. Smith, who has trouble in *staying* asleep, he will prescribe one of the slower, longer-acting barbiturates, Nembutal.

The prescription, taken as directed shortly before bedtime, produces a feeling of relaxed well-being, then a dreamless sleep which leaves the patient either refreshed or with a slight hang-over feeling.

If barbiturates were taken only for conditions approved by the physician and in amounts prescribed, there would be little harm done. But all too often the person who has found eight hours' release from the problems of the day wants to be sure he will get this release every night. So he succumbs to the temptation of the unfinished bottle and pops a pill into his mouth. The oftener he does this, the more readily he does it; and soon he is on his way to becoming an addict.

The grim hold the sinister drug exerts over its victims becomes the more apparent when the supply is cut off. According to Dr. Isbell, there is a greater threat of death in trying to cure the barbiturate habit than in curing morphine addiction. And the withdrawal symptoms are much more serious than those experienced by morphine habitués.

Deprive a barbiturate addict of his dosage, and he becomes so weak he can hardly stand. Between the sixteenth hour and the fifth day of withdrawal, but usually about the thirtieth hour, one or more convulsions occur, and there are hallucinations resembling those observed in delirium tremens.

Barbiturates and obituaries, too, go hand in hand. A comparatively few pills can cause death for the occasional user who has not built up a tolerance acquired by addicts. This year, several thousand Americans will take overdoses, and close to 1,000 will die, according to the U. S. Office of Vital Statistics.

A good percentage of these fatalities will be accidental, because long-acting barbiturates have been traced in the human system for as long as nine days and their effects are cumulative, often causing the user to forget how frequently he has gone to the bottle.

Goodman & Gilman, in their authoritative book *Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics*, have explained such apparent thoughtlessness in this way: "Failure of the drug to produce sleep may cause a twilight zone during which the patient does not remember having taken the medication and he may unwittingly ingest all the remaining tablets."

Barbiturates are also a greater menace than morphine in that, because of lax law enforcement, they are available almost anywhere for as little as five cents a pill. This makes barbiturates a serious problem for the police, for young hoodlums have discovered that when taken in combination with alcohol, they produce an effect known as "a bolt and a jolt," a mixture of courage and lack of inhibitions which inspires reckless criminal acts.

Recently, a high school student, arrested in connection with a brutal mugging, confessed to having committed the crime under the influence of barbiturates and beer. Although he told the authorities that he had purchased the drug from a neighborhood taxi driver, police were not empowered to arrest the man, for possession of barbiturates is not a crime, as is ownership of heroin or the unauthorized possession of morphine.

The sleeping pill menace must be curbed. Physicians harassed by sleepless patients should prescribe a harmless, non-habit-forming sedative instead. Wherever possible, they should treat not the symptom but the cause of whatever disturbance is preventing the patient from sleeping in the first place.

The most important immediate steps, in the opinion of experts, are strict enforcement of the Federal law which not only prohibits sale of barbiturates without prescription, but also their unauthorized refill; a more conscientious self-control by doctors authorizing refills on the original prescription; and enactment of state laws imposing stronger restrictions on barbiturates in intrastate commerce.

Incident at Dieppe

DURING WORLD WAR II, not long before the Dieppe raid, a British intelligence officer was looking through his evening paper. At that time, the Dieppe raid was Top Secret known only to a few ranking officials in the Government and British Intelligence.

So the officer was startled to see an advertisement for Sylvan Flakes, the British counterpart of Ivory Soap, with a picture of a pretty girl in a beach coat and a banner headline: "BEACH COAT FROM DIEPPE. . ."

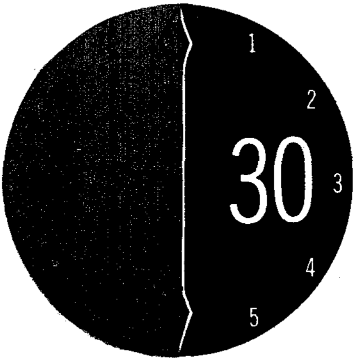
He hurried the paper to headquarters. On closer examination, the ad seemed even more remarkable. "COAT" could mean "Combined Operations Attack," which the Dieppe raid was going to be.

The illustration showed a young lady snipping the thorny stems of roses with a pair of garden shears. This could well symbolize the use of tanks against barbed wire—another proposal for the raid. And by counting the number of buttonholes on the girl's dress, the suspicious officers found they totaled up to the very hour of the raid.

The case went as far as Scotland Yard before it was dismissed. It seemed that no enemy agent had been eagerly waiting for the ad, no furtive eyes had noted the shears or counted the lady's buttons. The ad was just one of those flukes, a curious combination of circumstances at a coincidentally unfortunate time.

—YOLANDA FIELD

Properly used, these vital moments can become the most rewarding in your day



30 Priceless Minutes

by **RAY JOSEPHS**

ALL OF US have the same 24 hours a day—1,440 minutes. No matter how rich, you can't buy more; no matter how poor, you won't receive less.

Eight hours, or 480 of those minutes, you probably devote to sleep; the same number to workaday activities. The rest—480 minutes—are your own. Hardly enough, you undoubtedly feel, to accomplish half the things you'd like to. Hence that constant sense of pressure that marks our busy American lives.

Yet there is a way to diminish the strain and tension. It will cost but 30 of your precious 960 waking minutes. And these 30 can be the most rewarding minutes of your day. For they can make your life fuller, pleasanter, easier; help you in your job, with family and personal relationships.

All you need do is use them in periods of 10 minutes each to give yourself a fresh start three times a day. This surprisingly simple method of mental refreshening is regularly employed by such famous people as President Eisenhower, Bernard Baruch, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Try it for a week, and the chances are you will make it a habit and be a far happier, calmer person as a result.

Like most of us, Earl Lewis used to follow a schedule of getting up at the last possible moment, gulping his coffee and dashing for his office with a wave to the Mrs. and kids. It was hardly an auspicious beginning for a busy day.

Last spring, Earl determined to try the fresh start idea. He got up ten minutes earlier and, after breakfast, walked 'round his garden for ten minutes. The magnolia had blossomed, he discovered. The peonies, his specialty, were newly radiant.

Now his garden has become a constantly-changing daily refresher instead of just a week-end diversion. As he snips a dead branch here, pulls a weed there, he makes a mental note of things to do over the week-end.

In those ten minutes, his mind is so occupied with the wonder and delight of nature that he is in a different world, a world which gives him a sense of beauty, perspective and satisfaction in accomplishment that sends him off to the bustle and conflict of his day's work fresh in spirit.

Ten morning minutes with your parakeets or tropical fish, with your window-box garden or the birds you attract with a few crumbs on the sill; ten minutes reading a classic, drawing on the sources of the world's greatest inspiration before your day begins, can provide the same mental freshener.

You might achieve your new start by playing a brief symphony on your phonograph. Or by taking an unhurried walk to note details of an ever-changing scene you never before had time really to observe.

Taken first thing in the day, those ten minutes not only help widen your horizon and put everything that follows in better perspective, but they start you off in a different, more awakened way. Your next ten-minute rest and renewal might come later in the morning. Eisenhower's staff labors mightily to detour tasks from the White House desk to give him a mid-morning period in which he can bring fresh thinking to our national concerns—30 minutes which are perhaps the most important half-hour in the world for the present and future of our country.

Bernard Baruch achieves a similar result by putting on his hat, leaving his desk and sitting on a park bench to watch the squirrels and think.

Scores of offices and factories have found the mid-morning coffee break can accomplish the same thing if—and this is important—you employ the time not to gossip but to reawaken your creative process. Let your shoulder muscles go easy, deliberately relax your tautness, then turn your mind to thinking up better ways of handling the toughest problem you or your firm or household face. You will be surprised at how many good ideas you get. And how everything you do subsequently will show the zip of extra zest you have gained from the breather.

Norman Vincent Peale, author of the nation's Number 1 best-seller, *The Power of Positive Thinking*, goes even farther. He urges that everyone insist on not less than 15 minutes of recharging each day—alone in the quietest place available, sitting or lying down, practicing the art of silence—not talking to anyone, not reading, not writing, thinking as little as possible, mind in neutral.

"Conceive of your mind as the surface of a body of water and see how nearly quiet you can make it, so there is not a ripple," he says. "When you have attained a quiescent state, then begin to listen for the deeper sounds of harmony and beauty and of God that are to be found in the essence of silence."

Another fresh beginning might come at the close of your working day. Whether in office, store or at home, set aside ten minutes before you ordinarily finish to review your day and list the things you need to do the next. All you require is a pad and pencil, preferably in colors. For as you note in red the "musts," in green, the "would-likes" and in blue the "if time permits," you will find the tidying ten will give you a sense of completion that will enable you to put your work aside and not carry it home with you.

"Each step you plan out the night before," Mrs. Roosevelt says, "can save you up to half its normal time next day; you can get moving that much better, more easily and with less effort. Those ten minutes will help give you a method of organization, difficult to achieve otherwise."

Another ten-minute period could well be taken when you arrive home from work—or, if you are a housewife, before your husband gets home. Take ten minutes out to clean up, lie down in the quietest room in the house, then change to fresh clothes before dinner. Some prefer to relax in a tub of tepid water for ten minutes. Whichever you choose, those ten minutes will give you a fresh, interested feeling both in dinner and the evening's schedule.

Perhaps you say: "That would never work in my place. The children have to be fed. Things can't be held up."

Whatever the excuse, overcome it and try the new approach. You will find the slight delay is nothing compared to the benefits to the whole family.

As one doctor puts it: "There'll be no falling asleep on the couch after dinner, dead to the world and of no advantage to yourself or your family. You'll have new spirit and enthusiasm. For those ten minutes will give you the equivalent of 60 to 90 minutes of recharged energy."

Your last ten-minute period might well come just before you turn in. Here is a good time to clear the decks of all the day's troubles, leaving your mind free for a good night's sleep. Talk things out, rather than leave them hanging. Or, if they cannot be settled, reach an area of agreement. But seek to avoid taking tensions to bed.

One young couple, for instance, lie down with their youngsters after lights-out and talk over the many things which, in the bustle and activity of the day, the children never have an opportunity to discuss. "Those final ten minutes provide an intimacy, warmth and rapport achievable in no other way," they say. They are right. For it has produced a relationship in both directions that has made a truly happy family.

Determine your own best three groups of ten minutes, and utilize them to give yourself a fresh start thrice daily. Properly employed, these 30 of your 960 waking minutes will give you so much more zest for living and doing that they will pay untold dividends.

Taking Sides

YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL a well-informed man: his views are the same as yours.

—*Torrotarian*

THERE ARE two sides to every argument, but no end.

—*Santa Fe Magazine*

THERE ARE two sides to every question, as long as we're not concerned personally.

—S. ULLMAN

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Things in Common

As AMOS 'N' ANDY, Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll have been asking silly questions and getting silly answers for over 25 years. Now switching to a more professorial vein, the stars of "The Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall" (CBS Radio, Monday through Friday at 9:30 P.M., EST) have selected some trios of persons, places and things. Each trio has just one thing in common which you must pick from the choices offered. (Answers on page 82.)

1. Persia, Cathay, Constantinople
    (a) Are republics
    (b) Changed their names
    (c) Are on the Bosporus
2. 1801, 1846, 1898
    (a) Were U. S. war years
    (b) Were U. S. panic years
    (c) Were Alaskan gold rush years
3. Jim Jeffries, Gene Tunney, Joe Louis
    (a) Were never knocked out
    (b) Vacated heavyweight title
    (c) Failed to regain title
4. Balalaika, Flageolet, Timpani
    (a) Are in a music store
    (b) Are in a hardware shop
    (c) Are in a haberdashery
5. Miguel de Cervantes, John Bunyan, François Villon
    (a) Were contemporaries
    (b) Began as bank clerks
    (c) Spent time in jail
6. Mississippi, Alabama, Florida
    (a) Border the Atlantic Ocean
    (b) Are on the Gulf of Mexico
    (c) Touch Georgia
7. Emily, Anne, Charlotte
    (a) Are 3 of the Dionne quints
    (b) Are the Brontë sisters
    (c) Married Edgar Allan Poe
8. Daniel Webster, Demosthenes, Cicero
    (a) Compiled dictionaries
    (b) Fought with the devil
    (c) Were orators
9. Crocodile, Snake, Bird
    (a) Have teeth
    (b) Lay eggs
    (c) Are deaf
10. George Eliot, George Sand, F. Marion Crawford
    (a) Were novelists
    (b) Were English
    (c) Were women
11. Harmsworth Trophy, The Gold Cup, America's Cup
    (a) Are golf trophies
    (b) Are tennis awards
    (c) Are boating trophies
12. Chesterfield, Cardigan, Wellington
    (a) Were famed letter writers
    (b) Are clothing items
    (c) Were famous ships
13. Elba, St. Helena, Corsica
    (a) Held Napoleon in exile
    (b) Are islands
    (c) Are seaport cities
14. Sherriffs, Marshalls, Siezers
    (a) Are synonyms
    (b) Are misspelled
    (c) Are London suburbs
15. Mica, Asbestos, Talc
    (a) Are mined
    (b) Are vegetable products
    (c) Are manufactured
16. Cerberus, Hydra, Scylla
    (a) Were water sprites
    (b) Had more than one head
    (c) Were Roman months

Admiral Canaris, the Führer's intelligence chief, was the best agent the Allies had in Europe

The Super Spy Who Fooled Hitler

by **EMERY DERI**

THE SCENE MIGHT have been taken from Dante's *Inferno.*

An iron door yawned open, and into the grayish dawn a small white-haired man stumbled out. He was naked, and in heavy chains. His face, nose broken and lips split, his body a mass of wounds, bore testament to the torture he had undergone. He would have fallen, but two huge guards held him upright.

He looked about, dazed. He was in a prison yard. Towering before him was a ghastly sight—a gallows from which dangled five corpses. There was a sixth noose menacingly empty, awaiting the last victim of a mass execution.

The executioner rapidly fixed the noose about his neck. There was an order in German. The trap was sprung. But instead of dropping sharply, the little man's body fell only a few inches—not far enough, nor violently enough, to kill.

He hung, still alive, clawing desperately. The minutes passed.

"Cut him down!"

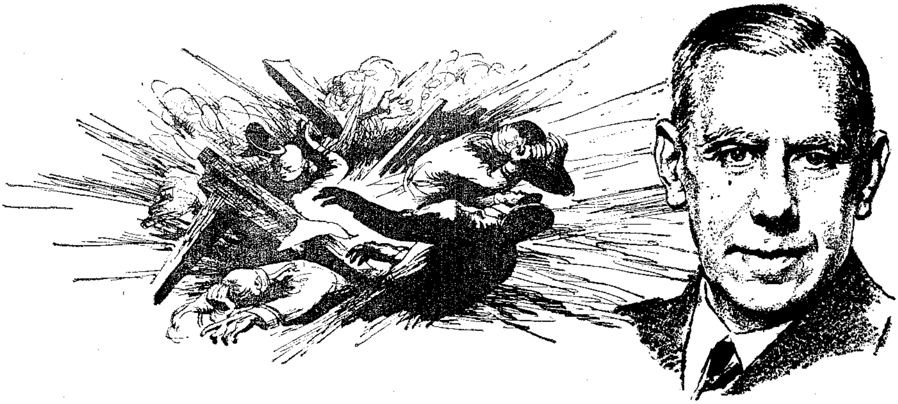
Swiftly the guards followed orders. Their victim lay gasping, the noose dangling loose about his neck.

"You will not die as easily as your friends," a voice said. "For you, it is not enough to be hanged once. String him up again." This time, he was not cut down until death came to release him.

Thus died Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, once the all-powerful chief of Hitler's worldwide intelligence service—hanged as a traitor after a courtmartial ordered by Hitler himself. The date was April 8, 1945—less than a month before Hitler's own death and the collapse of the Third Reich.

What was Admiral Canaris? Was he a master spy, a satanic intriguer, as collectors of romantic gossip maintained—or was he a daring and brilliant statesman in secret bond with Allied intelligence who almost succeeded singlehanded in bringing about Hitler's downfall years before the Nazi regime collapsed?

Now, nearly a decade after his tragic death, we can piece together the fantastic story of one of the extraordinary figures of our time, a



man who became a legend even while he lived.

The scion of a wealthy Duisburg family of Greek extraction, Canaris has his first taste of adventure in World War I as a lieutenant in the Kaiser's Navy. Captured by the British, he was interned in Chile. Here he began to show some of the audacity and resourcefulness that later marked his meteoric career.

He managed to forge a passport and escape to Madrid. There for a year he lived as Reed Rosas, a Chilean businessman. Actually, he was an agent of German Naval Intelligence, charged with establishing hidden bases for U-boats off the Spanish coast. When Spain became too dangerous for him, he fled by submarine to Germany.

Canaris, now married and the father of two children, waited 18 years for his next great adventure—this time, international intrigue on a mighty scale. Suave, personable, superb in a drawing room or before an audience, graced with a phenomenal memory, he rose rapidly in German nationalist circles and in 1935 became Chief of Hitler's *Abwehr*, or combined Secret Services.

When the Spanish Civil War broke out, Canaris persuaded Hitler to send enormous amounts of arms to Franco. He played a Machiavellian role for, at the same time, through agents in Spain, he sold the Spanish Loyalists superannuated German arms, thus decreasing their war potential.

As Hitler grew in power, Canaris began to reexamine his attitude toward him. Canaris was less a Nazi than a traditional German nationalist. As Chief of Intelligence, he knew what went on behind the scenes in the Third Reich. The information his agents dug out, the secret data he collected on the sordid private lives of the Nazi leaders, filled him with disgust.

But more important, in the Führer's grandiose plan to conquer the world, Canaris saw only ultimate disaster for his country.

In this he was not alone. The German Chief of Staff, General Ludwig Beck; General Franz Halder of the General Staff; General Hans Oster; Dr. Karl Goerdeler, formerly mayor of Leipzig; Ewald von Kleist—such distinguished German leaders agreed in private that

Hitler must be eliminated if Germany was to avert catastrophe.

When the Nazi High Command learned of Hitler's plan to attack Czechoslovakia, the conspirators decided it was time to act. "The madman must be stopped," General Beck said. "I will take it upon myself to arrest him and put an end to his bloody regime."

Again Canaris outlined the strategy to be followed—and one that would take advantage of the Czech incident. He would inform the British of the true situation in Germany; the Army awaited only the proper moment to overthrow Hitler and seize power; and he would persuade Britain to declare unequivocally that an attack on Czechoslovakia would not be tolerated. Immediately thereafter the Army would rise, General Beck would arrest Hitler, and the Nazi regime would be history.

Canaris swiftly set the machinery in motion. But the strong declaration by the British Government—the signal for action to the conspirators—never came.

Canaris again tried to rouse the British. He sent a trusted friend to the British military attaché in Berlin with exact details of the planned attack on Czechoslovakia. And if the British were still dubious, he followed with two pieces of information, even more startling:

One: Joachim von Ribbentrop, Hitler's Foreign Minister, was engaged in secret negotiations with the Kremlin!

Two: Germany would attack Poland the last week of August, 1939!

Canaris was right. World War II was launched. And with it began a fantastic game of intrigue, a plot of diplomatic doublecross unparalleled in the history of espionage.

For now Canaris, in a desperate attempt to halt Hitler on all levels, threw into the breech every skill of which he was master. He built an amazing network of agents that covered all Europe like an invisible web. There was scarcely a capital on the Continent, from Lisbon to Moscow, in which Canaris had not planted his man, not only to siphon top-secret information to him, but to act as liaison with British Intelligence and Allied underground groups. *By these devious methods, Canaris was actually enabled to warn the Allied powers of every important move Hitler made—sometimes weeks in advance.*

We know today, for example, that Canaris alerted London and Oslo of the impending Nazi invasion of Norway. He tipped off the Belgian Minister at the Vatican ten days before the actual attack of the exact date of the invasion of Belgium and the Low Countries.

Through his Moscow contact, the Admiral warned the British not

only of the German-Russian Pact but, a year later, of Hitler's impending attack on his partner in crime. And constantly he falsified intelligence reports he passed on to the Führer.

Admiral Canaris' work was complicated by a mortal rivalry that sprang up between him and Heinrich Himmler, chief of the Nazi Gestapo. Although Himmler officially held a higher post, actually Canaris was at times his superior, for he was chief of all Secret Services in Germany, supervising both political espionage and counter-espionage.

WHAT DEVELOPED, then, was a feud which would have been comic-opera had it not been so deadly. Even as the Gestapo spied on Canaris, seeking vainly to find evidence to ruin him, Canaris' agents infiltrated Himmler's secret police. However Canaris managed it, he was able to thwart his enemy at every turn. Perhaps one answer lay in Canaris' consummate mastery of the chess play of intelligence, and the extreme caution with which he covered every step he made.

While making himself invaluable to the Allies, Canaris never forgot his own plot to overthrow Hitler. Steadily he enlarged the revolutionary junta. His recruits included such powerful figures as General Ernst von Hoeppner and General Hennig von Tresckow. They were charmed no less by the Admiral's personal magnetism than by the fascinating exploits he unfolded for their ears: how he secured the French mobilization plans through a beautiful blonde temptress assigned to a French naval officer; how his agents intercepted the latest secret British bomber on its first test flight . . .

But in time, Canaris and his Generals became convinced that a military revolt was impossible so long as Hitler lived. Arrest and incarceration in an insane asylum was no longer the answer. The Führer must be assassinated.

Canaris' agents obtained a British-made plastic bomb which French saboteurs had used with great success. The bomb was copied in a Munich basement and, by devious routes, found its way to Tresckow's headquarters in Smolensk, Russia—a few days before Hitler was to visit his Eastern commander.

When Hitler left Smolensk to return to Berlin in March, 1943, the bomb lay hidden in the cockpit of his plane. But it failed to explode. The intense Russian cold had rendered the detonator useless. Bitterly, the conspirators began again.

Suddenly, in December, 1943, Canaris fell from grace. Ironically, this had no relation to his activities for the Allies. It stemmed from his fictitious reports of the enemy's terrific war potential. Hitler, unable to bear unpleasant tidings, flew into a rage and ordered him dismissed.

He was shunted to a minor position in the Government Economic Research Department. His fellow conspirators pleaded with him to flee to France. But he refused. He knew he was in mortal danger in Germany, but he was too much the gambler to throw in his hand before the last card had been played.

The end was still months off—but when it came, it came swiftly. On July 20, 1944, Hitler was at his forest retreat in Rastenburg in East

Prussia. A British-made bomb, hidden in a briefcase, exploded. Hitler escaped with burns and bruises, but four other Nazis were killed.

Immediately the Gestapo launched the greatest hunt in European history for the conspirators. One man Himmler was sure to seize—his hated rival. Within 72 hours the little Admiral, doughty and unruffled as always, was a prisoner, and with him a dozen of his colleagues.

For the next nine months, almost without rest, the Gestapo questioned Canaris. He did not break. He had a ready answer for every accusation, an alibi for every treasonable act. Himmler's frantic search for evidence seemed fruitless: Canaris' confidential files, his secret diary, all documents that could have incriminated him, had long since been hidden in safe places, scattered so skillfully that even today, only fragments have been uncovered.

But one of these sealed Canaris' doom—a segment of the secret dossier he had kept on Nazi crimes against humanity. This the Gestapo finally seized.

They took Canaris and his associates to the Reich Security Building in central Berlin, and later to Flossenbürg Prison. They were subjected to tortures unknown since medieval times. One prisoner told how he had been literally stretched on a rack, how screws had been driven into his thighs and thumbs. He had not seen what had been done to Canaris, but he quoted an SS guard: "It has lasted a long time for the little Admiral."

A Danish political prisoner in a cell adjoining Canaris' testified that one night, when the Admiral had been brought back from "questioning," he had tapped out on the wall in international code: "Bridge of my nose broken. My time is up. Send love to my wife."

Early next morning, the Dane heard an SS guard snap: "Strip off his clothes!"

It was then that Canaris was led down a dark passageway, through an iron door, and into the leaden dawn of the prison courtyard.

The men responsible for the death of Canaris and his associates have never been punished. Two of them were acquitted by a German court in Munich in 1951, on the ground that they had acted according to the law valid in Germany at the time.

The "Little Admiral" was Hitler's most brilliant adversary. Who is to say to what extent he helped speed the downfall of a madman and his Nazi dream of world conquest and world slavery?

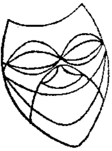
In Good Company

SOMEBODY ONCE SUGGESTED to Prof. Charles Townsend Copeland of Harvard that he move from the small, dusty old rooms on the top floor of Hollis Hall where he had lived for years.

"No," said the professor. "It is the only place in Cambridge where God alone is above me." Then after a pause, "He's busy—but He's quiet."

—POWERS MOULTON. *2500 Jokes For All Occasions,* Garden City Books, Doubleday & Co., Pub.

Human Comedy



SHORTLY after a new family moved into our neighborhood, a little boy appeared at our front door and asked my wife, "Please, lady, can your little boy come out and play?"

"We don't have a little boy," my wife told him.

The visitor absorbed that information, then asked, "Can your little girl come out and play?"

"I'm just as sorry as I can be," my wife said, "but we don't have a little girl, either."

Disappointment and incredulity were written all over the child's bright little face as he asked, finally, "Well, don't you have *anything?*"

—V. H. TORRANCE

WHEN A MIDWEST chicken farmer was short six fresh eggs to complete a customer's order, he found the needed half-dozen in the family refrigerator. Later he got a call from his customer. There was something about those six eggs the farmer's wife hadn't told her husband. They were hard-boiled.

—*Tempo*

WE RECENTLY HIRED a very young and pretty stenographer and the office Don Juan lost no time in trying out his charms on her. He recounted, with many embellishments, his feats on the football field, the dance floor, in the war and any other line of activity he could call to mind.

The girl grew weary and, after a particularly long and drawn-out account of some experience, turned an innocent smile on him and asked: "Have you ever had a group photograph taken of yourself?"

—MORRIS F. BAUGHMAN in *Pen*

IN THE DINER of a southbound train, a couple noticed two nuns at another table. When neither could identify the religious habit, the husband volunteered to settle the question.

"Pardon me, Sisters," he said, pausing politely beside the nuns' table, "but would you mind telling me your Order?"

"Not at all," one of the nuns smiled up at him. "Lamb chops, and they're delicious!"

—*The Sign*

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment upon publication. . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

The underdog Columbia Lions snatched a Rose Bowl victory with a secret formula—KF-79

Football's Biggest Upset

by CLIFF MONTGOMERY, *Quarterback of Columbia's Rose Bowl Team of 1933*

IT WAS RAINING HARD when the Columbia football team stepped off the train in Pasadena, California—raining as though the elements, too, had cast their lot against us that last day of 1933. The Columbia Lions from Manhattan had journeyed across the continent to play the giant of the West, Stanford, in the Rose Bowl.

No one conceded us a chance against the Indians, who had been scored on only four times all season. Columbia's Athletic Committee—as well as a good many alumni—had seriously questioned the wisdom of accepting the Rose Bowl invitation at all. And now, outweighed 20 pounds per man, we were to be confronted with a muddy field and a slippery ball, a situation made-to-order for the crushing power of Stanford's heavier backs.

Glumly we sat in our hotel and prayed for a break in the weather. And I prayed harder than anyone—I was the quarterback on that Columbia team.

It had all begun a few weeks before when Coach Lou Little called the team together in the dressing room and, without preliminaries, announced: "Columbia has been invited to play in the Rose Bowl."

For a moment we just stood there, gaping. Then pandemonium broke loose as we pounded each other's backs, danced on the rubbing tables and yelled like kids.

You don't have to know much about sports to understand our reaction. Football doesn't have a World Series as does baseball; but the Rose Bowl

Game, played every New Year's Day in connection with Pasadena's Tournament of Roses, is like an entire World Series crammed into one frenzied afternoon. To the winner: the mythical football championship of the U.S.

None of us had seriously considered that Columbia might be invited. Our season hadn't been too bad, but the sports experts didn't even mention us in the same breath with Stanford.

Coach Little raised his voice. "Take it easy," he told us. "I said we'd been invited. I didn't say we were going. The Athletic Committee will decide this afternoon. Some of them feel we'd take a pretty bad beating and there's no reason why we should let ourselves in for it."

In the disappointed silence that followed, he turned to me: "Monty, as captain, I want you at that meeting to represent the team."

Two hours later I sat in the committee room listening to a distinguished group of Columbia educators and alumni discuss the invitation. The opinions expressed were all in the same negative vein and I began thinking about how I'd break it to the team. Then I heard my name and: "How do the players feel about going to Pasadena?"

I looked around the room, a kind of heavy anger in my chest. "Who are these Stanford supermen?" I wanted to ask. "Do they come from Mars? They can't put more than 11 men on the field at one time, can they? Why are we running away before we begin?"

But I didn't ask any of those questions, naturally. "Gentlemen, the team would like to go," I said and sat down. The group was silent.

Then a tall, straight-shouldered man rose. "I'm afraid we're overlooking an important point," he said. "To you and me, this may be an invitation, but to the team and the student body it's a challenge. It will be difficult to explain to them that we ran from it. I think we should accept it. I think we *must*."

I knew this man only vaguely as an alumnus named Donovan, quarterback of an earlier Columbia team. Years later, the entire nation knew him as head of the wartime Office of Strategic Services—and was grateful that General "Wild Bill" Donovan never ran from a challenge.

With his words, the atmosphere in the committee room underwent a remarkable change and when the vote was taken, Columbia had elected to accept the Rose Bowl invitation!

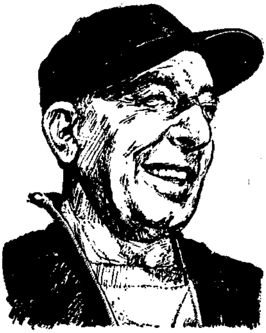
With that obstacle surmounted, the team settled down to grueling sessions of preparation. Late in December, we moved out to Tucson for a last few days of intensive practice behind locked field gates at the University of Arizona.

"If guts could do it," I told Coach Little one evening, "we'd run them off the field."

But guts alone wouldn't give our outweighed and badly overmatched Columbia team even a fighting chance. Since we couldn't hope to out-muscle Stanford, our only chance was to take them by surprise.

Lou Little dug into his dazzling bag of tricks and came up with KF-79 as our little surprise package. Actually, KF-79 was nothing more than a variation of the old hidden-ball trick. As quarterback, I was to take the pass from center, spin around and slap it quickly into the stomach of fullback Al Barabas, a big, lumbering fellow, but surprisingly fast on his feet.

Then I was to make an elaborate pretense of handing it to Ed Brominski, our tough right halfback who would smash into the line, bent over with what Stanford would think was the ball. As they ganged up on Ed, the man actually carrying the ball would drift out around end and then race for the goal line.


LOU LITTLE

Used only once, in a critical moment, it might have just enough audacity to work. So we drilled KF-79 over and over at Tucson. Sometimes Barabas swept by too far away for me to slip him the ball; sometimes the pass came too low from center. Again and again we ran through it until, by the time we pulled out for Pasadena, I could sense a change in the team.

When we'd first left New York, we'd been plain scared. Only the honor of the Rose Bowl invitation kept us going. Then our play picked up—we were sharp, deft. We might not win, but we weren't scared any more.

That was how it was when we stepped off the train into that steady downpour. My heart sank. On a slippery, muddy field, how was I going to keep my footing on the KF-79 spin? How would Barabas hide the ball and at the same time keep from skidding across the field?

That night I had nightmares of a wet ball slithering through my fingers and of the Stanford juggernaut crushing over us like a steamroller.

It was still raining the next morning. In the locker room a few minutes before we were to take the field, Coach Little appeared. Usually Lou was quick and intense—a man of dynamic energy. Now he surprised us by practically strolling into the room. He looked us over, rubbed his nose casually and said:

"You know, you are as ready for this game as you could ever hope to be. Don't let the rain throw you. I want you to play this game like any other football game and you'll surprise a lot of people—some of them are getting ready now on the other side of the field."

We grabbed our helmets and ran out. The stands, which usually held about 90,000 people, were less than half full, but those 35,000 or so let out a deafening roar. They expected to see a rout—and they were thirsting for the spectacle.

In spite of what Lou had said, it was hard for me to think of this as just another game. We ran through signal drill and I could see by the taut faces of my teammates that they were having the same trouble.

Had the Athletic Committee been right in the first place? Were we out there, as one sportswriter had put it, "with all the boldness of boys about to enter a man's game"? Would we become the laughing stock of the country? Now, face to face with our mighty opponents, I was scared all over again.

With the kickoff we knew the Indians had earned their reputation. They were good—big, tough and fast. Time and again they opened gaping holes in our defense and smashed through for long gains. They were hardly bothered by the wet field and backed us deeper and deeper toward our own goal. Then suddenly our tacklers really went to work—and we had the ball.

Back and forth we battled on the slippery field. Once or twice, when it looked as though we had a chance to strike out for the Stanford goal, we lost the ball on fumbles. Then in the second period, Stanford drove inside our 25-yard line—only to fumble too.

"Hey—they're human after all!" Owen McDonald, our left end, yelled. And right there in mid-field, with 35,000 people watching, we broke into uproarious laughter. The tension was broken.

A FEW MINUTES later I got a wild idea. If surprise was our secret weapon, I'd really surprise 'em. I'd throw a pass, rain or no rain!

The ball slipped in my hand but I got it away. Stanford backs faded under it—and out of their midst leaped Tony Matal, our right-end, and snared it. Half a dozen tacklers buried him in a tangle of arms and legs and mud. We had the ball on their 17-yard line!

This was the moment of decision—and a kind of hush fell over the stands. As we moved into the huddle, the team knew what I was going to call. "All right, gang, KF-79. Make it good!"

I bent behind the center. The ball was snapped, a perfect pass. I spun as I had done so many times in practice. Barabas was coming at me from the right. Quickly I shoved the ball into his stomach and completed my spin. As Brominski piled by, we executed the make-believe transfer. I kept turning until I faced the line again.

In that instant before I dove in after him, I saw what must remain one of the most thrilling sights of my life—the entire Stanford team in suspended animation waiting for a clue as to who had the ball. We had fooled them!

Barabas raced around end and on across the goal line with the first score of the game. The crowd roared, and roared again when we kicked the extra point and the scoreboard read—Columbia 7, Stanford 0.

But it was still a long way to the finish. In the second half, the Indians really hurled their might at us. Deeper and deeper they drove, their huge blocking backs tearing holes in our line.

Just as I was about to call for a time out, Stanford fumbled. I dove on the ball and lay there, gasping for breath, thankful for that brief moment to rest my face on the rain-soaked turf.

We kicked past mid-field, and Stanford was on the march once more, powerful, relentless, furious. We fought them with everything we had, but it didn't seem to be enough. We were wet and weary and covered with mud. It was becoming an effort to crawl back into position.

Now they had the ball five yards from our goal—with four tries in which to carry it over. We held them once, twice, three times.

"Once more," I pleaded. "Just once more!"

Wearily we dug in our cleats, the lines churned together—and the ball bounced free! Another fumble! Brominski was on it and once again we had averted disaster.

And now a strange thing happened. The cheers that had been echoing across the stadium faded to a low, taut hum as if the stands suddenly realized they might be witnessing one of the great football upsets of all time. Did they think we could do it? Did they sense that here was an underdog team doing the impossible because it had been nagged and taunted beyond believing that it *was* impossible?

Stanford drove again inside our ten-yard line, and again we stopped them. The ball changed hands. We ran off a play, another. As we were coming out of the huddle for the third time, a gun barked downfield. We stopped in our tracks, staring in disbelief. Then our bench disgorged a horde of screaming substitutes. Columbia had won!

Last winter the team met in reunion to commemorate the 20th anniversary of that gridiron epic. We watched in tight silence as Coach Lou Little ran off motion pictures of the game. After we had made our touchdown and the second half began, Al Barabas broke the spell.

"Turn it off, Lou," he called. "I'm still afraid they might score!"

Tongue Twisters

TRY YOUR ENUNCIATION on these. And remember, they should be read slowly and distinctly at first and then speeded up as much as possible without the tongue becoming twisted: Five wives weave withes . . . A school coal scuttle . . . A shot-silk sash shop . . . Some shun sunshine . . . The sixth sick sheik's sixth sheep's sick . . . Shingles and single; shave a single shingle thin . . . I snuff shop snuff; do you snuff shop snuff? . . . Thirty-six thick silk threads . . . She says she shall sew a sheet.

Roll your tongue over these: Frank threw Fred three free throws . . . Old oily Ollie oils old oily autos . . . Bob bought a black back brush . . . Chop shops stock chops.

Here's one for your thorax: A phrase in which six different pronunciations of "ough" occur: Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through.

Here's a tongue twister that needs to be tried only once: The sea ceaseth, but it sufficeth us.

If you want to give yourself a real workout, try saying this fast: Such slipshod speech as she speaks. Now repeat it several times.

This trips many on the second try: The clothes moth's mouth closed.

No matter the amount of rehearsing, even the smartest boys in radio can't repeat fast three times this simple little tongue twister: Red leather, yellow leather.

Repeat four times: Blue broadloom rug.

Say this fast five times: A big mixed biscuit tin.

—CEDRIC ADAMS, *Poor Cedric's Almanac* (Doubleday & Co.)

Picture Story

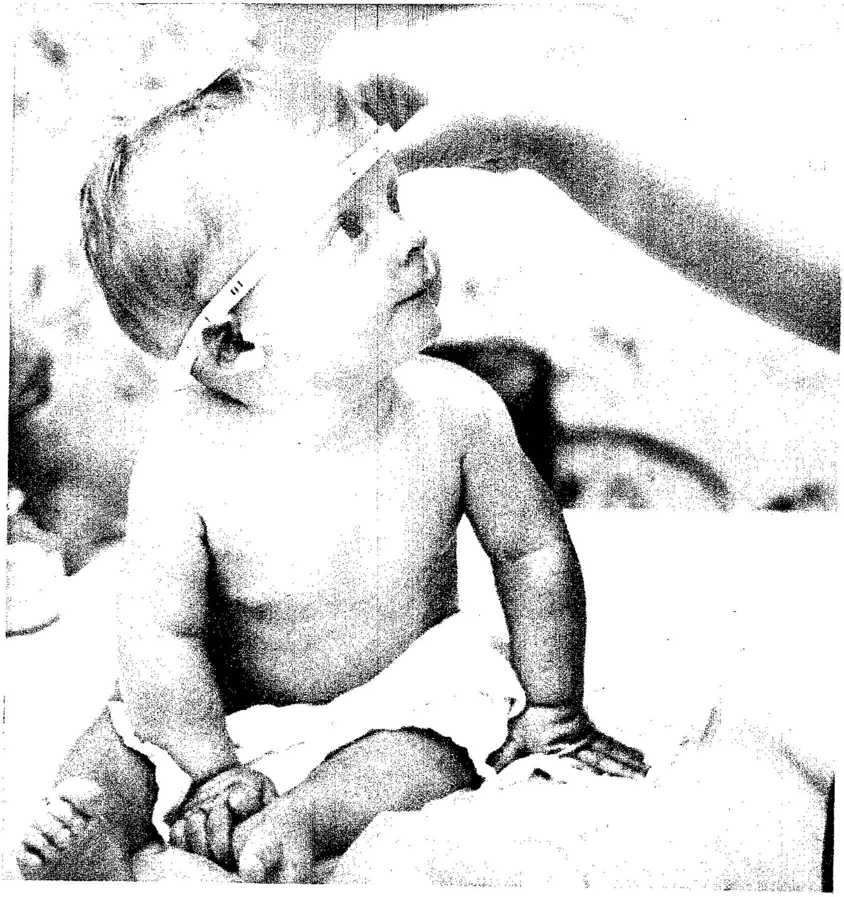
Baby Doctor

photography by CAL BERNSTEIN

Esther Gross of Salt Lake City is a typical baby doctor. She spends 12 hours a day or more giving medical attention and personal understanding to youngsters under 13. After 14 years of practice, she is as enthusiastic as ever, feels that her work is thoroughly satisfying. The 4,500 pediatricians, male and female, throughout the country warmly agree with her.

A baby doctor's waiting room is a happy place, well stocked with unusual toys. An active ant colony in a glass case keeps this boy absorbed.

Pediatrics is largely a job of preventive medicine. Few mothers wait until babies are sick before taking them to the doctor for a check.



While doctor counsels mother on certain problems, nurse measures the baby's head, chest and height.

The doctor checks his reflexes, finds him healthy all over. It's her job to see that youngsters stay that way.

Dangerous diseases like tetanus, diphtheria and smallpox can now be eliminated with inoculations.

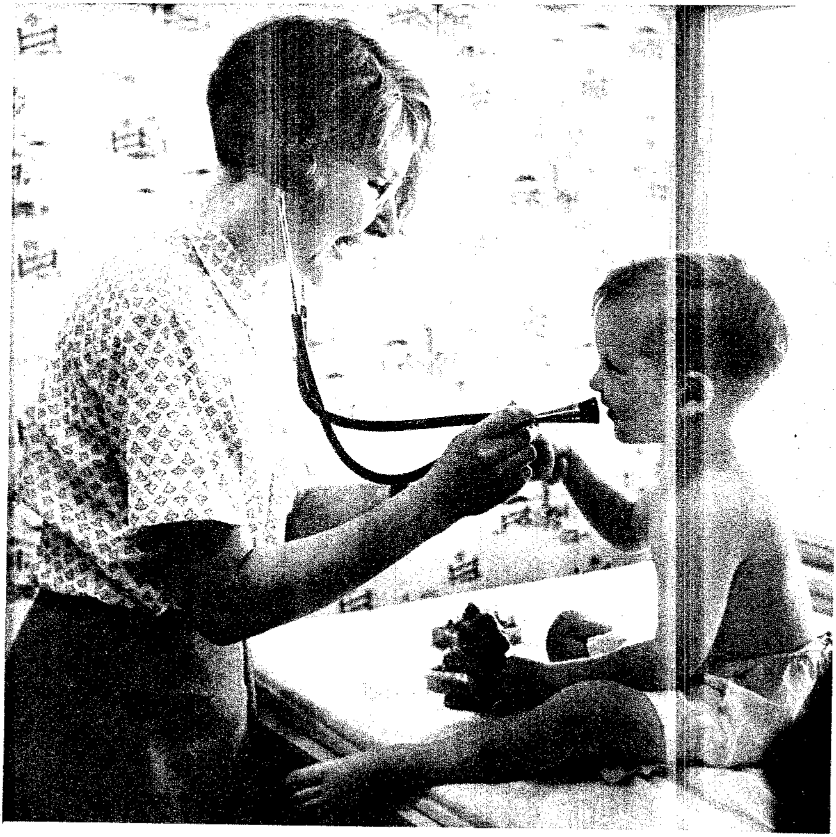
Temperature, still the most trusted barometer of health, tends to rise a little at night, and anxious mothers ask the pediatrician to rush over.

"Blowing" test is used to check children's air capacity and heart action. They have fun taking it.

The most common minor accidents, falling and burns, keep mothers worried and doctors overworked . . .

. . . but rarely does serious harm result to children. Household poisoning, however, can be dangerous.

No matter how busy, baby doctors find time to do unpaid clinical work.



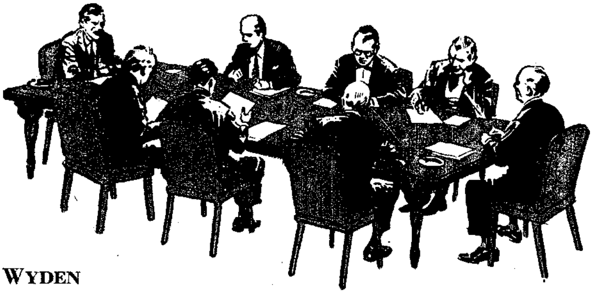
The gayly-patterned office walls, the smile, and most of all, the games played during examinations makes any youngster feel at home.

When children are well, a routine examination takes only 20 to 30 minutes. But counselling the parents often takes a good deal longer.

Love and trust are the baby doctor's repayment for a tough job well done.

Both labor and management respect . . .

The Balanced Wisdom of Father Brown



by **Peter Wyden**

IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER 9 P.M. and the 1,200 men in the power house of the Union Electric Company in St. Louis were ready to strike at midnight. In a little over three hours, the city would be plunged into darkness. Negotiations were deadlocked and the outlook was grim, since the union had never before agreed to submit any dispute to arbitration.

At that point, a union meeting was interrupted by the announcement that the Rev. Leo C. Brown, S. J., had offered to arbitrate. The men cheered, and there was no strike. Mere mention of the arbitrator's name had stopped it.

When the Navy once asked Father Brown to investigate a lengthy list of grievances in a shipyard, he corralled both sides into one room and asked each to detail all complaints. He kept the negotiators until 1 P.M. before letting them off for a brief snack, and then to 7 P.M. before pausing for another bite.

He prodded the hungry men to spill their troubles until they began repeating themselves and delving into obviously petty niceties. He kept it up until both parties, thoroughly weary and ashamed of themselves, agreed that their differences were actually few and could be settled by arbitration. They had quite literally talked themselves out of their labor troubles.

Performing the seemingly impossible is a habit with Father Brown. In the last 12 years, this balding, bespectacled, unobtrusive man of almost apologetic manner has umpired more than 900 labor disputes in nine states while teaching economics at St. Louis University.

Even for a full-time arbitrator,

this would be an amazing record, involving a neckbreaking routine with ears constantly cocked for the long-distance phone and eyes on clocks and plane schedules. But mostly it requires the sort of confidence that men rarely have in fellow humans.

A labor dispute is perhaps the most delicate and stubborn of arguments. It hits both company and worker where it hurts: the pocketbook. The fate of an industry, the welfare of thousands of families, are often on the scale.

An arbitrator must be acceptable to both parties. His word is law. He has nothing to lose except his reputation for impartiality, but since in every dispute there must be one loser, and sometimes two, the mortality rate in the profession is staggering.

Father Brown's record, over the long pull, indicates virtual immunity from the natural laws that cause the decline of arbitrators. He is called in on more cases than he can handle and must book negotiations so far ahead that disputes occasionally settle themselves before he gets to them.

His fairness is so taken for granted that when his pro-company ruling in a shoe plant once caused a strike, the same union unhesitatingly agreed to have him rule on another dispute shortly afterward.

"I'd just as soon present the facts of my case to Father Brown as anyone I know," says John I. Rollings, president of the Missouri Federation of Labor.

"I would unhesitatingly put in his hands any kind of dispute, regardless of the economics involved," confirms the labor-relations counsellor for several corporations with plants throughout the country.

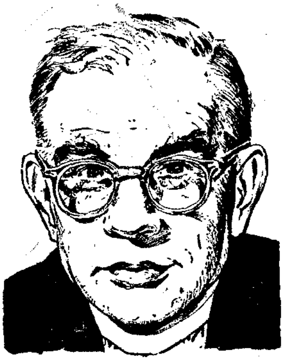
This unanimity of sentiment has piled enormous powers on Father Brown's slightly stooped shoulders. President Eisenhower appointed him to the Government panel which sits as "Supreme Court" for labor troubles at Atomic Energy Commission installations. "His is a vital rôle in keeping AEC production rolling," says Federal Mediation Director McCoy.

In St. Louis and Indianapolis, 10,000 families of workers and small businessmen running laundries and dry-cleaning plants depend on Father Brown's judgment for their livelihood. The industry is policed by a commission with power to fine management or labor for misconduct, award wage increases and even examine income-tax returns. One commissioner represents owners, the second speaks for three international unions, and the third is Father Brown, representing the public.

The successful labor-relations man is apt to be big and robust, commanding respect by appearance, but 54-year-old Father Brown fails to fit the pattern. A scant five feet six inches tall, he rarely raises his voice much above a whisper and must appease a stomach ulcer with frequent snacks of food and milk.

Though millions of dollars may hinge on his decisions, his detachment from money is almost complete. He lives in a single room of a residence hall for priests and takes meals at the University's common table for Jesuits. The soles of his shoes are holed from wear and only intense pressure from his secretary and friends will make him buy a new overcoat.

It costs $125 a day to hire this arbitrator but—true to his vow of poverty as a Jesuit—he gets none of it. Arbitration costs are shared by labor and management, and when a union is poor, Father Brown may serve 10 days for the price of two. Yet he takes in $15,000 a year and every cent of it goes to the Institute of Social Order, the St. Louis University social-science research department which he heads.



FATHER BROWN

"I've got all I need and all I want," Father Brown explains.

Being a clergyman is a handicap for an arbitrator. Workers wonder whether he appreciates grievances rooted in an atmosphere foreign to most men of the cloth. Managements suspect his lack of business experience and wonder whether human sympathy might lead him automatically to champion a union as the underdog.

Again Father Brown defies the rules. A railroad man's son, he is himself a one-time union organizer and when he doffs his coat, clerical collar and sometimes even his shirt during a feverish negotiation, only the absence of cussing indicates there is a clergyman in the room.

If labor knows Father Brown as a regular fellow, company executives have learned that he can be embarrassingly well-briefed about business. Arbitrating a case involving revision of all pay scales in a steel plant, he was condescendingly lectured on its intricacies by the company attorney.

The mathematics were so complicated that the lawyer soon got stuck. Whereupon the arbitrator, who has a doctorate in economics from Harvard and had been teaching graduate statistics, began prompting him tactfully. As a result, Father Brown's business acumen has not been challenged since.

Over the years, Father Brown has gained insight into industry unique for a clergyman. He has donned a butcher's coat to check first-hand how much skill a bologna maker needs to mix different meats with the right amount of fat. He tussled with salary increases for Chicago gravediggers and Kansas salt miners, and told the Wage Stabilization Board how to classify the manufacture of baby carriages. He decided the buggy-makers were metal fabricators, which gave them an extra holiday a year.

Some arbitrators prefer to duck controversial issues, but not Father Brown. "I don't care how hot the potato was, he never turned us down," says a union business manager who has dumped several boiling potatoes in the priest's lap.

Some years ago, Father Brown's popularity as an arbitrator provoked a mild crisis in St. Louis. So many disputes at widely scattered companies were referred to him that he spent half his days on streetcars. In an unprecedented gesture, unions and companies all over town chipped in to buy him a car. Each side of the bargaining table raised half the cost, and quotas were filled within hours.

When someone remembered that a Jesuit may own no property, there was momentary consternation. Finally, it was decided to give the car to St. Louis University, but the keys went to Father Brown in a surprise ceremony, with labor and management beaming in rare agreement.

Father Brown has a quiet way of drawing opposing poles together. Not long ago, a three-month truck strike idled 20,000 St. Louis construction workers and stopped $150,000,000 worth of building. At the beginning of the showdown negotiation, all the bargainers had in common was trust in the little priest who patiently shuttled between the separately closeted camps. Finally, he hammered out a deal which both sides acclaimed as victory.

"I helped them with a few details," he said afterwards. But a management representative differed. "The essence of labor relations is truth," he said. "Somebody must believe somebody. Father Brown's great contribution is truth."

Father Brown began learning about labor problems back home in Council Bluffs, Iowa. As a youngster he had a paper route, and peddled eggs and produce from door to door.

One summer while in high school he was looking for a job when he passed a shop making playground equipment and spotted two items of interest: a spilled 10-gallon can of paint and an authoritative-looking citizen chasing a boy. Concluding that a job opening must just have occurred, Father Brown waited for the boss' temper to cool, applied for the job and was signed on at 85 cents per 10-hour day.

YOUNG LEO'S FATHER was a railroad car inspector and chairman of the union grievance committee. Once, when Father Brown was small, the shop was on strike. The elder Brown had assured the police there would be no violence. Then the railroad imported strikebreakers.

Strikers gathered around the yard. The mood was ugly. One of them jumped on a platform, waved a gun and harangued the crowd. Papa Brown, who had been listening worriedly in the crowd, jumped on the platform, landed a haymaker on the rabble-rouser's chin, took his gun and told the strikers to behave unless they wanted to commit suicide.

The strike proceeded peaceably and Father Brown remembered this when, at 17, he became a $65-a-month freight clerk for the Union Pacific and began organizing the clerks. He remembered, too, his father's lessons in unionism: "Be sure you have a grievance before you present one. Get a record in writing. Be polite!" Soon he was putting them to work.

For three years, while going to Creighton University, Father Brown was a railroad man at night. When he drifted into arbitration work in 1942, after years of studying and teaching at various Catholic institutions, his first case concerned a foreman's firing of a worker who had refused to load a steel plate on a truck, allegedly saying he "wouldn't" do it. The man's defense was that he had a rupture and had said he "couldn't" do it.

Both men wore hearing aids and Father Brown concluded they simply hadn't understood each other. The company, which had not known of the worker's disability, took him back on a less strenuous job.

Why does such a simple incident require arbitration? The foreman obviously should not have fired the man on snap judgment. Once he had, the company couldn't offend a valuable supervisor by countermanding his order. An outside arbitrator did the job less painfully.

Molehill causes can mushroom into mountainous controversies. In a steel-fabricating plant a certain crew had an endless list of grievances. Their tools were bad. Their machines were unsafe. Nothing seemed right.

Father Brown was puzzled. The complaints were groundless, but he kept listening. Through all the griping ran references to a door.

Father Brown asked about the door and out poured the real cause of the trouble: the recalcitrant crew had worked next to a door leading to the cafeteria. At lunch time they were first in line. Suddenly, without explanation, the company boarded up the door and a new one was cut into the wall elsewhere. Once this complaint was aired and management explained why the door had to be changed, all turned calm.

Arbitration is an invaluable communication instrument. "The parties learn more about each other's problems than in any other form of negotiation," Father Brown feels. "In the process of listening to each party tell its story to a neutral person, facts are developed which might otherwise not come out. Quite often people in the beginning don't believe the other side and I watch them modify their opinions during the discussion.

"The issues today are as sharply contested as ever, but with more dignity, more urbanity and more respect for the other side. And so the opportunity for compromise and mutual consideration has increased. Sometimes it even continues during a work stoppage. What company in the past sent coffee to its pickets? That's not unusual now."

Not long ago a friend asked what he wanted out of life, pointing out that he might live serenely as a priest and teacher if he did not choose to drive himself so hard. Father Brown appeared startled. "What do I want out of life?" he asked. "I want to be ready to meet my Maker."

Pertinently Put

COMMENTATOR ALEX DREIER remarked about a certain nightclub orchestra: "It was so bad that when a waiter dropped a tray and broke some dishes during intermission, several couples got up to dance." —NBC

AT A CERTAIN NAVAL BASE a Wave lieutenant dropped her handkerchief, which was promptly picked up and handed her by a sailor with a smiling: "You dropped this, toots—sir." —*Tracks*

GRIN AND
ags

THIRD-GRADE PUPILS in a California school were asked to draw pictures of what they wanted to be when they grew up. One little boy turned in a picture of himself as a plane pilot. Another drew himself driving a fire engine. But one little girl turned in a blank piece of paper. When the teacher asked why, she explained:

"I want to be married—but I don't know how to *draw* it."

—*Los Angeles Examiner*

A YOUNG DOCTOR who had set out his shingle with high hopes but had few patients was excited one evening to hear his telephone ring. As it turned out, it was merely a former fellow intern who wanted to know if he would care to make a fourth at bridge. After thinking it over, the doctor decided that he would.

"Is it an important case?" asked his bride on hearing that he would be out for the evening.

"Important? I'll say it's important," replied the doctor with some degree of pride. "There are three other doctors there already and they say they can't go ahead until I arrive."

—*Long Lines*

THE LAST TIME Harpo Marx visited New York, representatives of a dozen worthy charities descended upon him to request his appearance at benefits. One lady was particularly persistent and, after 12 telephone conversations in two days, Harpo finally agreed to appear for her.

She called to escort him personally to the proper place in order to make sure that he wouldn't elude her. Just as they were closing the door of the suite, his phone rang.

"Don't you want to go back and answer it?" the lady asked.

Harpo sighed gently and said, "Why bother? It's undoubtedly you again."

—BENNETT CERF, *Laughter Incorporated* (Bantam Books)

* * *

A SALESMAN was trying to interest a country store owner in a hearing aid.

"I get along with something a lot cheaper than that gadget," said the countryman. "Wait here and I'll show you."

He vanished for a moment and returned with a tiny wire, with no apparent connections, running from his coat pocket to his ear.

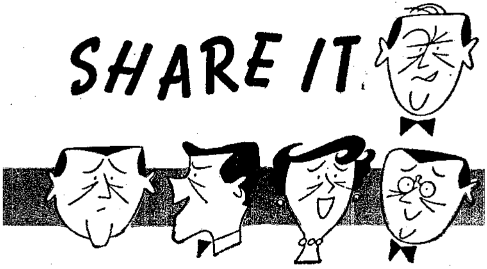
"This," he announced proudly, "only cost me a few cents."

"But how can that wire help you hear?" asked the puzzled salesman.

"You'd be surprised," said the store owner. "When people see this, they talk louder."

—DAN BENNETT

A PUBLISHER once invited Will Rogers to come to his ranch for a weekend. He had assembled a considerable company, and Rogers was the star guest whom he did not fail to show off to his best advan-



tage. A few days later the publisher received from Rogers a bill for several thousand dollars for services as a professional entertainer. He called Rogers on the phone and protested, "I didn't engage you as an entertainer. I invited you as a guest."

Rogers snapped back, "When people invite me as a guest, they invite Mrs. Rogers, too. When they ask me to come alone, I go as a professional entertainer."

—*Thesaurus of Anecdotes*, edited by Edmund Fuller, copyright 1942, by Crown Publishers

A VISITOR to a lonely island off the west coast of Ireland was talking to an inhabitant. "I suppose that when the sea is very rough, you do not get any news from the rest of the world?" he asked.

"That's right," was the reply. "But you are just as badly off; you get no news from us." —*Our Boys* (Ireland)

* * *

SIX-YEAR-OLD Bobby came home proudly clutching a toy automobile.

"Where did you get that?" asked his mother.

"I got it from Johnny for doing him a favor," her son explained.

"What was the favor?"

"I was hitting him on the back and he asked me to stop."

—*Tatler & Bystander*

A WOMAN COMPLAINED to a friend that the walls of her new apartment were so thin that the neighbors on either side could hear everything she said.

"Oh, I think you could eliminate that trouble," the other replied. "Just hang some tapestries over your walls."

The woman considered the suggestion briefly, then shook her head. "No, that wouldn't do," she replied. "Then we couldn't hear what they say." —*Irish Digest*

TWO FARMERS at a country fair were fascinated by a booth where six little celluloid balls bobbed on top of water jets. Customers were offered substantial prizes if they succeeded in shooting a ball off its perch. One of the farmers spent six quarters in a vain attempt to pick off a ball. Finally his friend pushed him aside and said, "Now watch!"

He took a single shot. All six balls disappeared.

As they walked away from the booth laden with prizes, the unsuccessful one asked, "How did you do it?"

"It just took knowing how," explained the other. "I shot the man working the pump."

—*Woodmen of the World Magazine*

A MAN had been slightly bitten by the political bug, but before he announced his intentions he decided to talk it over with his wife. She slapped an immediate veto on the idea, declaring: "I heard all about you from my folks before I married you, and I don't want to have to hear all that stuff again." —DON P. RADDE

An easy-to-follow home regimen of medication and washing can alleviate adolescent acne

New Treatment for PIMPLES

by **Lewis F. Gittler**

Acne is one of the most common of all human ailments. With varying degrees of severity, it attacks 80 per cent of boys and girls at adolescence and unless treated properly can persist for years.

Acne is neither contagious nor dangerous. Its most serious by-product is acute unhappiness due to the unsightly pimples and skin blemishes that come at an age when personal appearance is most important to social and economic success.

Many sufferers, through shame or ignorance, do little that is constructive about their acne. Some mistakenly believe it will disappear by itself. Others inflict harmful treatment upon themselves.

Early care is important to prevent possible facial scarring, and if your case is like the vast majority you can cure it in a comparatively short time by adhering to a few routine measures.

Medical authorities have as yet been unable to determine the *exact* cause of acne, but it is known to be due mainly to overactivity of the sweat and oil glands. This results in oily hair, dandruff, oiliness of the nose, and skin eruptions on the face, chest, back and shoulders.

When acne strikes, this is what happens:

In the human skin there are millions of tiny glands and channels from which hair, moisture and oil emanate. At adolescence, these glands are highly stimulated by hormonal variations—the great physiological change of life that brings about adulthood. The glands become overactive and the ducts and openings of the skin pores plug up. Soon, inflammatory lesions—blackheads and pimples—form at the blocked surface exits.

To combat this condition, here is a simple procedure which anyone can follow. Its essence is washing and medication:

1. After washing your face at bedtime, use an ordinary boric acid solution as an antiseptic, then apply a sulphur-resorcinol lotion—such as Acnomel or Sulforcin Base—on the affected parts only.

Both these packaged medications, obtainable at any drugstore, are skin-colored and can be worn during the day as make-up. Girls will find that after a little practice they can get good cosmetic results. If these covering lotions still show, you can substitute a colorless liquid like Sulforcin Lotion during the day.

Wash off the lotion meticulously in the morning and between every daytime application. You will notice that the skin becomes dry and roughened. That's exactly what is intended. Drying the skin results in mild peeling which opens up the plugged glands. If the skin becomes very red and itchy, however, stop the remedy for one or two nights and substitute a calamine lotion or unscented cold cream.

These two steps are basic in treating acne. But, in addition, you must carry out the following:

2. Be sure to get eight hours sleep, moderate open-air exercise with a limited amount of sun; drink six glasses of water and take two multi-vitamin pills a day. This maintains your general health and holds down constipation, which can have an adverse effect on acne.

3. Keep clean by bathing, and by shampooing your head twice a week. Recommended, among others, is Almay Tar shampoo for cleansing the hair. Some acne cases are directly associated with an irritated scalp condition.

In washing your face at bedtime and during the day, use hot water and good ordinary soap with a rough cloth or complexion brush. Wash your face thoroughly at least three or four times a day. In long-neglected cases, use special sulphur-containing soaps like Cosmasul. A steamed towel, applied at your bedtime washing, is effective in softening acne plugs.

4. After washing, gently but firmly massage the lesions between thumb and finger and re-rinse with hot and cold water. *Do not pick, pinch or squeeze the blackheads, pimples or other lesions. This leads to pitted scars.*

5. Between washings, remove any excessive oiliness with a liquid preparation such as Seba-nil.

During this daily schedule, use no other applications or treatments. The fact is—and this cannot be stressed too strongly—*there is no single "miracle" treatment for acne.* It is the combination of several measures which proves effective.

Boys can shave regularly, but should not use hair oil of any kind.

Girls should eliminate all cosmetics having an oil, grease or cream base. Lipstick, Almay or Marcelle powder, and small amounts of rouge are permissible if they are the special, hypoallergic kind put out by the two firms.

Some acne cases react unfavorably to wool and fur, so don't wear a wool sweater or dress next to the skin. With fur neckpieces and collars, wear a scarf to protect chin and cheeks.

If adhered to faithfully, this schedule of treatment should be sufficient to counteract *existing* acne in a majority of cases. To prevent underlying causes from complicating your condition you must be cautious about your diet. Food allergies can be responsible, in whole or in part, for acne flare-ups.

For a three-week trial period, simply avoid the following or take them in moderation:

Excess fats and sugars.

Foods with high iodine content: shellfish, spinach, saltwater fish, cabbage, iodized salt.

Possible allergens—eggs, nuts, malted drinks, chocolate in any form, wheat, bananas, pork products, tomatoes, onions, citrus fruit.

Spices and fried foods.

Iodides and bromides, found frequently in cough syrups, cold tablets, nerve medicines and sedatives. In fact, most medicine—including aspirin—should be avoided.

By experimenting with the intake of "forbidden" foods, you can judge for yourself which of them have an effect on acne.

This combination of diet and daily treatment should show positive results within a few weeks, and within three months at the most.

Many acne cases, however, vary from the norm. When it occurs, for instance, on dry and rough skin, lotion prescriptions must contain a cream base and be obtained from a physician. Acne can also be influenced by anemia, overwork, tension, glandular disturbances, or centers of infection such as teeth, tonsils and sinuses.

In many young women, acne flare-ups occur during the menstrual period because of hormonal imbalance. Dermatologists treat this condition with estrogenic therapy whereby Premarin tablets are taken by mouth beginning ten days before the anticipated period.

If your acne fails to respond to ordinary treatment within three months you should undergo special therapy by a dermatologist. Most cases, however, usually do not go beyond routine treatment. But even in mild instances, complete neglect can lead to facial scars, especially if the patient picks at the lesions.

In those infrequent cases where one has been scarred, this, too, can be taken care of. Today dermatologists use a fast-revolving, stainless steel brush, electrically driven and resembling a dentist's drill, to plane down the scars to the level of the surrounding skin area. No hospitalization is needed and anesthesia is local. Such treatment is painless, quick and simple.

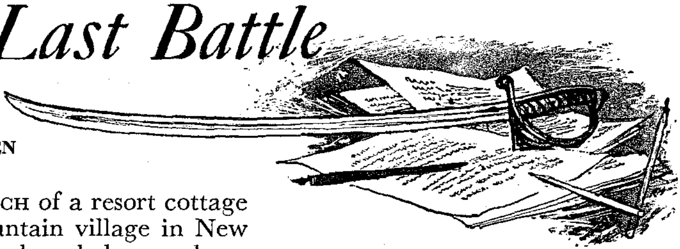
The psychological problem, in fact, is often the most serious element in acne cases, frequently causing disturbing personality changes in adolescent victims already insecure and hyper-sensitive about jobs and personal popularity. Youngsters should be encouraged to seek treatment and parents should display understanding and help during what is at best a difficult period.

Understanding Love

Ask a freshman in high school, "Son, do you understand love?" He will write you an essay. Ask an old bachelor. He will write you a book. Ask a married man. He just grins and shakes his head.

—Pierce Harris, *Spiritual Revolution* (Doubleday & Co., Inc.)

His Last Battle



by **Bill Cullen**

On the porch of a resort cottage in a mountain village in New York, a sandy-bearded man, bundled in warm clothing and blankets, sat writing fiercely—with every stroke of his pen fighting the most courageous battle of his life.

His body ached with pain, and his tortured mind cried out against the task. His family had pleaded with him to abandon it. But he had no choice: he had to keep writing.

Years of public service had failed to make him rich. Even his small nest-egg was now lost, through the rascality of his son's business partner. When he realized what was awaiting him—early death from cancer—the bearded man had racked his brain to find a way to provide for his loved ones. Finally the answer came: he would write his memoirs; the royalties from their sale would make his wife financially secure.

And so the granite-jawed man began a desperate race against death. He arose early, went to bed late. He wrote, wrote until his fingers ached, pausing only when the pain in his throat became too severe, then going on to the next sentence, the next paragraph.

As the pages began to multiply, the doctor interrupted to warn him that he must rest more. The intense pain in his throat prevented the whiskered man from speaking. Instead, he wrote on a piece of paper for the doctor to read: "One of my superstitions has always been when I started to go anywhere, or to do anything, not to turn back, or stop until the thing intended was accomplished."

The doctor nodded, tight-lipped, and increased the doses of morphine to relieve the pain. Then came the terrible night when the great man had a severe hemorrhage. The doctor sent for the patient's pastor, stimulated his heart with brandy. But the man was not ready to die yet; his work was incomplete. Soon he was sitting up again, writing.

The days grew into weeks, until 11 months had passed. Finally, with the pain more agonizing than ever, the man laid down his pen with a heavy sigh of relief. The last word had been written.

On a strip of paper he wrote his faithful doctor: "There never was one more willing to go than I am. I wanted so many days to work on my book. It was graciously granted to me. I am not likely to be more ready to go than at this moment."

To his wife, he wrote: "Look after our dear children and direct them in the paths of rectitude . . ."

A week after he signed the final page of the memoirs that brought $450,000 to his wife and children, the general died peacefully in his sleep. Ulysses S. Grant had won his last battle.

Bill Cullen stars on "Place the Face," NBC-TV, Saturdays, 8:30 P.M. EST.

The U.S. Geological Survey protects our natural resources that lie . . .

BENEATH THE EARTH

by ROBERT FROMAN

ONE OF WASHINGTON'S least known Federal agencies recently received a letter from a Denver man.

"I retired not long ago," he stated, "and have been looking for something to keep up my interest. I think maybe prospecting will do. Please send me a map of all the undiscovered gold mines located in Colorado."

Government agencies receive many such weird requests. But the agency to which this one was directed—the U. S. Geological Survey—could very nearly have fulfilled the request if it had the time, money and inclination. For the Survey, as staff members call it, has been studying the country from the ground down for 76 years, and its files are a vast catalog of what lies beneath our good earth, as well as its surface waters, its streams and lakes.

"You might say," notes Dr. William E. Wrather, director of the Survey, "that we're the certified public accountants of the nation's natural resources."

A rugged, slow-spoken man just past 70, who looks like the combination of scientist and explorer that he is, Dr. Wrather first joined the U. S. Geological Survey in 1907 as a field geologist, later prospected for oil throughout the world for private firms, and returned to the Survey as its director in 1943.

In the process of keeping their natural resources accounts, Dr. Wrather and his associates have developed some remarkable techniques as well as helped to pioneer whole new scientific applications, such as geochemical prospecting.

An offspring of a union of geology and chemistry, "geochemistry" is the science of detecting underground mineral deposits by analyzing the waters of rivers and creeks which pass near them so carefully as to detect the presence of minute traces of the minerals sought. Once on the trail of such a mineral, the geochemists can track it upstream to its source, and they sometimes achieve fantastic results.

A few years ago one team of experts detected a trace of zinc in a backwoods creek in North Carolina. For several days they tracked it upstream, losing the scent occasionally, then finding it again.

When they reached a point above which no further trace could be found, they fanned out through the woods. When they reassembled later, one of them wore a broad grin.

"I found it," he announced.

"What do you mean 'it'?" he was asked.

"There's a farm up the hill here," he explained. "The farmer bought himself a new porcelain bathtub and threw out the old galvanized iron one. It landed in a spring in the pasture. That's our zinc deposit."

Such disappointments are rare, however. More typical is the actual zinc discovery recently made in eastern Tennessee.

The Jefferson City-Mascot area northeast of Knoxville has long been an important source of zinc, and a couple of years ago known reserves were beginning to run low. The Survey's experts tackled the problem not as prospectors but as theoreticians.

From charts, aerial photographs and the plans of the mines in operation, they soon found that all the known deposits lay along a horizontal geological fault, a sort of crinkle in the subterranean rock bed where one stratum of rocks had pushed another out of line. In the same area they found another fault which was different only in that it descended vertically into the earth instead of paralleling the surface.

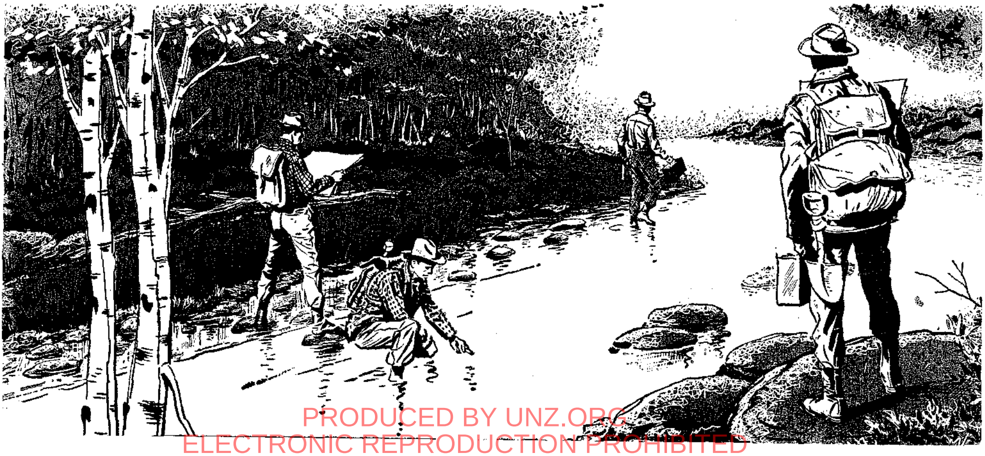
"Try digging there," they suggested to the miners.

The result was the discovery of new reserves estimated to amount to at least a million tons of zinc concentrates. With reserves of many of our basic raw materials dwindling year by year, such discoveries are of incalculable importance.

"You see," Dr. Wrather explains, "nearly every square foot of the surface of this country has been prospected. Now we must probe beneath the surface. That's where the science of geology in general, and our agency in particular, come in."

Congress established the U. S. Geological Survey in 1879 to explore and evaluate the extent of our natural resources. At that time, the enormity and complexity of this task were ill understood, and the first appropriations provided for only a tiny staff of technicians. In later years Congress gave the Survey the additional tasks of making topographic maps, studying water resources and supervising mines on the public domain.

The launching of the great war



effort in 1941—which made urgent the detailed cataloging of our mineral, oil, water and other resources—caused the Survey to expand until today its staff numbers more than 7,000, about half of whom are highly trained specialists in a wide range of sciences.

Currently, its four divisions are Conservation, Water Resources, Topography and Geology. The Conservation Division supervises operations on 97,000 oil, gas and mining leases on Federal and Indian lands and accounts for mineral production valued at half a billion dollars. About 34 million dollars is collected in royalties, leases and other payments on the mineral production of these public lands. Thus this division is unique among Government bureaus because it turns over to the treasury about two and one-half times as much money as it uses from bureau funds.

The Water Resources Division keeps tabs on the flow of surface water and locates and describes underground water to determine its quantity, chemical quality and usability. The division's chief, Carl G. Paulsen, takes a dim view of the concern of many scientists over water shortages, explaining:

"Our country has been blessed with water. With oceans to the east and west and the Gulf of Mexico to the south, we are surrounded by giant teakettles which generate our continental moisture. No long-term trend toward a decline in our overall surface water and ground water resources has been observed within the past few decades of study."

It is true, he admits, that some important areas and industrial centers like the New York-New Jersey and Los Angeles metropolitan sections, have lowered their ground water tables by heavy pumping. In some cases, such as Arizona, the economy of a whole state is in the balance as a result of depletion of water supplies.

But these are generally problems of distribution, not of supply.

Water aplenty for New York, for instance, soon will be made available by tapping the Delaware River; and when the pumping can be slowed, the ground water tables will rise again. With bad news about other natural resources cropping up so frequently, this is remarkably heartening.

Among the chief purposes of the Survey's remaining two divisions, Geology and Topography, is the turning of much of this other bad news into good. The topographers and geologists work in close cooperation. The maps produced by the former are portraits of the surface of the earth, and when the geology has superimposed on them, they provide clues to much that lies beneath the surface.

Both divisions trace their origins far back into the nation's history. In fact, even before the states were firmly united, the Continental Congress appointed a geographer "to take sketches of the country and seat of war." And beginning with the famed Lewis and Clark Expedition to the Pacific Northwest in 1803-6, the Federal Government kept a long series of geographers busy exploring the West.

Today, not much more than a fourth of the country has as yet been adequately mapped.

This unbelievable state of affairs is explained in large part by its very unbelievability. Everyone knows that any service station will provide fine highway maps of its own and surrounding states, and that there are numerous atlases full of maps of individual towns and counties.

But World War II quickly demonstrated the limitations of these ordinary "flat" maps. For you cannot build a bridge or an airfield, or find a good location for a munitions plant, on the basis of the information provided by them. Lacking supremely accurate, large-scale maps showing the contours of the land, it often took weeks of precious time and large sums of money for surveys even to lay out a plan for a training camp.

DR. WILLIAM E. WRATHER

A railroad civil engineer once discovered how useful the Survey's topographic maps can be. He was laying out a new spur line, and after a long series of on-the-spot surveys he picked the best route he could find. But just before work began, the Survey issued a new chart of the area. One glance at it gave the engineer the information he needed to make a change in his route which saved his company $80,000.

The Survey's Geology Division has developed ingenious techniques for making over-all studies of huge areas. One of these is known to staff members as "giving America the bird."

The bird in this case is a refinement of the aerial magnetometer, a device developed during World War II for the detection of enemy submarines. Trailed from a plane, it now detects variations in the magnetic properties of subterranean rocks. Such variations provide clues to subsurface geology and have occasionally led to the discovery of great new reserves of raw materials.

In northern Minnesota, the bird has hinted at what may prove to be a vast extension of the great Mesabi iron ore deposits and of sizeable new nickel reserves. Indications of other iron ore have turned up in northern New Jersey and in New York's Adirondack Mountains.

The new technology of electronics, rockets and atomic energy demands raw materials whose very names, a decade ago, were almost unknown outside university laboratories. Niobium, germanium, cerium, lanthanum, zirconium—these and many other comparatively rare elements have graduated from curiosities to necessities.

Survey researchers have turned up new sources of niobium (also called columbium), an essential alloying element for rocket engines, in the waste products of aluminum plants using Arkansas bauxite. They have found a potential source of germanium, used in electronic transistors, in the ashes of certain Ohio coals. And they are hot on the trails of at least 15 other rare elements.

Most important of all, of course, is uranium, and the Survey's experts work with the Atomic Energy Commission in developing uranium prospecting techniques. One of the most remarkable of these is geobotany.

In the arid Southwest where much of the uranium search is concentrated, tough little junipers and piñons send roots deep into the earth in search of moisture. If the soil also happens to contain uranium, these roots pick up and transmit to the surface a few radioactive particles. The Survey has worked out a method for testing the needles of these trees to determine whether their roots may penetrate worthwhile deposits of uranium.

When the cold war reached subzero depths, Russia abruptly cut down its exports of manganese, a vital ingredient of many steel alloys. Most of our supplies of manganese we must import.

One other big source was India. But with her newly won independence, India was planning a great industrialization drive and was considering embargoing exports of manganese in order to preserve supplies for her own eventual use.

Two Survey geologists spent a few months studying India's manganese workings and prospecting neighboring areas. They were able to prove vast new manganese reserves sufficient to last for generations, and the Indian government gave up its plan to stop exports. The Survey's foreign geology branch, headed by W. D. Johnston, Jr., ranges over most of the world, helping friendly nations gain new understanding of their own resources.

Even in its domestic dealings, the Survey frequently has need of diplomacy. When someone wants a topographic map of an area which has not been mapped yet, a lot of explaining is necessary. The explanations are not always successful.

An Iowa City man once asked for such a map of Mendocino county, California. On receipt of the Survey's explanation that it had not yet been able to do that job, he waxed indignant.

"I know why you haven't mapped it," he wrote. "It's inhabited underground by Desos, a form of humans, that steal or kidnap people and torture them. All Government vehicles that go into the county disappear without a trace."

The Survey doesn't think this is an accurate description and will someday publish a map of the county, made by staff members who bear no scars of torture.

Berlesque

THE TROUBLE with my sponsor is that he wants to pay me what I'm worth—but I won't work that cheap.

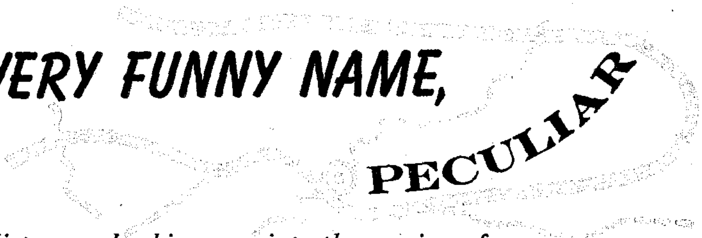
HOLLYWOOD IS the induction center for Reno.

IF YOU EARN $4,000 a year and your wife earns nothing, she's a dependent. But if your wife earns $4,000 a year and you earn nothing, you're a bum.

WHAT HAS Bob Hope got that I haven't got a week later?

—MILTON BERLE

VERY FUNNY NAME, PECULIAR



History and whimsy go into the naming of our home towns—and the results are sometimes pretty weird

by **KATHARINE BEST** and **KATHARINE HILLYER**

IN PECULIAR, Missouri, they like to tell about the tourist who asked their postmaster to cancel the stamps on his letters as clearly as possible.

"I want everybody back home to see that postmark," he explained. "Very funny name, Peculiar."

"Think so?" asked the postmaster. "What's your home town?"

"Hohokus, New Jersey," replied the tourist, with no trace of a smile.

So it goes every day, all across America, as travelers who see nothing mirthful in home-town names like Shickshinny, Neversink, Jenkinjones or Ship Bottom almost fall out of their cars laughing at signs pointing to Sopchoppy, Okay, Pumpkin Chapel or Droop.

One young Pennsylvania couple, after honeymooning by motor through the South, could talk about nothing but the gloriously significant names of places they had been through—Affinity, Caress, Lovely, Darling, Devotion, Romeo and Juliette. The fact that they lived near a town called Intercourse did not strike them as provocative at all.

Any good-sized list of American place names is an intriguing peep into the past, for Americans have named their towns for every fleeting fact, and fancy, of history. Our place names commemorate Indian lore, Colonial struggles, Revolutionary victories, Civil War defeats; Spanish, Dutch, German, French and Scandinavian infiltrations; Shaker, Quaker and Mormon migrations; pioneer heroics and everyday local happenings.

These latter show the Yankee at his winsomest and most uninhibited. Take, for instance, Wewanta. A lumber company in this tiny West Virginia community decided not many years ago that they needed a post office. They appointed one of their men to write to the Post Office Department in Washington, D.C., which he did, slurring his words into the following communique: "Wewanta postoffice." They got their post office and Wewanta was its name.

Or take Peculiar, Missouri. An early settler applied for a post office, sending to Washington a name that already existed in his state. He sent in another name, with no better luck. Finally after several more tries, the town asked the Department to choose a "peculiar" name. Tired of the game by this time, the Department simply chose the name Peculiar.

Legend has it that the citizens of an Iowa community met time and again to select a name for their village, but could never agree. Finally, at about the tenth conference, they decided to settle for the first word spoken by the next person who entered the room.

Presently an old man named Uncle Sam Brown poked his face through the doorway. "Evenin', Sam," someone said. "Pull up a cheer and sit down."

Sam looked all around. "What cheer?" he asked. And that is how What Cheer, Iowa, got its name.

Another version says that the town derived its name from an English salutation with which the newly arrived English and Scottish mining population greeted each other.

MANY PLACE NAMES, baffling at first glance, are leftovers from the romantic past—like Bird in Hand, Pennsylvania, which was named for an old tavern that originally stood there; and Midnight, Mississippi, named for a wisteria-dripping plantation that changed hands in a midnight poker game.

Easterners, who naturally think of gunplay and gore when they drive into Pointblank, Texas, are chagrined to learn that the town was named by a beloved teacher. She was French-speaking and named the area Blanc Point. In time, the name deteriorated from Blanc Point to Point Blanc to Pointblank.

Strangers have been known to give great guffaws of incredulity when they come across a town—in Texas!—called Humble.

Humptulips, Washington, and Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, are early-day tributes to the red man. Humptulips is the English equivalent of an Indian word meaning "hard to pole," and was the name of a rapids-filled river which the Indians negotiated dexterously in their canoes. The first white settlers were so impressed that they named their settlement after the river.

Sleepy Eye goes back to an Indian chieftain named Isk-Irk-Ha-Ba. Unlike many of his contemporaries, he thought highly of the white men who invaded his territory and befriended them from the beginning. In time his name was translated into Sleepy Eye. In additional time a town grew up where he once held his powwows and Sleepy Eye became its name.

Oddly enough the origins of Odd, Virginia; Accident, Maryland; and Difficult, Tennessee, are unadulterated Americana. Odd is so named because the town's first post office was in the local I.O.O.F. ("International Order of Oddfellows") hall.

Accident came by its strange title through a curious case of land-grant surveying in about the year 1751. A man named George Deakins was granted 600 acres by King George of England in payment of a debt, and in order to obtain the most valuable acreage, sent out rival corps of surveyors. By accident, they surveyed the identical plot of ground and Deakins named it "The Accident Tract." The town that subsequently sprang up there adopted the already established name.

The citizens of Difficult, Tennessee, wanted their town to be called Defeated, in honor of a nearby creek where a band of settlers had in Daniel Boone days been annihilated by Indians. But their leading citizen was no paragon of penmanship and his application for the name came back from Washington with the notation "Difficult to read."

"How rude," the leading citizen is supposed to have commented sadly. "Let them call us Difficult then. I'm not going to write in again."

There are 26 Washingtons in the U. S., but only one Truth or Consequences. Back in 1950, the citizens of Hot Springs, New Mexico, irritated at being confused with Hot Springs, Arkansas, voted to rename their town for their favorite radio program. And so today we have Truth or Consequences, New Mexico.

Changing the name of a town is, to put it mildly, fraught with confusion, and not many attempt it. Not only must maps, road signs, official stationery and post-office records be altered, but reasons for the change must go deep into local hearts. During World War II, Swastika, New Mexico, became Brilliant. But Tokio, North Dakota, would have no such nonsense.

"Our aim in this war," argued the postmistress, "is to change the name of the other Tokyo, not this one."

It has never occurred to the citizens of Young America, Indiana, to change the name of their town simply because there happens to be another Young America, in Minnesota. These names are indigenous and prideful, and all have their own specific reasons for being.

An early settler in Indiana, asked by his fellow citizens to apply to Washington for a post office, looked out the window one morning and saw the trade name "Young America" on a sawmill engine. That is the name he sent in and that is the name his town got.

According to legend, a sensitive group of German-born residents of a small Minnesota community thought they detected an ill omen back in the 1880s, when a runaway team of oxen tore down every German signpost in their village. Dismayed by the incident, they called a town meeting and decided on the new name of Young America, because "it is as far from the name of "Teuteburg' as it is possible to get and also has a very patriotic ring."

It is impossible to decide just what place name provides the most beguiling of beginnings. Virginia City, Nevada, was named not for the distinguished Eastern commonwealth but for a town character who had been drinking too hard.

In 1859, an old miner nicknamed Ole Virginny fell down one night and smashed the bottle he was toting home. Not one to waste such a precious article or such a melodramatic moment, he staggered to his feet and proclaimed, "I christen thee Virginny Town."

Virginny Town in time became Virginia Town and is now the famous old mining settlement and tourist attraction Virginia City.

Travelers nearing the Red River in Texas might well be bewildered by a sign pointing to "Telephone." The town got its name when the Red River was in flood and the citizens were forced to communi-

MARCH OF DIMES
FIGHT
INFANTILE
PARALYSIS
JANUARY 3-31

cate with their neighbors across the river by resorting to the old Indian custom of smoke signals. The telephone had just been invented at the time and one citizen remarked, "What we need is one of them new fangled things called telephone." When the townspeople applied for a post office they remembered the remark and asked for Telephone.

Who could guess the mixup that led to the naming of Rolla, Missouri? In about 1857, a transplanted North Carolinian spoke so eloquently of the glories of his birthplace that the citizens decided to name their town Raleigh in his honor. They appointed a committee of one to apply to the Post Office Department for permission to use the name.

Later they were shocked to find themselves listed officially and irrevocably in the *Postal Guide* as Rolla. It seems the committee had spelled out the proposed name just as the North Carolinian had pronounced it.

In time the citizens became used to the name, but they say the Southerner was so outraged he fled the town, never to return.

Personnel Department

THE FOREMAN of a gang of railway laborers was walking along his section of the line when he found one of his men asleep in the shade of a tree. He was about to shake the fellow awake when he suddenly reconsidered.

"No, you might as well sleep on," he said with a grin. "So long as you're asleep, you've got a job. When you wake up, you'll be out of work."—*The Delaware and Hudson Co. Bulletin*

THE PERSONNEL DIRECTOR for a firm which employs a large staff of clerical workers has one trick question, the result of which determines whether or not the applicant receives further consideration for the job.

In the course of routine questions designed to put the interviewee at ease, the personnel man takes a cigarette from the box on his desk, paws among his papers a moment, then asks abruptly, "Do you have a match?"

Should he receive a prompt, "No, I don't, sir," or immediately be handed a packet of matches, the applicant is in. But if he fumbles through his several pockets, he is quickly brushed off.

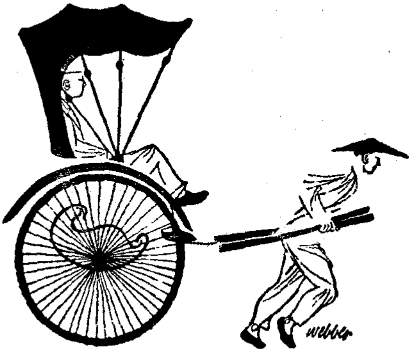
The theory behind the test? That those doing clerical work should be systematic enough in their personal habits to know what they are carrying and where they carry it! —MARY ALKUS (*Kiwanis Magazine*)

AD IN AN Alabama paper: Wanted—Man to work 8 hours daily, 5 days week, to replace one who didn't. Salary, $80 per week to start. —ROBERT H. COVINGTON

THE BEST WAY to get a job done is to give it to a busy man. He'll have his secretary do it.

—*Kroehler News*

The grain that feeds half the world is winning new popularity in the U.S.



WHY NOT EAT RICE?

by **JACK DENTON SCOTT**

SOME 40 SHORT YEARS AGO, a chemist named Robert R. Williams forced a few drops of brown rice-bran syrup down the throat of a gasping Filipino infant, dying of beriberi. The symptoms cleared magically in three hours, and Dr. Williams learned of the life-giving powers of vitamin B1 (thiamine), which he later isolated and synthesized.

In 1930, when American archaeologists uncovered a tomb in Egypt's Valley of the Kings, they found a little bag that disintegrated when they touched it, spilling grains to the floor of the tomb. The grains were rice seeds.

Less than a year ago, Dr. Walter Kempner of Duke University's School of Medicine, declared that his rice diet, used as a corrective for high blood pressure since 1939, was a success. Making public his findings in more than 2,000 cases of high blood pressure, heart disease, kidney trouble and retinal hemorrhage, he said: "The course of all these diseases can be changed by replacing the various foods commonly eaten by a diet of rice, fruit and sugar."

Rice is like that—a magic grain that has been accomplishing the remarkable for centuries. As old as civilization itself, the exact origin of the grain, a water plant, has never been recorded. Most people associate rice with the Chinese, but some authorities believe that it came out of India several thousand years ago.

Whatever its origin, rice today is the most important food in the world, with half the earth's population eating it three times a day. To the people of Asia, the most important thing in life is not democracy but food. And to them, food is rice.

Soviet Russia, aware of the vast strategic importance of rice, uses it prominently in military and psychological plans for world conquest. The Reds know that of the world's yearly rice production of 8,000,000,000 bushels, 95 per cent is produced in the Asiatic orbit. If the Communists wrest control of the rice-producing areas, and thus have power over the vital food of Asia's people, they will gain dominion over half the world.

M. R. Kopmeyer, president of the Rice Consumer Service, believes that America's strategy in Asia should be conducted in terms of rice. He says: "There are some Asiatic nations which do not produce enough rice to feed their people: an outstanding example is Communist China. It is a simple fact that nations which have this rice shortage must get rice from those who have a surplus.

"Korea had a rice surplus; the Communists marched in. About 70 per cent of the world's remaining exportable rice surplus is raised in Indo-China, Thailand and Burma. The Red-inspired war in Indo-China involves *only* the rice-producing area. Next, the Communist sword will point toward Thailand and Burma."

So rice is not the simple white grain that we in America so often toss at newlyweds. It is a complicated grain that may yet control our own destinies.

Rice alone can keep a human alive, for it is a food fantastically high in energy-giving values. Along with carbohydrates, it furnishes iron, calcium, vitamins B1, B2, and G. In fact, the pound of rice you buy at the grocery has more than five times the food energy of a pound of potatoes, more than 20 times the food energy of fresh cabbage.

A Chinese coolie can work at dockside all day unloading ships, handling three times his weight in every load. The rickshaw coolie pulls two passengers for hours, running at the speed of a trotting horse. Yet these people, the peasants of China, eat virtually nothing but rice, sometimes mixed with weak broth and, rarely, a few vegetables.

Although we in the U. S. consume only about six pounds per year per person, as against the Oriental 400-pound consumption, rice comes to us in many hidden guises. Rice hulls alone, a by-product, have more than 300 industrial uses. The high silica content of hulls makes them excellent abrasives, used in the polishing of castings. Thousands of tons of hulls are used as conditioners for commercial fertilizers.

Furfural, a product utilized in synthetic rubber, rayon and other synthetic materials, is made from rice hulls. And many of our hand soaps are effective cleansers because they, too, are impregnated with finely ground hulls.

Rice bran, the thin brown coating on the grain under the hull, is likewise valuable. Containing niacin, it is a valuable ingredient in livestock and poultry feeds, and furnishes rice oil—one of the best leather conditioners. The demand for rice oil is so great that several extraction plants have recently been built in the U. S. to supplement the imported supply from Asia.

The final rice-milling process gives another product. After the hull and bran have been removed, a thin coating remains, known as rice polish. An important ingredient of livestock feeds, rice polish has so high a food value that it will soon be used for human consumption, especially as a vitamin supplement.

With the hulls, bran and polish removed, it would seem that we were getting down to the final product. But not yet. In the milling process, some of the grains are broken. These imperfect bits are called "screenings." The smaller particles are "brewer's rice," used to make much of America's beer.

Although there are some 3,000 varieties of rice, the kind you probably buy is a common type raised in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas and Mississippi. You can also buy brown rice from which only the hulls have been removed, leaving the bran layers and the germ. This is an extremely nutritive type, but most Americans prefer to eat the gleaming white kind, from which the brown bran layers have been removed by milling.

Fortunes have been made by men ingenious enough to experiment with the grain. M. Yonan-Malek, a Persian-American, patented a way to can cooked rice in 1943. The process is called "Malekizing," and not only makes rice an almost imperishable food, but actually drives the nutrients inside the rice kernels before they are polished.

Ataullah Durrani went a step farther than Malek. Realizing that cooking time was one reason why American housewives didn't enthuse over rice, Durrani sought ways to make the preparation and serving simpler. After experimenting for 18 years, he came up with a process that makes rice cooking as easy as opening the package.

He found that if rice is cooked to an exact point and then cooled rapidly with water, the cells remain expanded and permit an interruption in cooking. The grains can be dried and kept for months and then put back into boiling water, emerging as though the cooking process had been continuous. Durrani marketed his idea with General Foods. Several hundred million packages of the product, called Minute Rice, have been sold.

Actually, the world's No. 1 cereal is not difficult to cook. In Scandinavian countries, they make a rice dish called *risengrot;* it's *norimaki* in Japan, *picadillo* in Cuba. There is rice Hawaiian with pineapple, Chinese tuna and almond with rice, East Indian curry and rice, Spanish *paella*, Grecian pork and rice, Mexican rice and liver, Italian saffron rice, and all the *risottos*, Greque, Spangnole, Milanaise; Texas rice hash, California goulash and rice, Charleston shrimp pilau, Yankee rice pudding, Maine fish and rice, *jambalaya* from the Carolinas, gumbo and rice dishes from Louisiana.

SUICIDE IS DANGEROUS

A report on the thousands of people who try to take their own lives and tempt a fate even worse than death.

Next Month in Coronet.

If you have been wondering about the correct way to cook rice, why not take a tip from the Orientals who eat it three times a day? To make three large cups of cooked rice, place one cup of uncooked grain, two cups of cold water, and one teaspoon of salt in a two-quart saucepan. Bring to a sharp boil. Then turn the heat as low as possible, cover the pan and leave for 14 minutes.

To keep the rice hot and fluffy, leave the lid on the saucepan until you are ready to start serving. That's all there is to it.

Today, the U. S. produces 2,700,000 tons of rough (unmilled) rice annually on almost 2,400,000 acres. Lately, new methods such as seed-drill planting and seeding from planes have increased production.

Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, California and Mississippi lead in the production of rice, with the grain coming from the fields and paddies to the shelves of your grocery store in different guises. Many large companies package rice under various trade names, such as Riceland, Uncle Ben, Water Maid, M. J. B., Comet, River Brand, Monarch and Premier.

Not long ago, several American agricultural experts, working for the Economic Cooperation Administration, examined a tract of land near Anthelal, Greece—an area that had been considered worthless for more than 2,500 years.

The Americans started with 100 acres. Irrigation ditches were dug and water was diverted from a river a mile away. Then the 100 acres was divided and planted.

The Greeks had misgivings, but five months later a healthy crop was harvested. A thousand more acres were planted on the once-arid plains and before long, Greece will be raising enough rice to feed its people.

Before World War II, an irrigation and land improvement program introduced rice to France by cultivating the plant on a small scale in the Camargue area of Southern France. The experiment has proved successful. Already there are more than 20,000 acres of paddy fields and the output the first year exceeded 30,000 tons.

Rice, the cereal with the romantic past, is fast becoming the cereal with the limitless future. The Western Utilization Research Laboratory, a branch of the U. S. Department of Agriculture at Albany, California, has recently developed a food product known as Rice Curls, made from broken rice grains that are screened from whole rice. They have also introduced methods for freezing cooked brown and white rice and for canning white rice without first "Malekizing" or "converting" it.

Moves are also under way to point out to thrifty housewives that a liberal serving of rice costs just two cents. The Rice Consumer's Service of Louisville, Kentucky, has collected more than 2,000 different ways to serve rice.

Rice producers feel that this country is at last waking up to the real value of the ancient grain. They point out that there are more commercial rice mills in the U. S. today than in any other country in the world. As a result, they believe that the day is soon coming when rice will not be tossed at newlyweds but into the pot, where it will become another American staff of life.

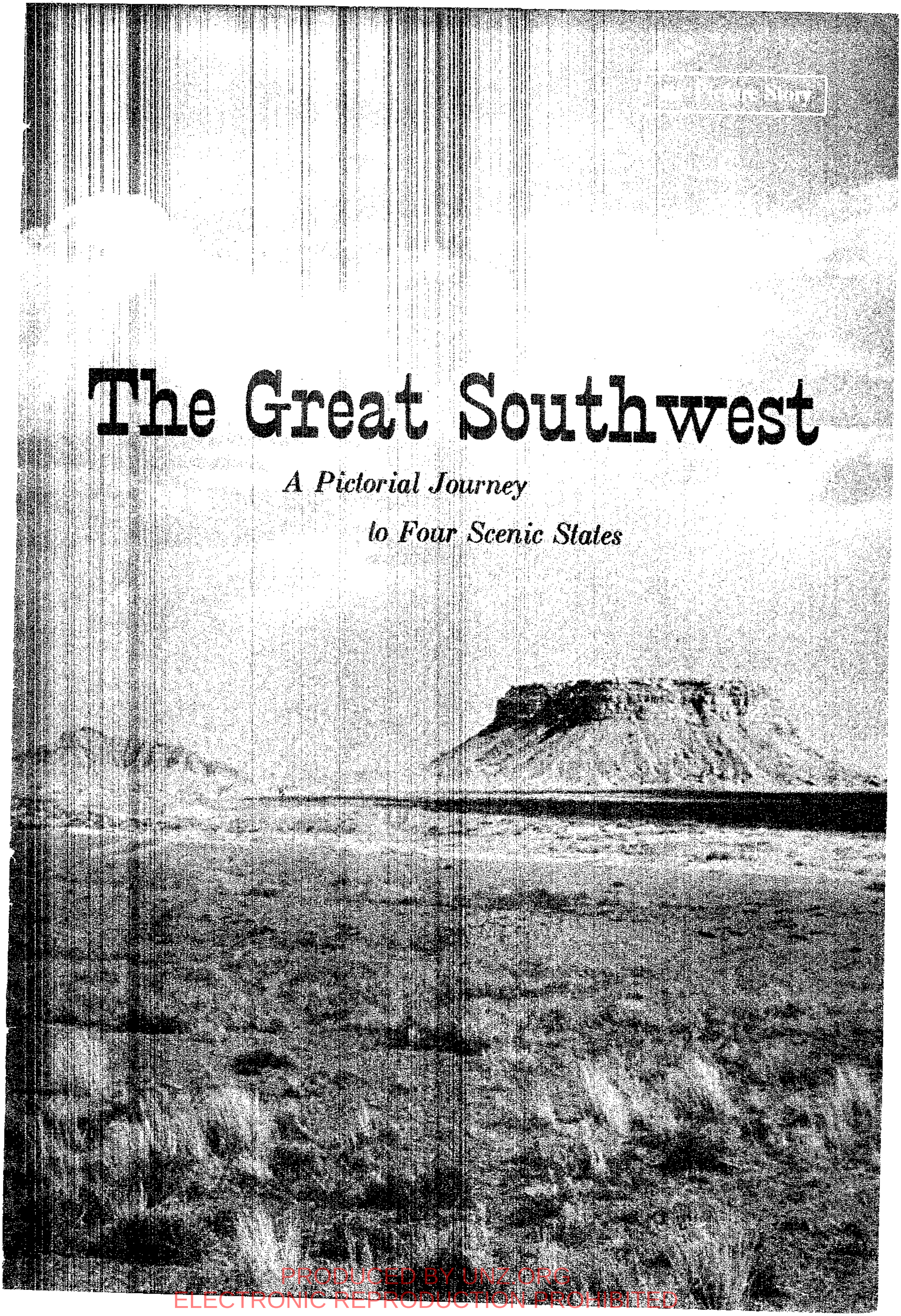
Things in Common

(Answers to quiz on page 39)

1. b; 2. a; 3. b; 4. a; 5. c; 6. b; 7. b; 8. c; 9. b; 10. a;
11. c; 12. b; 13. b; 14. b; 15. a; 16. b.

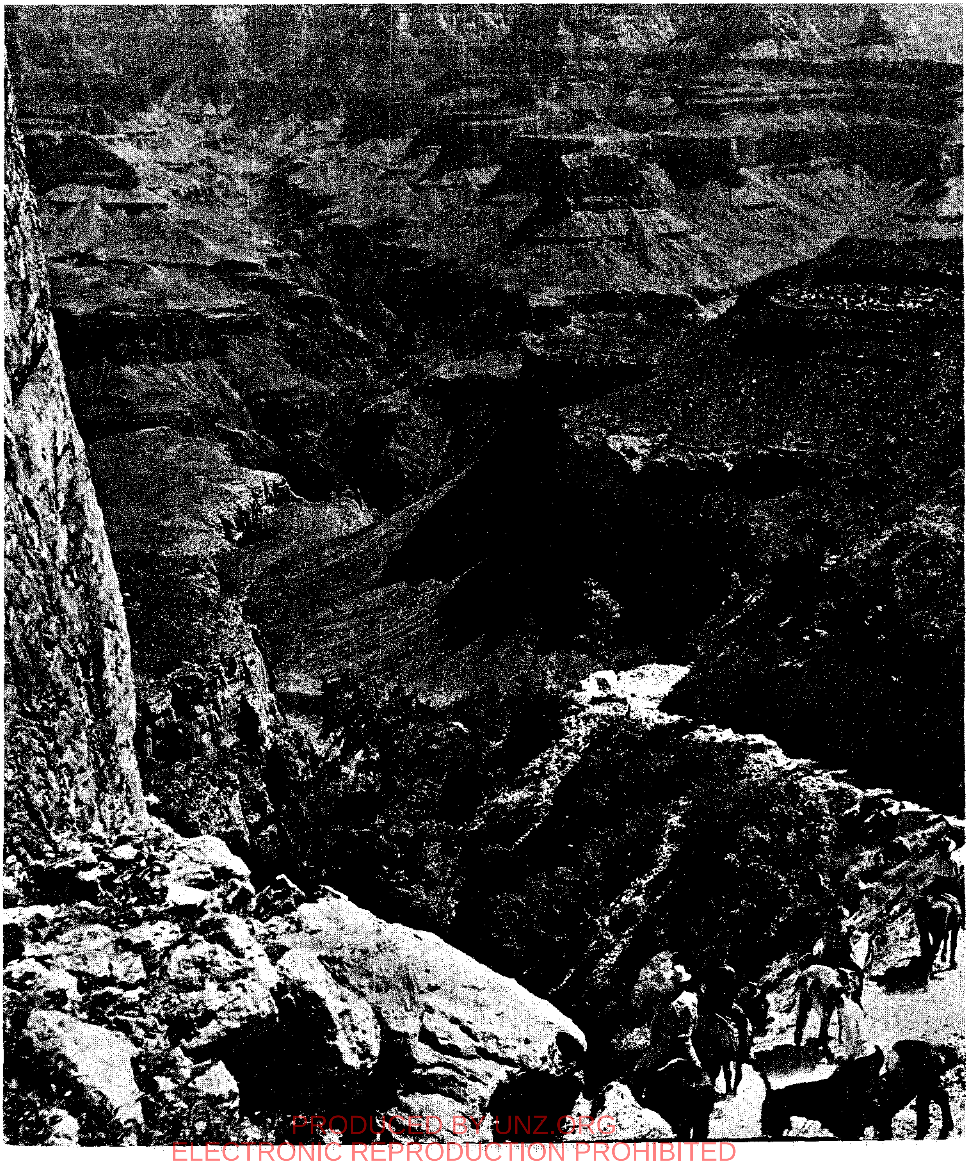
The Great Southwest

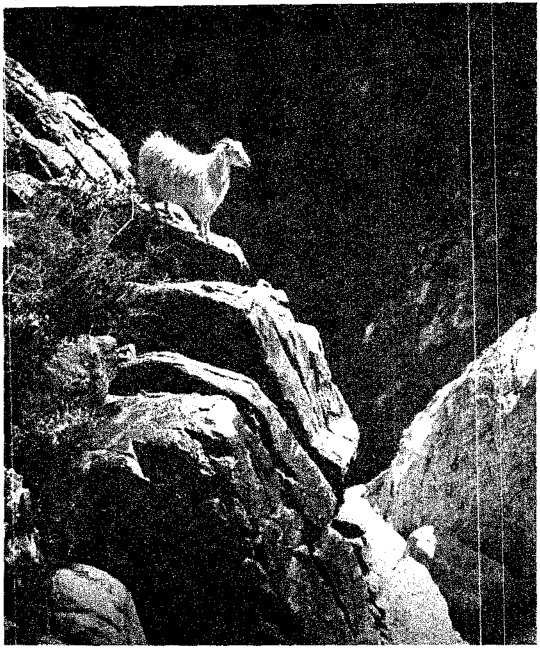
A Pictorial Journey to Four Scenic States



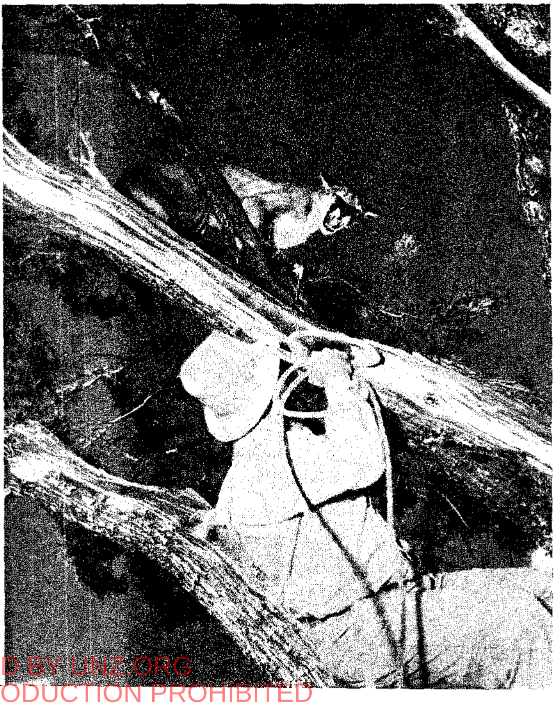
MAJESTIC, SPECTACULAR, AWE-INSPIRING . . . no better words describe the great Southwest. Its boundaries—Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma—contain incredible scenic wonders. Here three cultures—American, Spanish, Indian—have intermingled to produce a tough-fibered, farsighted people who have tamed a land as wild as desert cactus and, out of its vast natural resources, have also carved a booming business empire.

Muleback riders descend Bright Angel Trail to the floor of mammoth Grand Canyon.

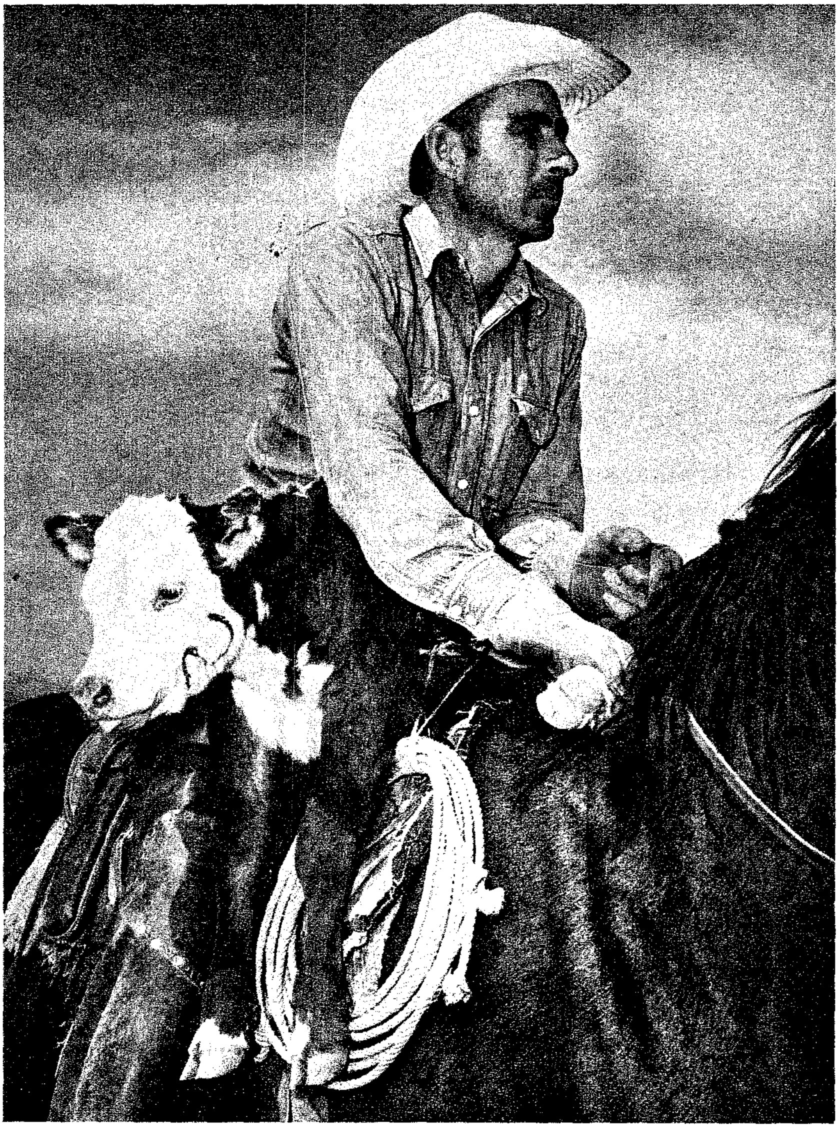




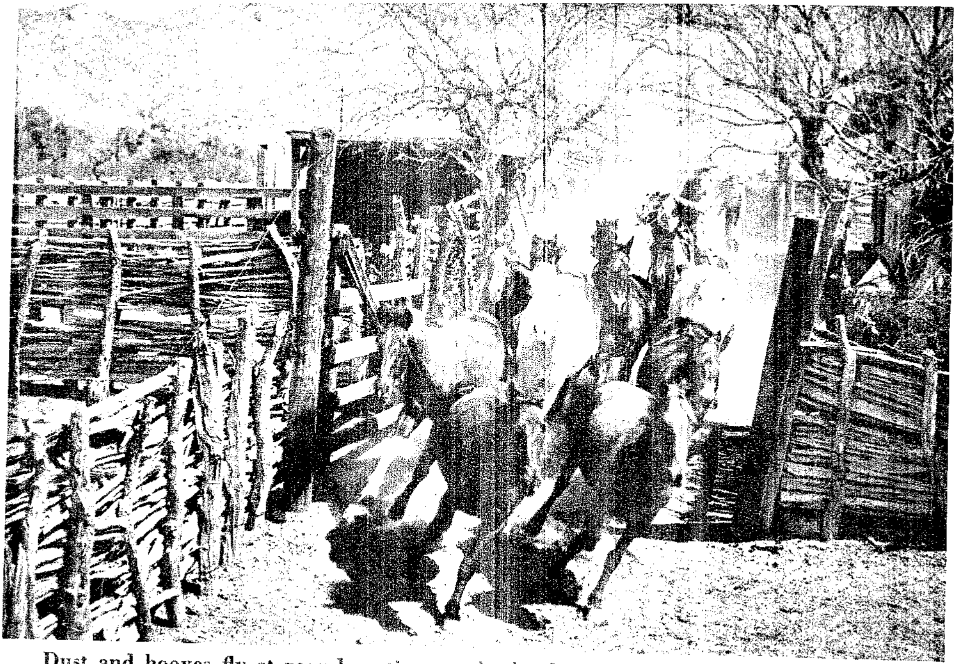
Closely resembling goats, wild sheep of the Southwest roam freely over its deserts and mountains.



Capturing a mountain lion alive, for sale to a zoo or circus, is a challenging sport in Arizona. The Southwest's wild animal world includes the Gila monster, prairie dog and chicken, coyote and mule deer.

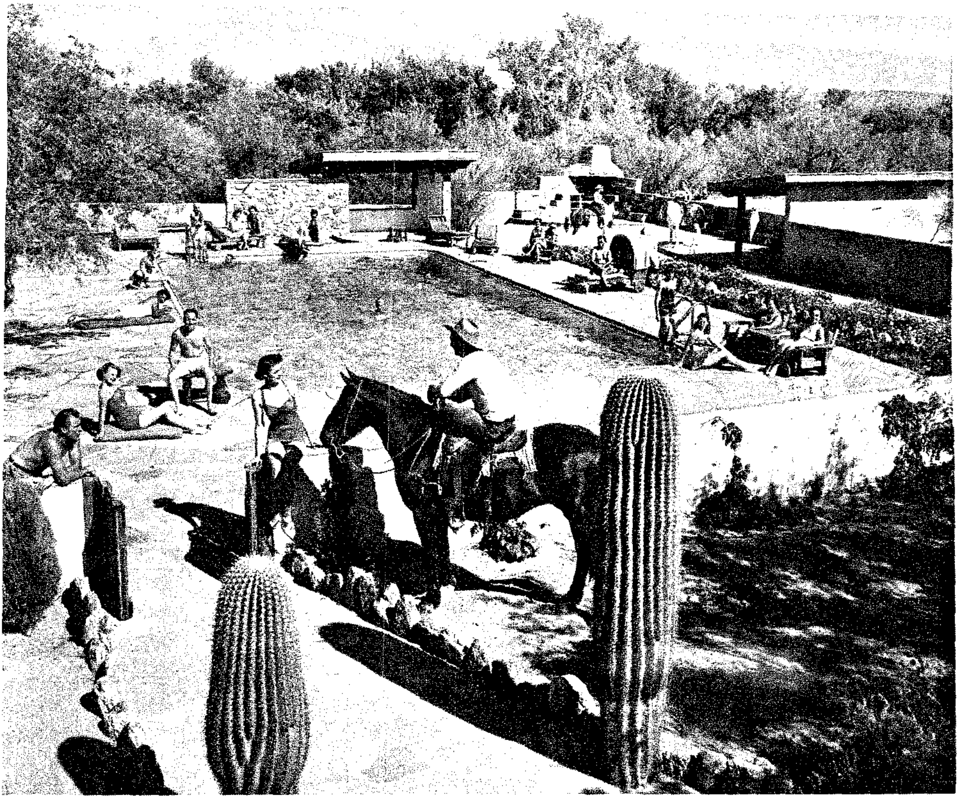


The hardworking cowboy of today is slim and tan and tall in the saddle, like his movie counterpart, but his life is quieter as he brings in stray calves.



Dust and hooves fly at round-up time as the herd thunders into the corral. The Southwest boasts many big-business operations like fabulous King Ranch in Texas.

Relaxing begins for the ranch hands at night, around the campfire—with good-natured jokes, folk lore, and reminiscences of "the good old days" by old-timers.



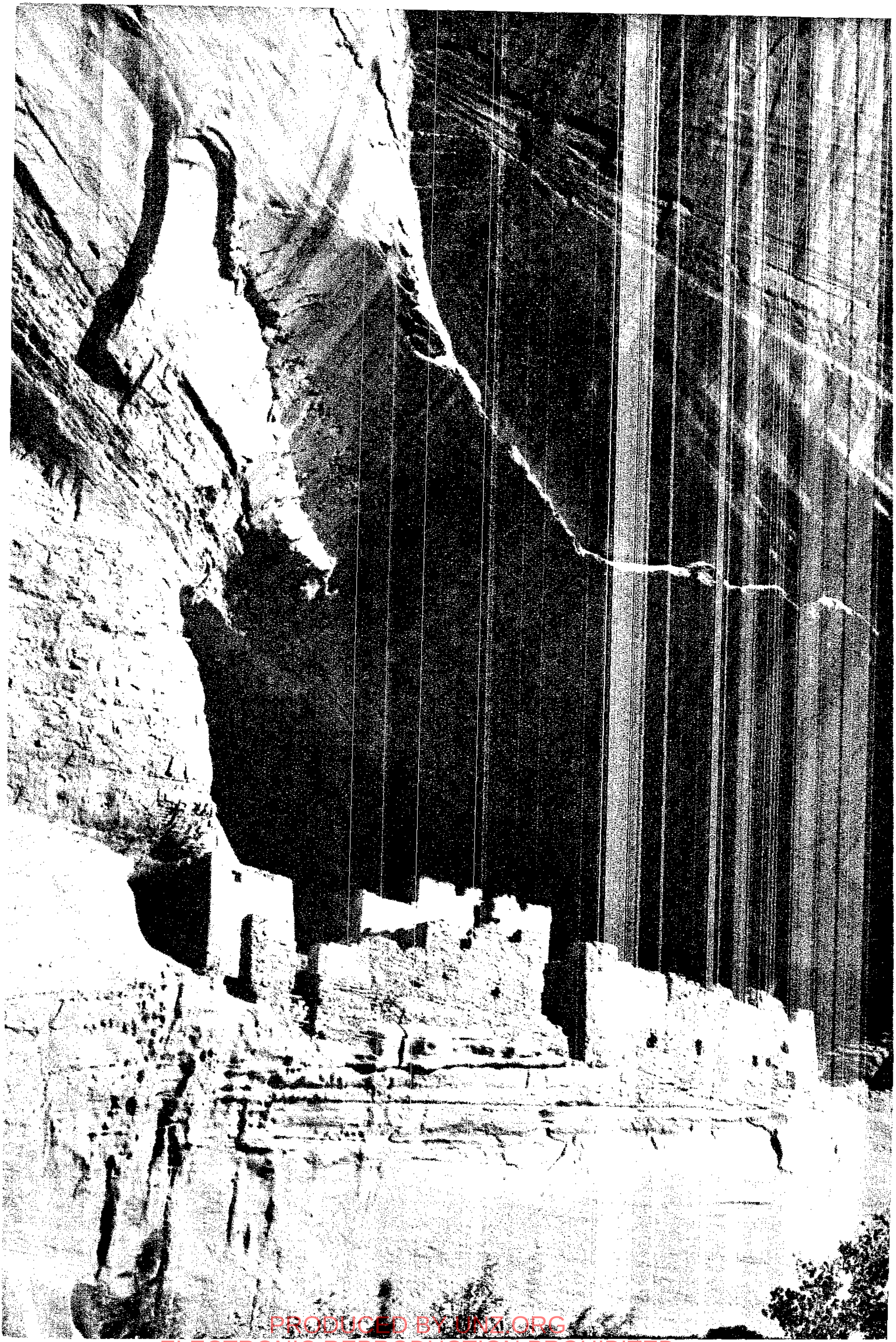
Luxurious pools in the middle of the desert lure tourists to a Tucson oasis.

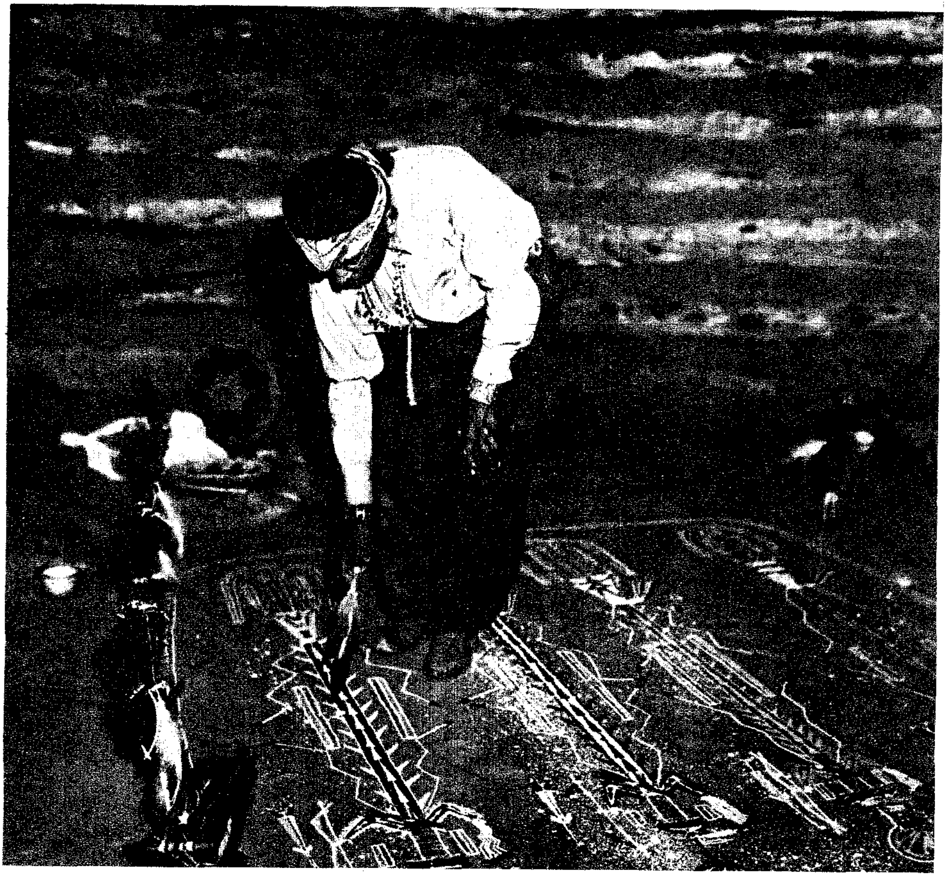
Annually on a movie set of "Old Tucson" streets echoes gunplay of wilder years.

THE SOUTHWESTERNER is, essentially, a sun-worshipper with an adventurer's concept of distance and time. He knows intimately the nuances of nature and the weather. Outdoor activities—fishing, boating, swimming, riding—appeal strongly to him, and he will travel hundreds of miles for any of them. He celebrates the lusty legends of his region's romantic past with outdoor entertainments—rodeos, tribal dances and pioneer-days pageants.

Toughest ride of all: the Brahma bull.

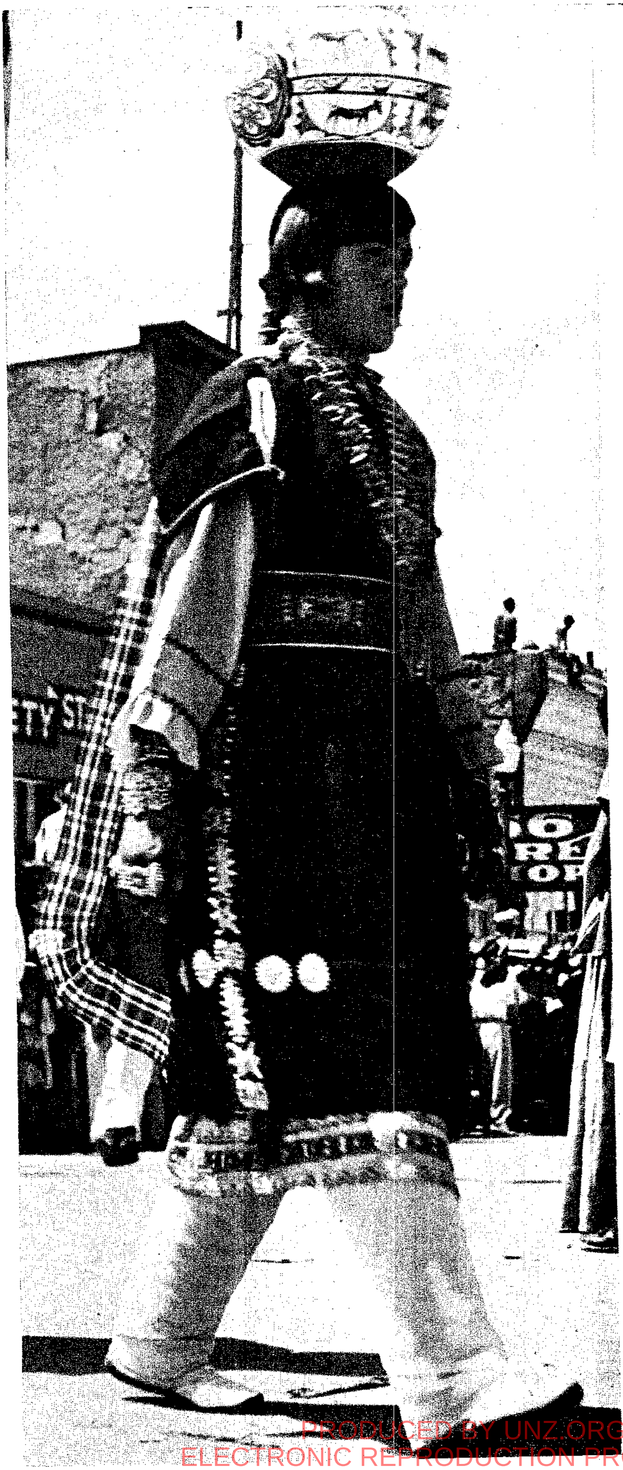
Covered wagons, stagecoaches and pony express riders hit the trail again during a fiesta, recalling exploits of Wild Bill Hickok, Kit Carson and Billy the Kid.





A Navajo medicine man performs an ageless healing ceremony. He stands on a sacred sand painting, representing symbolic god-figures. Made of multi-colored sands and destroyed by nightfall, these paintings are a treasured art among the Navajos.

Cliff dwellings, mute reminders of ancient Indian civilizations, hold an aura of mystery and timelessness. One of the largest, and best preserved, is the White House (left) in the Canyon de Chelly, a natural fortress of the Navajo.

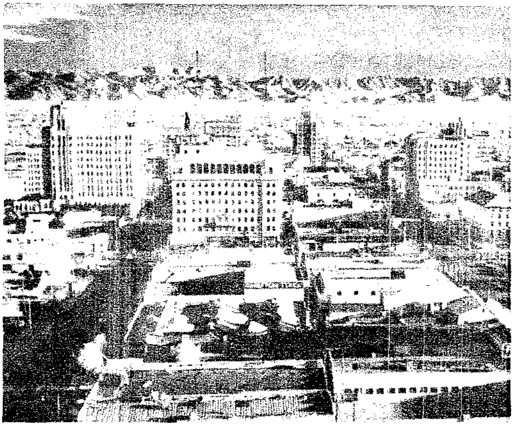


Indian women learn the art of balancing objects on their heads early in life. This woman is marching in a parade, part of a summer festival which includes ceremonial dances, riding contests and exhibitions of native crafts—baskets, pottery, blankets, katchina dolls and jewelry.

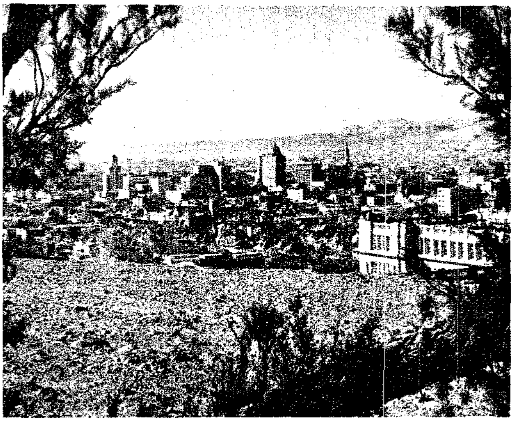
Teachers in Southwestern schools, such as this one in New Mexico, usually speak Spanish as well, since many of their students are Mexican, or of Spanish descent.

THREE widely different cultures have branded this region with their names: Truth or Consequences, Rio Grande, Shawnee . . . The largest Indian reservation is here, 25,000 square miles of Navajo country, spilling over into Utah and Colorado. Its topography ranges from Humphreys Peak to the Painted Desert and Carlsbad Caverns—a land of paradoxes, constantly changing, constantly delighting.

An Arizona expert mounts longhorns, symbols of hardiness in the Southwest's animals and the men who handle them.

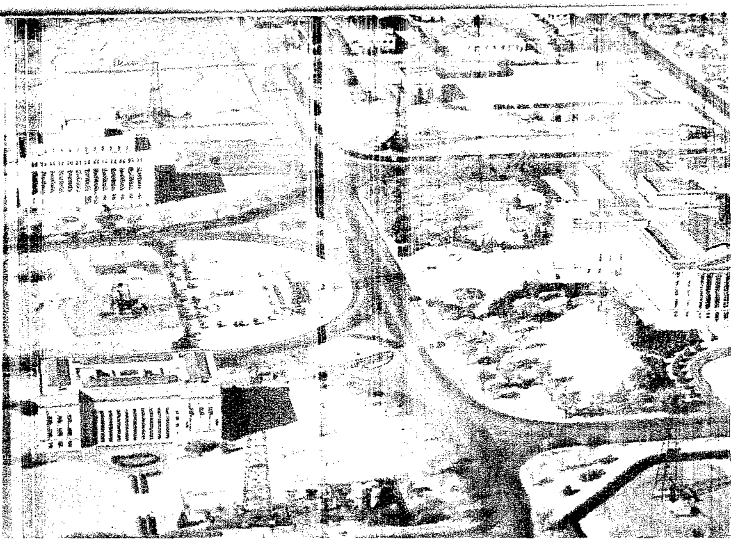


Phoenix flourishes with crops from Salt River Valley, watered by Roosevelt Dam.



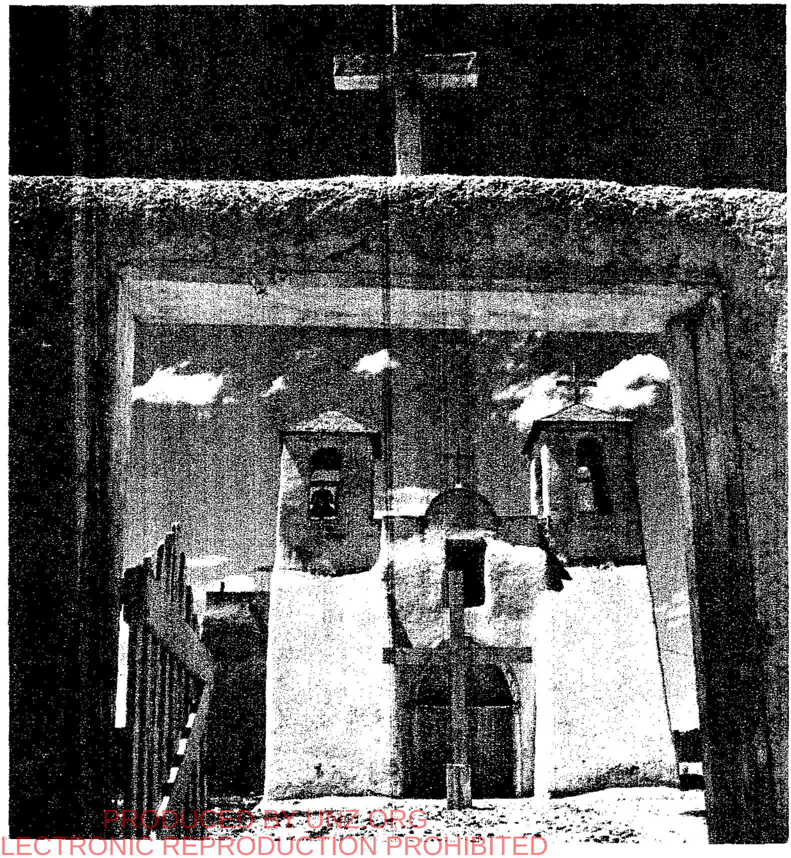
El Paso thrives as a border town while Dallas (below) booms on oil and fashion.

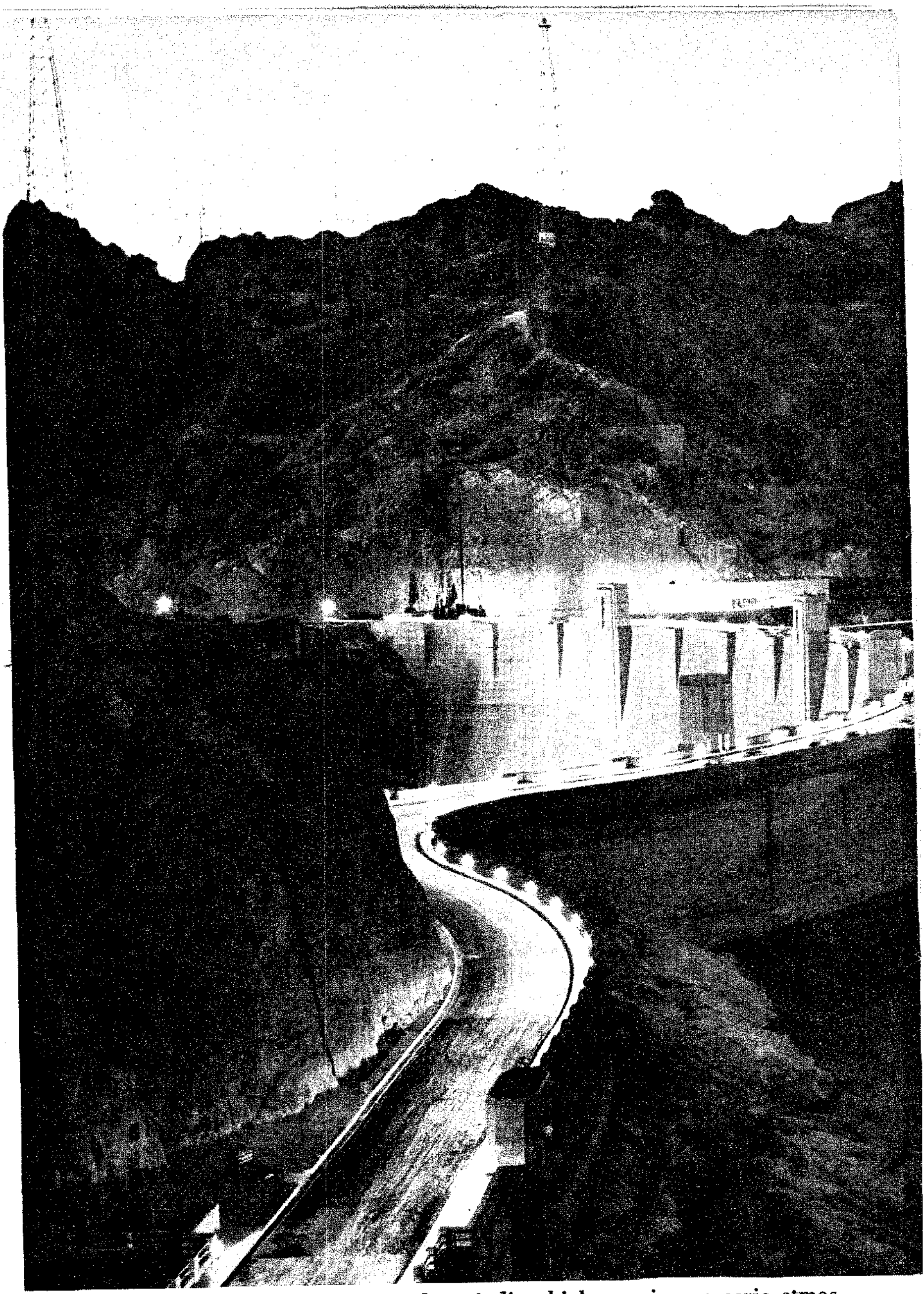
THE SOUTHWEST's vitality is most apparent in its cities—sprawling, skyscrapered commercial centers, continually expanding. A tradition of helping each other, founded firmly in the pioneers' days, has enabled this region in 50 years to become one of the most vital industrial areas in America's economy . . . the last frontier where big fortunes can still be made—in oil, mining, insurance, cotton, banking, livestock, timber, natural gas and chemicals. Rivalry runs high between its proud cities—and between its philanthropic businessmen who invest lavishly in universities and schools to train the engineers, geologists and hydrologists the Southwest needs so badly to insure its continued growth and development.



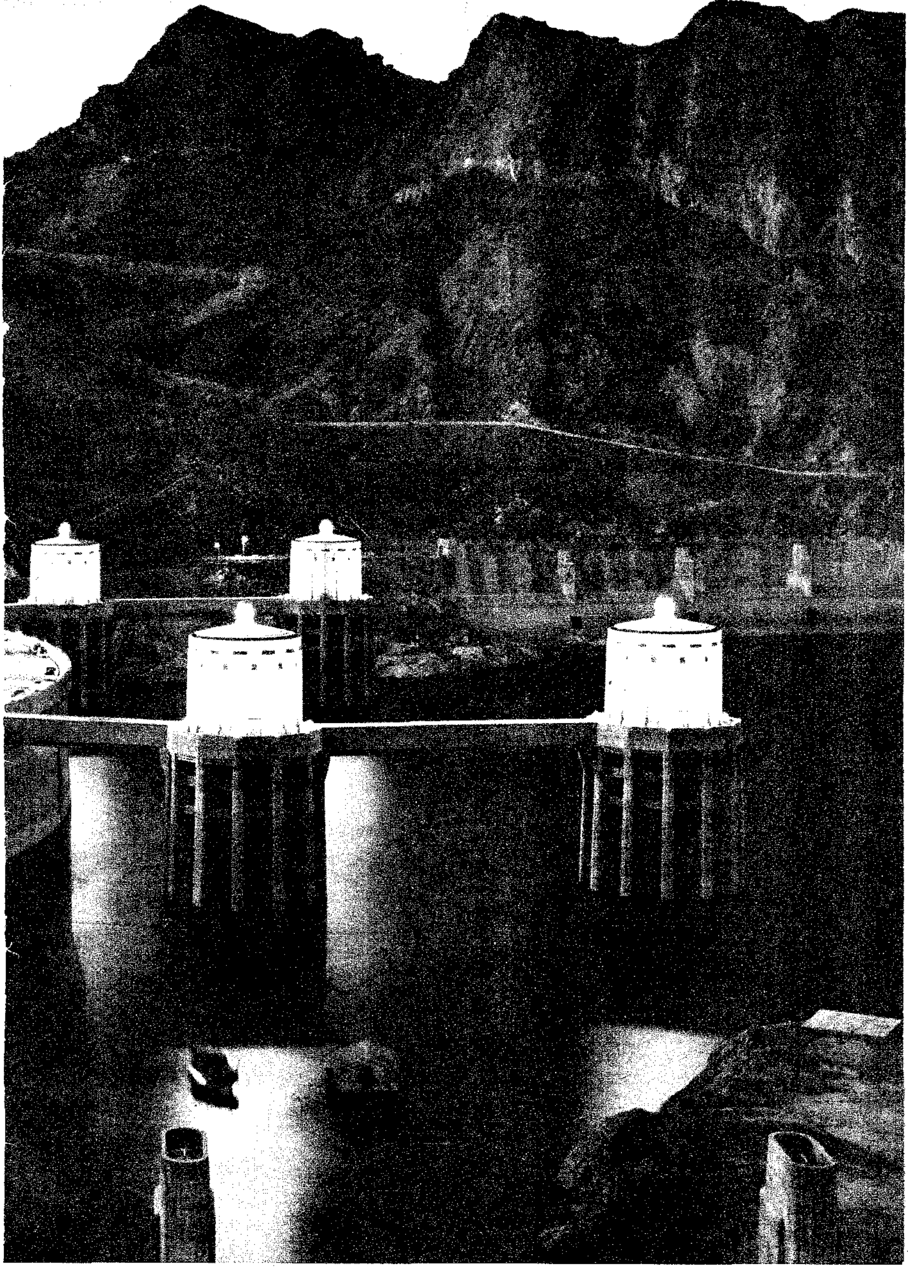
Oklahoma City: oil wells are even on the Capitol Building lawn!

The Southwest's lovely missions testify to its peoples' faith.

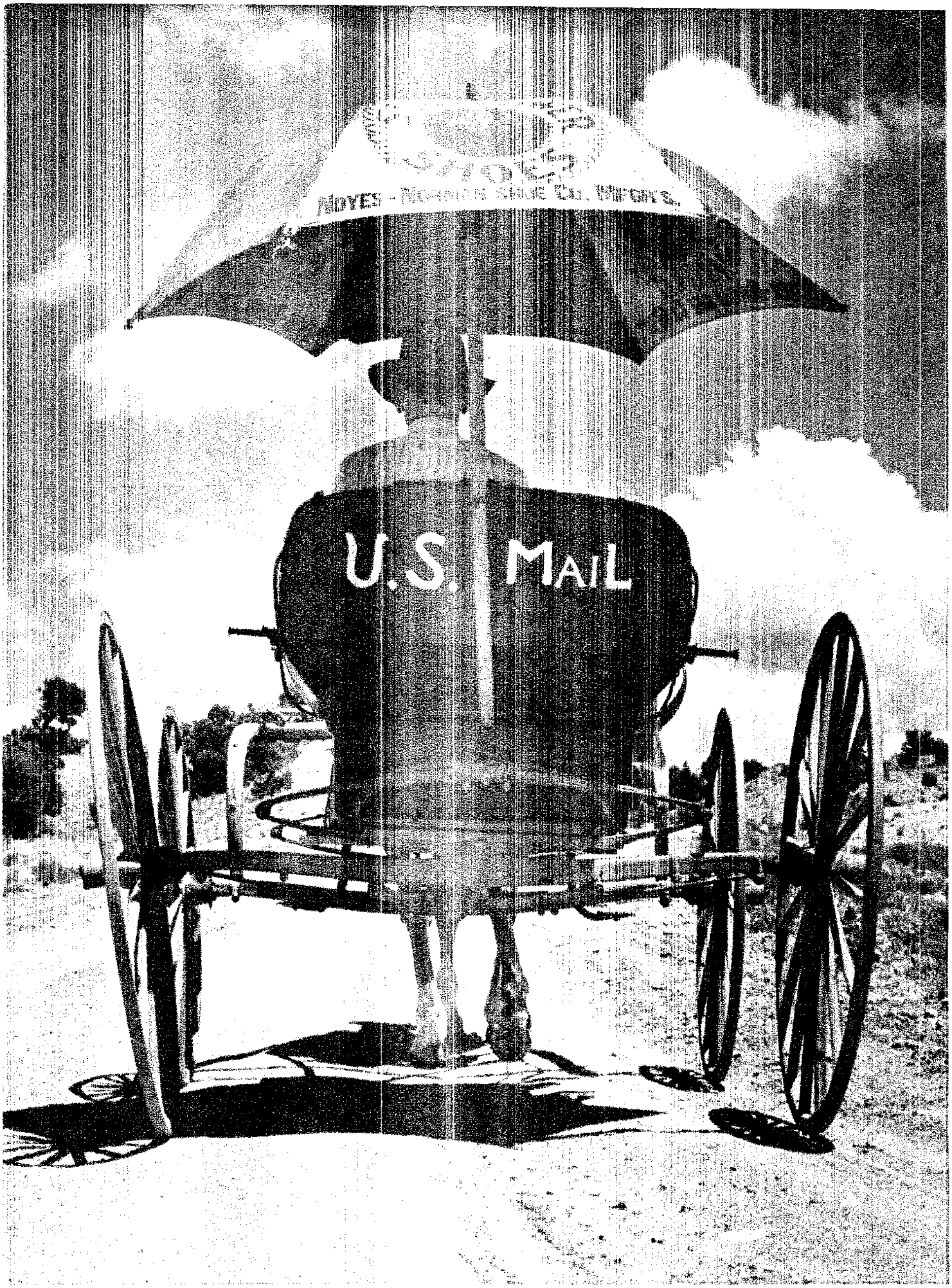




At night, the lights of Hoover Dam and a winding highway give an eerie atmosphere to this colossus, part of a chain of gigantic dams which provide water . . .



. . . for the vast irrigation projects which have transformed desert wastelands into green blankets of vegetables and orchards—man's miraculous triumph over Nature.


SHOES
NOYES - NORMAN SHOE CO. MFGR'S.
U.S. MAIL

In a land of progress, the horse-driven postman still offers sharp contrast.

TRAVEL TALK

US
174
S
R
R
stop
parking

A SALESMAN DRIVING ALONG a lonely country road suddenly encountered engine trouble. Getting out of his car, he lifted the hood and was inspecting the motor when a voice behind him remarked: "The trouble's in the carburetor."

Swinging round, the only thing he could see was an ancient horse regarding him quizzically over the pasture fence. This so startled the salesman that he turned and ran down the road, not stopping until he came to a small crossroads filling station. When he had caught his breath he explained the situation to the attendant.

"You say you saw no one but a horse near your car?" the man asked.

"That's right," said the salesman.

"Was it an old brown horse with a crooked ear?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Waal, pay him no mind," drawled the attendant. "He doesn't know a thing about engine trouble."

—HUGH BRETHERTON

ONE DAY in the Yosemite Valley, a traveler was told that there was an old man in the office of the hotel who in 1851 had been one of the company that had discovered the Yosemite. Eagerly the traveler seized the opportunity of finding out what it was like to be the first of civilized men to behold one of nature's most marvelous works. "It must have been wonderful," he said, "to have the Valley burst suddenly upon you."

The old man spat over the edge of the veranda and looked reflective for a moment. "Well," he said, "I'll tell ye. If I'd ha' knowed it was going to be so famous, I'd ha' looked at it."

—EDMUND FULLER, *Thesaurus of Anecdotes* (Garden City Books)

IT TAKES about half a day at sea to make some travelers look like their passport photographs. —CAPE ARGUS

THE OLD RIVER-BOAT captain was bragging to a passenger.

"Yep," he said proudly, "I really know this river like the palm of my hand. There ain't a sand bar in it that I ain't familiar with."

Just then the boat ran aground with a sickening lurch.

"See," he said calmly, "there's one of 'em now."

—BILL YATES, *Laughing On the Inside* (Dell Publishing Co.)

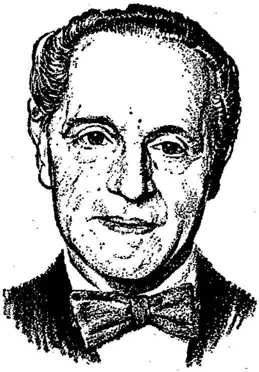
OUR NINE-YEAR-OLD'S first letter home from boarding school was fairly routine, except for the postscript which read:

"P. S. Please send me something to eat; all they have here is breakfast, lunch and dinner." —MAMIE HALL

From short bobs to chignons, women throughout the world have followed his lead

ANTOINE OF PARIS: the Hairdo King

by **J. D. Ratcliff**



EVERY DAY millions of women look into their mirrors, get a detached expression on their faces and exclaim, "I *must* do something about my hair." At that moment they become potential grist for the beauty mill of Antoni Cierplikowski.

More widely known as "Antoine of Paris," this gentleman is unquestionably the world's most famed barber—with fees ranging up to $1,000 for a single hairdo.

A generation ago he started women bobbing their tresses and raised a storm of protest that is only now subsiding. After testing blue dyes on his white borzoi wolfhound, he started tinting the hair of older women. He was the first to use lacquer to hold hair in place, and originated the "sculptured curl," a permanent wave molded to fit head contours. The streaked forelock of white or blonde was also his idea.

Antoine gave Claudette Colbert her famed bangs, the Duchess of Windsor her "Italian madonna" hairdo, Greta Garbo her feminized long bob; and in "South Pacific," Mary Martin washed that man right out of her Antoine haircut.

Antoine, whose exact age is a closely guarded secret, looks a vital 50. At an age when most businessmen have retired, he keeps a shrewd eye on his worldwide enterprises and devotes his time to thinking up hair styles women will be wearing a decade hence. To this end he spends hours in museums seeking ideas from Velásquez, Goya, Botticelli and other painters; and plays Bach on the pipe organ in his Paris home seeking inspiration.

Antoine served his first customer when he was eight years old in his native village of Sieradz, Poland. The customer—his six-year-old sister, Salome. He dressed her hair but found it wouldn't stay in place. So he "set" it with honey—and attracted a swarm of bees.

The son of the village cobbler, Antoine was apprenticed to a barber-surgeon where he learned to pull teeth, extract splinters, dress wounds, cut and curl hair.

In his march to fame and fortune, he paused briefly in Lodz, Poland, to work in a hairdresser's shop; then moved on to Paris where he proceeded to parlay a curling iron and a pair of shears into a globe-girdling, multi-million-dollar business. Antoine salons—67 of them—stretch from Los Angeles to Chicago, New York, London, Paris and on to Melbourne, Australia.

Close to 5,000,000 women visit Antoine salons each year, and approximately 10,000 people work in his various enterprises which include cosmetics manufacture and beauty schools. "In this business," he says, "you have to be part actor, part doctor, part diplomat and part artist."

Antoine plays all his roles with consummate skill and a sense of showmanship that P. T. Barnum would have envied. A lavish spender, he has a highly developed knack of attracting attention to himself—and thus to his salons.

"You act all the time," Sarah Bernhardt once told him.

In 1927, he spent a fortune on a house he had built in Paris. It was constructed almost entirely of glass—and made headlines around the world. He furnished the house with specially made glass furniture and for the opening, sent 750 invitations engraved on crystal. Fifteen hundred people came. As a final touch he bought a glass coffin—and used it as a bed.

A dandy who would have been at home in Louis XIV's court, Antoine likes eccentric dress. Short in stature, he wears specially built high-heeled shoes to add an inch and a half to his height. A high curly pompadour, now graying, adds extra height.

Most short men try to hide their now-you-can-be-as-tall-as-she-is heels. Not Antoine. For a fancy dress party he once had his heels studded with diamonds.

For awhile he wore white satin evening clothes; and instead of the customary board-stiff evening shirts and collars, he had pleated shirts and pleated collars specially made for him.

He likes "harmonious" surroundings, and when harmony is lacking, he erupts. On a visit to his Dallas salon several years ago, he was escorted to his hotel suite.

"I could never live in this red plush Victorian horror," he snorted, and stalked out of the hotel to a nearby park where he bought a cake and started feeding it to the pigeons.

The manager coaxed him back to the hotel, however, and Antoine finally settled for a bare room used by salesmen to display samples. "Just move a bed in and it will be quite satisfactory," he said.

Deciding he wanted a "simple" home in the country, Antoine bought an old house in Gravigny, a suburb of Paris. His idea of a simple house included a swimming pool and a landing field for his private plane. He has accumulated other homes too, including an apartment in New York City; a cottage at Fire Island, New York; a magnificent villa overlooking the Mediterranean at Cannes, France; a duplex apartment in the fashionable Passy district of Paris.

When he arrived in Paris as a boy, he worked several years for various hair-dressing establishments, and married Marie Berthe Astier, a French manicurist who worked in one of them. By 1911, the young couple had saved enough money to open their own shop at 5, Rue Cambon, in the heart of Paris' smartest shopping district.

Stars of the stage like Sarah Bernhardt and Eleanora Duse became customers and so did the fashionable ladies of international society. One day a modest looking, plainly dressed woman appeared for an appointment.

"I do not believe I know you," Antoine said.

"I am the Queen of Spain," the woman replied.

In 1937, Antoine took 65 hairdressers to London to beautify court ladies for the coronation of King George VI. The same year he prepared another noted lady for her wedding: Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson, the present Duchess of Windsor.

"She treats her dress and appearance as if it were a business in itself," Antoine says. "When there is a great deal of social activity, she will have her hair dressed three times a day." For her, he devised a special shampoo containing the yolks of three eggs and a jigger of rum.

One of the most unusual visitors to his Paris salon was Madame Molotov, wife of the Russian foreign minister. As head of the Soviet cosmetics trust, she was shopping for capitalist ideas which might help beautify Russian women.

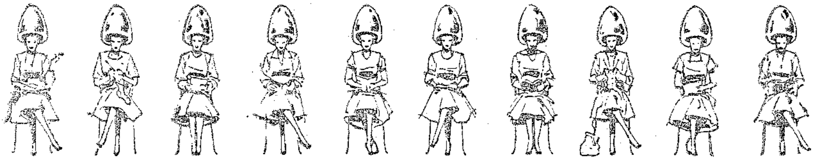
In 1953, Antoine supervised the preparation of court ladies for the coronation of Elizabeth II. He worked all night, and saw the coronation on television.

One of his most famed customers was Mata Hari, who spied for the Germans in World War I and was executed by the French. Though time and romantic journalism have made her beauty a legend, Antoine thinks otherwise.

"If the hundreds of women I have known were ranked in the order of their beauty, she would be far down on the list," he said. "I called at her home one day to dress her hair and her careless negligee revealed enough to show that she had far from the body of a goddess."

HAIR BOBBING began more or less by accident in 1910. The French actress Eve Lavalliere, who was 45 years old, had been cast as a girl of 18; and Antoine was pondering the problem of how to make her look younger when a girl came into the actress' boudoir to deliver a letter. The child had short hair and bangs. That was the answer.

Antoine cut off the actress' hair and soon other women were besieging him to cut theirs also, to make them look younger. It took several years for bobbing to become a



world-wide vogue. When it did, the storm broke.

The new style was denounced by press and pulpit. In the U. S., department stores refused to hire women with shorn tresses; bobbed-haired women were barred from English courts; and Japan passed a law against bobbing.

Women, characteristically, paid not the slightest attention. An explorer returning from Mongolia in the early 20s reported that short hair was the new craze among women of the nomadic desert tribes. In 1938, a famous hold-out submitted to Antoine's shears—Eleanor Roosevelt.

The vogue of dyeing hair blue came into being when American-born Lady Mendl put the problem to Antoine: what should she do about her graying hair? A blue tint seemed to be the answer.

Hair had never been dyed blue before and Antoine experimented on his white borzoi. Ever the showman, he led the blue dog around the streets of Paris. It created a sensation and he decided blue hair on women would do the same. He dyed Lady Mendl's hair and millions of older women fell in with the idea.

As Antoine's fame increased, so did his prices. When he opened his New York salon in 1922, an Antoine bob was priced at $25. He doubted anyone would pay it—but was booked solidly for months. Since then prices have fallen to more reasonable levels.

The highest fee Antoine ever received was from Lady Wimborne. Asked to come to London to do her hair for a party she was giving for the King and Queen of Spain, he set the ridiculously high fee of $1,000. She agreed without a quibble. Another Antoine client had a hairdresser from the Paris salon travel regularly to Vienna—a 20-hour train ride—to dye her hair.

"Women come to us," Antoine says, "shopping for a new personality. Every woman is an abler and better person when she knows she looks well. All have some elements of beauty. To a great extent our work is correcting nature's deficiencies. If a woman has bad ears, we hide them. If her forehead is too high, bangs will shorten it. Upswept hair will lengthen a low forehead. Hair on top of the head will give a sense of height to the short woman, and a long bob will shorten a woman who is too tall. There is no such thing as a 'standard' hairdo. Every woman is an individual problem."

In his various establishments, Antoine is an absolute boss who stands for no interference. Normally mild and tractable, he flared back at one recalcitrant customer with: "You act and talk like a truck driver. If you do not believe me, go have your voice recorded. I do not see how anyone could tolerate you, much less love you."

The lady calmed down and submitted to the hairdo he proposed—and liked it.

To another unruly lady, he snapped: "I don't like your taste and don't want your money. Please leave." Chastened, she was back the next day.

To a lady who directed that he snip her hair only lightly, he observed: "If you know so much about it, why do you come to Antoine?"

The greatest expansion of Antoine's enterprises came during World War II. He left Paris for

America in 1939 to take care of contracts and was unable to go back when the Nazis occupied France in May, 1940.

In the five war years he expanded the chain of Antoine salons coast-to-coast, set up a cosmetic manufacturing business and established a school for training technicians. He became an American citizen in 1946.

Recent Antoine innovations include golden butterflies stenciled on the hair—and washed off once the party is over; the streaked white or blond forelock; and wigs which customers can try on as they would dresses. If a brunette with a long bob wants to see what she would look like as a frizzle haired redhead, she can try on a frizzled wig. If she likes what she sees in the mirror she can have her hair done that way.

Today, active as ever, Antoine commutes between Europe and America. On the spur of the moment he will decide to go to Cannes, Paris or London, summon his plane and be on his way.

Most of his life he has been a chain smoker. A few months ago an assistant offered him a cigarette. "I don't smoke," Antoine said.

"When did you stop?" his assistant asked.

"Two minutes ago," was the answer.

These days he rarely touches a customer's hair. He will advise, but leaves the actual work to assistants. His wife, an able businesswoman, manages all Antoine enterprises.

Antoine himself spends most of his time creating new hair styles. Working with a headform, pins, curling iron and strands of hair, he creates dozens of new ones each year.

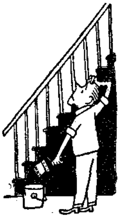
Women may not know what they will be looking like five years hence. But Antoine has a pretty good idea—with one exception. The exception is his wife. In all their years of married life he has never touched her hair, currently an upswept, chestnut brown pompadour.

"Why?" asks Antoine. "In order to keep peace in the family."

BRAIN TWISTER

Suppose It Happened to You

JOHN, A FORMER city dweller, bought a seven-room house in the suburbs. His wife and two children liked the place very much and he was thrilled. Just a few repairs and a paint job, he figured, and the house would be in fine shape.



So during his vacation he made the necessary repairs. Then he started on the painting. After finishing the outside, he did the inside. He painted the upstairs rooms, then the downstairs rooms. "Now for the stairs," John said.

But just as he was about to paint the stairs, his wife blurted, "John, don't! The paint will take hours to dry, and we won't be able to get to the bathroom and bedrooms."

John scratched his head. His wife was right. The stairs had to be kept open to the family. John thought and thought. Then he beamed, "Ah! I have it!"

How was John going to solve his problem? If you were in his place, *what would you have done?* (See page 140 for answer.) —LOUIS WOLFE

Only by looking through the eyes of others can we see the true image of ourselves

Let Your FRIENDS Judge You!

by **AUREN URIS, Member of Research Institute of America, and author of "How to Be a Successful Leader"**

YOU ARE ABOUT to buy a daring article of clothing, plan a menu, select a car. But you hesitate—"What will my friends think?"

It's a logical question that affects all your actions since, after all, the reactions of our friends are the true measure of our behaviorisms—what we do.

However, do we *really* know what our friends think about us? Is it possible to see ourselves through their eyes?

The answer is yes. Furthermore, you can put the judgments of these friends to work for you. And just so the benefits won't all be flowing in one direction, you can, in turn, assist them to obtain an objective view of themselves.

One thing to bear in mind at the outset: you're likely to learn a lot about yourself you never knew before. It may prove quite a shock—pleasant or unpleasant. But *either* way, remember that this can be important and helpful information. It may become a turning point in your social and business life.

When you get the group of friends together, here are some considerations to keep in mind: Limit the group to five friends; psychological studies show that a group ceases to become "intimate" when it numbers six or more. If possible, include males and females, but omit your spouse.

Relax the group. It's essential that you and your friends start the process unhampered by tension. That way, you're more likely to get the kind of free-swinging comment from which comes the greatest good.

One signal for a go-ahead is a general hearty laugh. When you're ready, ask the group to be frank, honest and forthright in answering these questions:

1. Am I the kind of person who resents personal criticism—or by and large do I take it well?
2. Do I make a good friend—or

do you feel if one of you were in trouble, I'd pull out quickly?

3. Generally, do you think I tell the truth—or do you feel I'm not too dependable in that direction?

4. Do I have any mannerisms—head-scratching or ear-pulling, for example—that irritate you?

5. Do I have any objectionable manners of speech—or do I make a good impression when I talk?

6. Do I have any unpleasant eating or drinking habits?

7. Do I dress well—or is my taste poor?

8. Would you say that I treat others with consideration—or am I self-centered and calloused?

9. Do you think I'm a snob, as shown by my treatment of servants, waiters, clerks—or am I truly democratic in behavior?

10. Do I make fun of others' beliefs or feelings while cherishing my own?

11. Am I a free-loader—or do I pay my way and share the burden?

12. Am I a good—or a bad—loser?

13. Could I be tempted into a dishonest act—or am I as honest as the day is long?

14. When it comes to keeping a secret, am I a safe or a sieve?

15. (Ask this if you're married.) Am I the kind of person who remains faithful through thick or thin—or would I succumb to temptation?

16. (Ask this if you're unmarried.) Would I steal my friend's date if he (she) were sufficiently attractive, or would I resist the urge?

17. Do you think I'd become snobbish if I became very successful, or do you feel that I play friendship for keeps?

18. Am I a broad- or narrow-minded person?

19. Am I a "good guy"—or is that just a pose to win approval?

20. Do I have a really good sense of humor—or is that one of my social blindspots?

21. Would you say I had few misconceptions about myself—or am I living in a dreamworld of self-deception?

22. (Now that you're at the end of the questions, try this one again.) Am I the kind of person who resents personal criticism—or by and large do I take it well?

How did you come out? Remember: no matter how critical your friends may be, they are still your friends. And keep in mind this definition given by an old French *grande-dame:* "A friend is a person who knows everything about you, but likes you anyway."

Statistically Speaking

IF YOU TELL a man that there are 270,678,934,341 stars in the universe, he'll undoubtedly believe you—but if a sign says "Fresh Paint," that same man will go out of his way to make a personal investigation. —*Gluey Gleanings*

TODAY MY HEART beat 103,000 times, my blood traveled 168,000 miles, I breathed 23,000 times, I inhaled 438 cubic feet of air, I spoke 4,800 words, moved 750 major muscles, and used 7,000,000 brain cells. I'm tired. —BOB HOPE

Canada's Asbestos Capital

by ANNE FROMER

The "gray gold" of Quebec has become a vital, strategic material for our atomic age.

THE TWO MEN stood on top of the hill and looked around at the barren farmland with its strange outcroppings of greenish rocks.

"Jim," said old Charlie Webb, "I know this land of mine is too rough to plant, but it's fair pasture. I'll let you have it for $50."

Young James Gifford considered the matter for a moment, then shook his head. "That's too much," he said. "The land isn't worth it."

Today this Shipton Township hill, in Quebec Province between the St. Lawrence River and the U. S. border, has disappeared. In its place is a vast amphitheater deeper than the hill was high.

This change represents millions of tons of one of the most valuable substances that has become known to man. For the land that wasn't worth $50 to Jim Gifford in 1881 was to prove to be the world's greatest single source of asbestos, and today Quebec yields $87,633,124 a year of the indispensable "gray gold."

Recently, dignitaries from both the U. S. and Canada gathered to watch Prime Minister Maurice L. Duplessis of Quebec throw a switch in a new 14-story steel-and-concrete building on the site of what was once Webb's infertile farm and set into operation the world's largest asbestos processing mill.

The throwing of that switch means that for the next 100 years at least, the balance of power as represented by the possession of the earth's major share of perhaps the most strategic of all minerals, lies in the heart of the North American continent.

Most people know asbestos merely as an ingredient in roof shingles, in heatproof pads, and as wrapping for furnace pipes. But scientists recognize it as the indispensable substance which makes possible equipment of the atomic and super-machine age.

Because it is both fiber and mineral, asbestos is undoubtedly the most remarkable product of inorganic nature. Found in rock form, it is dense, heavy and often dark-colored. When picked apart and mechanically treated, the rock breaks down into a mass of fibers that appear to be delicate, light-colored threads.

Millions of years ago, the mineral asbestos was simply rock. But trapped in the heart of prehistoric volcanoes, the rock took on a green-gold color and became fibrous. This "changed rock" is the asbestos of today, whose manifold uses are best described by the name itself—a word of Greek derivation meaning indestructible, incombustible, unburnable.

Although some kinds of asbestos are more useful than others, all have one unique, invaluable quality. Whether its appearance is changed or its strength affected, asbestos will not burn.

NATURE WAS FICKLE in the location of the volcanic furnaces which created asbestos. Deposits are found in South Africa, Russia, Cyprus, Italy, Finland, the U. S., Australia, New Zealand, Bolivia and Peru; but all these are unimportant compared with the Canadian deposits centering on the Webb farm, which yield nearly one third of the world's supply.

For many centuries, asbestos remained a rare substance, known to comparatively few and used mostly for its mystifying qualities. Even the man responsible for the incredible modern development of asbestos—H. W. Johns, a New York paint and roofing merchant—first used it for its "magic" value.

In the 1870s, Johns somehow obtained a pair of mittens woven of asbestos. They must have been very expensive, because at that time asbestos came almost entirely from Italy and the price was $1 per square inch.

Wearing the mittens, Johns would stage a performance before incredulous onlookers who came flocking to his little shop. Scooping a handful of glowing coals out of the stove, he would walk among them holding the hot embers, then dump them back in the stove and show that the gloves were undamaged and his hands uninjured.

Johns knew that asbestos was more than a "freak" product. It was his persistence in the double pursuit of cheap, plentiful sources of the mineral, and of new uses for it, which is directly responsible for the no fewer than 3,000 separate vital functions it performs today.

Asbestos, for example, has made jet engines feasible. But for the insulating qualities of the asbestos enclosing their superheated exhausts, it would scarcely be possible to put jet engines into airplanes, or for human beings to fly them.

Actually everything man makes that must start or stop, that generates heat or fire in operation—and those characteristics cover just about every piece of modern machinery—needs asbestos for safe and efficient operation.

In time of war, asbestos is so vital that at the height of the Allied armament production in 1943-1944, almost 90 per cent of Canada's asbestos yield went to defense plants.

Asbestos is the essential ingredient of auto clutches and brakes; fireproof sheets in ships at sea; control mechanisms for heavy machinery; heatproof packings for steam, gas or compressed air engines; fireproof drapes for buildings where the public gathers. Asbestos shingles to protect homes and buildings from fire and weather are now in almost universal use, and siding of the same material is being widely employed in home construction.

The events that made asbestos available in quantity, and at the same time brought about discovery of its endless uses, were taking place a few hundred miles apart in the early 1880s. Chance brought to Shipton Township one Evan Williams, a slate miner from Wales. Williams had never seen asbestos rocks before, but his miner's instinct told him that the greenish-gold outcroppings on Webb's farm were of some unusual—and therefore possibly valuable—mineral.

Williams learned that the rock was asbestos—and that asbestos fetched a high price. Neither Williams nor Webb had any money, but Williams persuaded W. H. Jeffrey, a well-to-do township farmer, to finance the mining of asbestos on Webb's farm.

Neighborhood farmers, offered $1 a day, abandoned their own fields to dig asbestos. The mining was simple: dynamite was exploded in a shallow pit, and the rock hoisted to the surface. The ore was then carried to a cobbing shed where boys shredded the "stone cotton" and packed it in bags.

As the operating enlarged, a town grew up on the brink of the ever-widening pit. One difficulty the miners encountered was in receiving mail. The town not only had no post office—it had no name. So the Post Office Department assigned a Mrs. Church to the town as postmistress. It was she who gave the new town its name: Asbestos.

Meanwhile, in New York, Johns continued to experiment with asbestos. Using a washing machine

wringer as a press, he combined burlap, asphalt, coarse paper and asbestos to produce a new kind of shingle—one that was both fireproof and waterproof.

His roofing material was an immediate success, and the H. W. Johns Company launched a program of expansion that has continued to this day. But Johns himself was more interested in research than in sales. Most of his profits he plowed back into experiments to discover new uses for asbestos. So it was perhaps fortunate for the ultimate success of the company that another man was beginning to take an interest in asbestos.

In Milwaukee, young Thomas F. Manville had made a reputation as a superb salesman. Manville was part owner, with his father and two brothers, of the Manville Covering Company. They manufactured a pipe-covering material from clay and sheep's wool, which worked well at low temperatures. But as industrial processes began making use of more and more heat, this primitive covering proved inadequate.

Thomas Manville was told by engineers that asbestos was the only answer—and that Johns knew more about the mineral than anyone else. Johns and Manville met, and decided to merge their special abilities. In 1901, the present best known name in asbestos and allied products came into being: The Johns-Manville Company.

For the next 15 years, the company expanded many times over. But Johns-Manville was still buying its asbestos on the open market.

Then, in 1916, the Jeffrey Mine at Asbestos, Quebec, which had grown into the largest producer in the world, ran into financial difficulties. It was an opportunity Johns-Manville could not pass up and the company bought the mine.

Today, the bustling town of Asbestos has a unique "back yard" consisting of a crater a mile wide.

Recently, shaft mining replaced the picturesque open-quarry method, and soon the gaping crater will be no longer worked. Every day now a goodly percentage of the male portion of Asbestos' 10,000 population goes underground.

The miners roll out ore through 30 miles of tunnels to primary crushers which give the ore its first processing 800 feet underground. Hoisted to the surface and taken to the mill, the asbestos is converted into fiber, packed into 100-pound bags and shipped all over the world.

One of the most important departments of the Johns-Manville Corporation is concerned with the discovery of new deposits of asbestos. It has turned up some gratifying finds, but the most important strike was made by Alex Heffern, an old prospector who didn't know asbestos when he stumbled over it.

Alex had collected a small stake by years of prospecting for gold in the Porcupine and Kirkland Lake areas of Northern Ontario. Finally, five years ago, he decided to take his modest capital and retire. In Montreal, Alex and his bankroll were parted in the progress of a gay evening. Philosophically, Alex bought a railway ticket to the nearest mining area, Asbestos.

The first day, as he dug at the rock, he asked the man next to him, "When do we reach the asbestos?"

"That's asbestos you're digging right now," the man told him.

Alex was dumbfounded. "Why, I've been hip-deep in that kind of rock for years."

And so it turned out. Alex led company geologists to Munro Mines, 11½ miles from the town of Matheson, site of a gold rush 25 years before. Ironically, a few had persisted in the vain search for gold—and ignored the wealth of asbestos on which the town was built.

Today, Matheson is a multi-million-dollar operation, producing 30,000 tons a year. And Alex Heffern now enjoys the retirement which fate interrupted to give the Western World its second greatest gift of the magic mineral.

At First Sight

TWO FARMERS were viewing the Grand Canyon. One was quiet while the other became extremely loquacious, using such extravagant phrases as, "It's colossal! Gigantic! It's the most stupendous thing I've ever seen!"

The quiet one, after a careful survey of the 18-mile wide crack, said, "What a hell of a place to lose a cow in!"

—FRED S. MATHIAS, *The Amazing Bob Davis* (Longmans, Green & Co.)

This bewildered outcry from a teen-age girl answers the question . . .

What Have "SEX EXPERTS" Done to Children?

by PEGGY CRAIG

LAST YEAR it all seemed so simple. I couldn't see why there was so much fuss about sex. I was 15, and I'd been kissed, and I knew where babies come from. I've been hearing about *that* since I was six! (Frankly, it's getting a bit repetitious.)

Of course, I realize I'm lucky to have a mother and father who believed in answering all my questions as a child. I've always felt a little sorry for kids whose parents let them down; but even they usually manage to pick up the physical facts of life from the rest of us long before the high schools get around to giving those dreary hygiene lectures.

No wonder we're bored or giggle and say silly things like "Elementary, my dear Watson!"

It really isn't funny, though, when you stop to think of all the good that could be done if older people would only wake up and realize that teen-agers today come face to face with some pretty grown-up sex problems.

We're only too aware of the fact that our whole lives may be ruined if we don't handle things right, and we desperately want help.

But what do we get? Usually just another large dose of biology, backed up with warnings, threats or punishment. If we seem too interested in the more personal side, there's either cold disapproval (the Great Stone Face reaction) or such utter confusion and embarrassment that most of us are left feeling a whole lot sorrier for our folks than we are for ourselves.

No one seems to want to help you with the emotional part of sex.

If we try to find out things on our own, it's even worse. All those charts and diagrams and big words the experts drop are like nothing human: they don't give you the faintest inkling of the mixed-up way you'll feel when the boy you love holds you close and kisses you . . . and you don't want him to stop but you know he must. And you wonder why, because at the time it all seems so natural, so right. It's then that the cut and dried advice of the experts seems so unrealistic.

Sex is really bothering me now that I'm going steady.

Six months ago, when I was boy-crazy and in love with love, sex didn't enter the picture. Being popular was the big deal and I seldom thought very much about any one date as a person. A boy was just someone to go to a movie or a school dance with. I kissed them good night out of curiosity, or because I wasn't quick or smooth enough to get around it, or just for the heck of it.

All that has changed now. I'm not vaguely "in love" with a new boy every week—I love Ralph. The way he looks, talks and acts. Everything about him. But more than that, I care about the way he feels. I know I'm growing up because I think of him first instead of myself.

ARE SMALL TOWNS IMMORAL?

The startling true story behind the recent scandals that have made national headlines and aroused unprecedented public interest.

In February Coronet.

Isn't that what real love is—more thought of giving than getting?

But it's hard for an unmarried girl to be unselfishly loving without taking an awful lot of risks. (It's all very well to say that *he* should love you unselfishly too. Even I am old enough to know that love is seldom fifty-fifty.)

I don't see how I could love anyone more than I do Ralph and it's hard, under the circumstances, to think of myself first. I want so much to make him happy.

My friend Nancy, who reads a lot of philosophy and psychology, says that women who think of themselves all the time not only lose their men, but also the ability to love deeply as a woman should. And Irene once said at a hen party that from the purely physical angle there was a chance of becoming frigid from too much holding back. She told us this danger had been pointed out by sex experts in quite a few books and magazines lately.

I looked some of them up and what I found was pretty frightening. Frigidity (which I understand is the inability of a woman to achieve a full sexual response) is supposed to affect anywhere from one-fourth to three-fourths of all wives in this country.

It seems to be a terribly widespread affliction and the investigators—mostly marriage counselors or psychiatrists—agree that it is responsible for much of our divorce problem, alcoholism and mental illness.

I read dozens of depressing case histories about young couples who were very much in love but couldn't marry right away because they had to finish school or something first. Although the girl enjoyed being kissed, she usually didn't permit any heavy petting. In cases where there were physical intimacies, she was frightened and unhappy because she felt so guilty and disappointed.

Finally they were married. But in spite of having common backgrounds and interests, everything to make the marriage successful, they were miserable: their poor physical adjustment ruined it all. The husband felt he was to blame, the wife became a physical and nervous wreck, and soon they hated each other.

The disturbing thing, to me, was

the obvious fact that sexual frustration before marriage can have a lasting effect. As one doctor explained: "The girl who has spent her pre-marital years withdrawing from physical contacts and tensing her muscles in order to avoid response, has acquired a set of nervous and muscular coordinations which she does not unlearn easily after marriage."

In another article, a typical young wife cried, "When you've heard 'it's not nice, it's not nice' all your life, you discover that the marriage service itself can't suddenly make you let yourself go."

Some of the fast boys around school made a big thing out of Professor Kinsey's report on women. They said he found that petting and "going all the way" make adjustment to marriage three to five times more likely to be successful.

I thought this was just a line, though it probably worked with some girls looking for an excuse. Imagine my surprise when I found Kinsey really did say that.

According to his findings, just *knowing* the facts of life isn't enough. You evidently ought to be accustomed to sexual satisfaction of one sort or another before marriage to be sure of reacting normally afterward. At least, that's the impression I get from reading his books and the advice of other sex experts.

Of course, no self-respecting, sensible person would deliberately go out and have an affair in cold blood on the strength of this—but the situation is different when you're already in love, find yourself very much aroused and don't know what to do.

Ralph and I hope to get married when I graduate next year. He'll be in the Army then and I want to be with him. Later, I can work while he finishes college. We want to have a happy, lasting marriage and we'll do anything to insure this.

Wouldn't it be criminal for our parents to try to keep us from expressing our affection (if this really is the healthiest thing to do in the long run) just because they're afraid we might disgrace them by having a baby too soon? Or just because they were brought up to think sex pleasure is indecent?

I really want to do the right thing but I honestly don't know who to believe. Isn't it ridiculous—my folks think my biggest worry is whether or not to kiss a boy goodnight!

If they did know what I'm up against, they'd probably never let me out of the house again after dark. They're suspicious enough as it is, lately. In fact, our family life has become downright unfriendly in the past year.

When I first started dating they seemed as happy about it as I was. They were so glad I was over the girl-friend crush stage, I suppose. Marylou and I had been inseparable. From what I've read, it would have been pretty serious if that kept on, though I understand it's a normal phase in early adolescence.

Actually, I still worry about Marylou a lot. It's a terrible thing to even think about, but I wonder if she might be on the way to becoming homosexual.

I get a sick feeling sometimes when I think that maybe there *was* something wrong with our relationship, and it was my fault.

I felt sorry for her because her mother was divorced and had to work and she was so lonely. When she came to me with her troubles, I sympathized. I hugged and kissed her when she cried perhaps more than I would have normally.

I'll never forget the time we explored each other's physical development, for curiosity's sake . . . and the strange excitement that resulted.

Just the other day I read in a Children's Bureau publication on adolescents that this sort of thing is a common occurrence, but I still feel guilty. Especially since I think this was the beginning of her unnatural interest in me. It made me so nervous and uncomfortable I couldn't stand to be near her. I was frightened and completely bewildered.

That fall Marylou went away to boarding school. When she came home at Christmas, she seemed to have nothing but contempt for me because I "didn't do anything but waste time running around with silly boys."

I wish I knew how she might be helped. But, of course, homosexuality is something that's just not discussed.

I had a lot of trouble with my family my first two years in high school over what they called my boy-craziness. They objected to so many fellows hanging around all the time. Now they don't like to see the same one. Never satisfied.

Sometimes I think I'll flip if Mother says one more time: "You and Ralph are seeing entirely too much of each other!" Why doesn't she just once come right out with what's bothering her and say, "You and Ralph are doing too much necking!" It would be a little rough to break the ice that way, but it might bring us back together again.

I'd like to feel that I could ask her anything. For instance, she explained all about the menstrual cycle to me years ago, but now I'd like to know more about moods: sometimes I'm so blue—without any reason—nothing seems worthwhile. At other times, I'm happy as a lark. Some nights I can't wait to be alone with Ralph and it's very hard to make *myself* behave; a couple of days later I love him just as much but his caresses leave me cold.

Is this normal? Do women feel a stronger urge for physical love at regular intervals? It would be a good thing to know, I should think, both before and after marriage. But my mother acts as if "that" part of life doesn't exist for me.

Why do mothers always have to think their own daughters are above temptation—that it's easy for *their* girls to be good? If only they would try to understand what we're going through, how hard it is to live a good life . . . we could talk to them.

I've never gone with a fast, loud crowd and everyone in town thinks of me as a very nice girl. Am I? If I only *knew!*

To find out if I'm normal, I've read everything I could lay my hands on these past few months: popular magazines, library books, paperback novels, confessions, even medical books.

What I've read just makes me all the more anxious. Take the matter of enjoying lovemaking. One novel I read carried an introduction by a psychiatrist about nymphomaniacs. (Looked up the word: sex-crazy women.) Now, I'm quite passionate; at least, I seem to have as much desire as Ralph does. Most of the time, if he just holds me close, I get all tingly and can't think straight.

Is that good or bad? This is a big worry. But how can you talk to your folks, or your minister, or anyone, about *enjoying* sex?

It's funny (and sad) the way modern parents are only too anxious to go over the mechanics of reproduction at the drop of a hint, but freeze up in the same old-fashioned way the moment the conversation strays from impersonal biology.

Girls are maturing a couple of years earlier than they did a generation ago. Don't they know we're going steady sooner, and a lot of us are marrying while in our 'teens? And Kinsey's book on women says that young people today are doing more of what he calls "petting to climax" and having more premarital intercourse than ever before.

Yet in spite of all this speeding up, we're still getting the sort of sex education and guidance that would be suitable for grade-school kids.

We want to do the right thing—we don't want to have illegitimate babies, ruined reputations or unhappy marriages as a result of too much or too little lovemaking.

We want desperately to know if we're *normal*. We feel we're old enough to know the facts about such hushed-up subjects as masturbation, homosexuality, abortion and sex crimes.

We're just as eager as anyone, believe me, to see this crazy mixed-up world straightened out . . . we'll be around for quite awhile, you know. But how can there be any improvement if we all just go on, making the same old mistakes over and over?

There must be some answer to these basic human dilemmas. In any situation there has to be right or wrong, doesn't there? That's all we want: someone warm and understanding who will hear our personal problems and at least try to help us find the best way out.

Please, Mother, put down that book on "What Every Young Girl Should Know" (by the leading experts) and just . . . listen . . .

With the Maestros

VICTOR HERBERT, whose light operas continue to charm the world, was noted for his wit. Once, a music writing fan brought Herbert a manuscript titled "Mass in F, Dedicated to Victor Herbert."

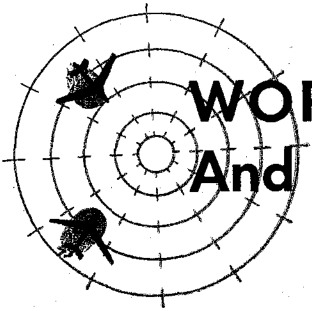
The composer accepted the work gracefully and studied it with interest page by page. At the end he turned excitedly to his visitor and said, "You're right, it *is* in F!"

—SETH BABITS

A COMPOSER REPROACHED Serge Koussevitzky, the conductor, when an anticipated performance failed to materialize, crying indignantly: "But, Maestro, you said you would play my piece this season. You promised. You know you have a terrible weakness for making promises."

"Yes, my dear," suavely replied the master, "but thank God I have the strength not to keep them."

—CHARLES O'CONNELL, *The Other Side of the Record* (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)



WORLD WAR III And How To Win It

by **MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY**

In the December issue of Coronet, under the title "There'll Never Be Another World War," Sir John Slessor, Air Marshal of the RAF, presented the reasons why he believes that total warfare has been abolished by the advent of nuclear weapons. In this issue, Marshal Slessor's theories are sharply challenged by another distinguished airman, Maj. Alexander P. de Seversky, who not only believes that World War III is likely, but also warns the U. S. that we must either build effective defenses at once or risk the chance of catastrophic defeat. —The Editors

"THERE'LL NEVER BE another World War!" proclaims Sir John Slessor. But like all mortal prophets, he finds it necessary to hedge, stating that there will never be another war "unless the West takes leave of its senses."

Moreover, he admits that "it is not inconceivable that we might stumble into world war by mistake." In that case, he warns, war would be suicide for all, the end of civilization and a return to another Dark Age.

Much as I hate to take public issue with a fellow airman and a good friend, I have no choice but to speak up when the security of our nation is at stake. World War III *is* in the cards. Communications and transportation have shrunk this planet to such a degree that the permanent coexistence of two violently opposing social and moral systems is impossible. Unless through persuasion, infiltration, contamination or economic dislocation due to the weight of armaments, one side collapses from within, a military showdown is inevitable.

However, unlike Slessor, I am convinced that should a third world war take place, it will not mean the end of our civilization. Unless we deliberately throw away the inherent advantages of our free way of life, which no totalitarian system can match, *we have the inexorable power to win.*

Through the centuries, each discovery of a new method of destruction has had its heralds of universal doom. Slessor, the contemporary herald, is bound to prove as shortsighted as his predecessors.

His thesis on the application of air power, though valid, is neither startling nor new. He restates what original students of air power formulated long ago. For example, in my 1950 book, *Air Power: Key to Survival*, I pointed out that the free world must create an invincible air force with the insuperable retaliatory power to destroy the enemy's means of waging war; that the existence of such an air force will act as a deterrent to aggression; and that "once we adopt a simple and logical strategy, one that is safely within our means, we shall be able to pursue our goal of world peace with self-assurance and without being misunderstood either by friends or potential foes."

There is likewise nothing new in Slessor's contention that the use of the atomic bomb should not be abolished, that such abolishment would merely play into the hands of our enemy, whose preponderant manpower would then become dominant. He concludes that it does not make "any sense *trying to abolish any particular weapon. What we have to abolish is war.*"

Thinking airmen have maintained this right along, from the time of the first atomic explosion. Five years ago I stated that "to outlaw atomic missiles would be as illogical as . . . legalizing war only if it is fought with bayonets. *It is not the atomic weapon, but war itself, that should be outlawed.*"

Then, after clearly establishing himself as a disciple of the air doctrine, Slessor arrives at bewildering conclusions. Quite logically he states that the West's policy must be "aimed at preventing war," not "at avoiding war." Yet how does he propose to prevent war? After reminding us that "history is littered with the ruins of attempts to do that by pacts, leagues and treaties," he recommends an elaborate rigmarole of the very alliances, pacts and treaties that have failed for centuries past.

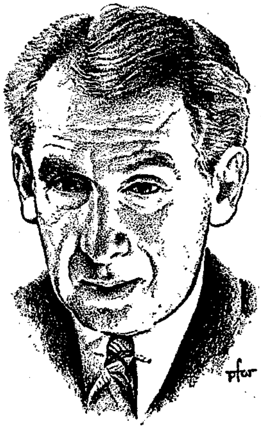
And, should aggression occur in spite of diplomatic checkmates, what solution does he propose? Instantaneous destruction of the aggressor by Anglo-American "atomic" air power. Whether or not Russia joins the pact is immaterial. If she misbehaves, off the earth she goes! If Germany, once rearmed, becomes a threat, off the earth Germany goes!

UNFORTUNATELY, I cannot subscribe to his optimistic belief that, at this time, we alone have the exclusive power to snuff out the opponent. Russia already has an equal power to destroy; and Germany, once sovereign and independent, will quickly acquire the same capability. In view of that, I cannot accept Slessor's contention that we must continue to pour more billions—on top of the $250,000,000,000 already spent by member nations—into mutual security of the Western powers, to enable them to fight a conventional global war with conventional weapons in all corners of the world, from bases virtually in the enemy's backyard, bases which his H-bombs can pop off like so many toy balloons.

Slessor's error stems, I am sure, from his failure to grasp the magnitude of the strategic air offensive, which he apparently envisages as a simple trucking proposition without interference. He denies validity to *air battle* (war in the air) to gain freedom of access to targets and deny that freedom to the enemy. He ignores the fact that, regardless of the RAF's enormous contribution to the destruction of Germany's industrial complex, it was the arduous daylight *air battle* by the U. S. Strategic Air Force, in which the

German *Luftwaffe* was crushed, that proved decisive.

The fallacious doctrine of Air Marshal "Bomber" Harris, which in the last war condemned the RAF to night bombing in order to avoid combat, he accepts. But he disregards the profound lesson provided by the Battle of Britain. At a time when it appeared that England was doomed, the gallant *defensive* Royal Air Force, of superior men and machines aided by the intellectual surprise of radar, broke the back of the *offensive* German air armada.



Slessor's confusion is betrayed by his tagging the label "atomic" onto air power, as though the use of nuclear explosives somehow transforms the basic thesis of air power. Atomic weapons are constantly becoming smaller. Atomic bombs can already be carried by small tactical aircraft. Atomic shells are fired by artillery. At that rate, before long we may have atomic bullets, and even atomic BB shots!

In short, nuclear projectiles are becoming common to all forces. And if we now have "atomic" air power because it employs atomic explosives, so, by the same logic, do we have "atomic" sea power, "atomic" land power, and "atomic" Marines. But the character of the common explosive does not change the strategic relationship between the forces operating in their respective mediums.

The superiority of the Air Force as an instrument of war lies not in the nature of the explosive it employs but in its superior mobility through the air, a medium inaccessible to land and sea forces.

For some curious reason, perhaps due to the devastating force of nuclear weapons, two opposed schools of thought have risen on modern air war. One maintains that the air offensive is an easy cross-country jaunt, with virtually no losses. Slessor appears to share this view. The other school, represented by our well-known scientist, Dr. Vannevar Bush, predicts that the air offensive will be stopped dead in its tracks and that the air over enemy territory will be barred to invaders.

Neither extreme is true. No military student expects the permanent ascendancy of either offense or defense. Sooner or later, as all history proves, they are equalized. It is true that during the past decade, as long as it appeared that a few bombers carrying nuclear weapons could do the job, the offensive had the upper hand. However, with the remarkable variety of defensive measures already in use, and more deadly devices still to come, penetration to the target becomes increasingly arduous.

In the first place, with the development of modern detecting devices, the time is at hand when concealment in the air, regardless of distance, will be well-nigh impossible. Radar and other electronic means are constantly extending their operating range.

True, countermeasures are being developed to render useless these warning devices, but counter-countermeasures appear, in turn, to restore the balance. We must realize that while modern jets fly at 0.2 mile a second and guided missiles at one mile a second, the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile, when it comes into being, must attain a speed of at least four miles a second!

Those are tremendous speeds. Yet they are relatively stationary when compared with the speed of electronic detection—186,000 miles per second! Therein lies the basis of our defense potential.

In the second place, once the aircraft is detected, it will have to face a barrage of multiple defensive means—supersonic jet and rocket interceptor aircraft, all sorts of pilotless supersonic rockets and guided missiles, some of which can already streak toward the target with more than twice the speed of bullets.

The defensive advantage will lie with a country densely covered with a network of electronic means: millions of miles of telegraph, telephone, and electric wires and conduits, elaborate radio and television networks. The mere statement of this truth attests our enormous advantage over a country like Soviet Russia.

America is virtually encased in a close-woven fabric of electric wiring and radio waves that can be utilized for electronic defenses without interrupting light, power and communications. Despite its industrial progress, Russia remains comparatively primitive in this respect. It will be another generation at least before its gigantic spaces can be efficiently wired. Until then, gaping holes will remain the Soviet electronic shield.

IT MUST NOW be clear to the reader that it is not the stockpile of atomic bombs that will decide the next war but the superior means of delivery; and that does not mean just long-range planes but aircraft of the most complicated nature, equipped with elaborate countermeasures. It means air crews with years of training and millions of high-skilled technical personnel on the ground to keep these flying laboratories in operation.

There are those who are already anxious about what will happen when the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile becomes a reality. Yet they remain indifferent to the necessity of providing defense against the danger of *present* weapons.

First of all, many imponderables have to be resolved in the design of this missile, which, for the layman, could be described as an over-sized Fourth of July rocket that hurtles through the earth's atmosphere into space, where, with no air resistance, it can travel a long distance under acquired momentum, to descend upon the target, under the pull of gravity, as a free-falling bomb.

One of the imponderables is that carrying no guidance means, the problem of its terminal accuracy still has to be solved. Another problem is that the missile generates such intense heat through air friction that no known substance can withstand it. By the time these problems are solved and the weapon is in production, a defense will be found. In short, to paraphrase the proverb that what goes up must come down, I say that *anything that moves can be stopped.*

Slessor admits that an adequate defense may yet be devised, but then comes up with the amazing conclusion that we should apparently do nothing about it. Why? Because "if the scientists of the West were to find an effective defense, it would only be a matter of time before the Communists did the same —and what then? Why, air power is cancelled out on either side, and we should be faced with the necessity of matching Russia man for man, tank for tank, and escort for U-boat."

It does not occur to my friend Slessor that the Russians, particularly with the help of brilliant German scientists, can discover a "practicable means of defense" ahead of us. If the enemy does find an effective defense first, then air power will be cancelled only on *our* side; and the necessity of matching Russia man for man becomes futile. We will be finished.

I agree with Slessor that the adequate defense of a country as large as the U. S. will be costly. He quotes an estimated 25 billions, with which I concur. But I do not agree with him that "effective over-all defense is not a practical economic proposition. True, Uncle Sam is throwing billions into the bottomless well of European rearmament where member nations are more interested in defense against each other than security from the common foe. But Uncle Sam is not yet broke and can well afford to spend $25 billion on continental air defense.

Major de Seversky, noted aeronautical engineer, plane designer, lecturer and author, was born in Russia and graduated in 1914 from the Imperial Naval Academy. Assigned as a combat pilot to the Baltic Sea area, he lost a leg on his first mission. Despite this, he returned to duty and brought down 13 German planes. He came to America in 1918, and was appointed aeronautical engineer for the government. In 1921 he organized the Seversky Aero Corporation, forerunner of Seversky Aircraft Corporation, now Republic Aviation. He invented many aeronautical devices, including the fully automatic bombsight. During World War II, he was Special Consultant to Under-Secretary of War Patterson and, in 1946, represented the Secretary at the Bikini A-bomb tests. He has probably test-flown more types of aircraft—from the Wright Brothers model to the latest jets—than any other airman, and is now an official lecturer to the Air War College of the U.S. Air University.

Today, our nation lies virtually defenseless against attack from the air. But our predicament is not alone due to fallacious military thinking nor because the U. S. cannot provide funds for defense. Our vulnerability is the product of a psycho-political block.

How can $25 billion be tagged onto our military budget when political promises are pledged to keep it down? To abolish foreign aid would spell the end of NATO. To slash our Army and Navy appropriations is not only to repudiate the balanced-forces concept, but to antagonize the powerful vested interests behind them.

But, if we cannot take these steps, there is a dangerous alternative: to provide an air defense at the expense of strategic air offense. This move, airmen will fight to the last ditch, and rightly so, for in that case we will have neither adequate offense nor adequate defense. Therefore, wisely adhering to the military principle of economy of force, they try to make the best use of the resources allotted to them and maintain one force, at least, at its peak. And that force is the Strategic Air Command, our power to retaliate.

Thus, a combination of circumstances conspires against an adequate continental air defense. To keep the American people from clamoring, a variety of excuses have been advanced. "There is no effective defense against air attack"; "bombers will always get through"; "the only defense is an instant counter-offense."

We must grasp the fact that we have reached the stage where the offensive capabilities of the belligerents are equal. Each side, therefore, has the potential capacity to destroy the other's industrial complex. From now on, it is the superior defense that is decisive. Thus, an *Air Defense in Being* becomes the crux of war and the true deterrent.

With hundreds of Russian long-range bombers poised in the Soviet Arctic ready to strike; with their huge intercontinental jet bombers, dwarfing anything we have in production, already in Russian skies; with the Reds' progress in long-range ballistic missiles, it is insane to delay for an instant the creation of a powerful continental air defense. The present feeble effort must give way to an *all-out crash program* of even greater scope and urgency than characterized the Manhattan Project which crashed through with the atomic bomb.

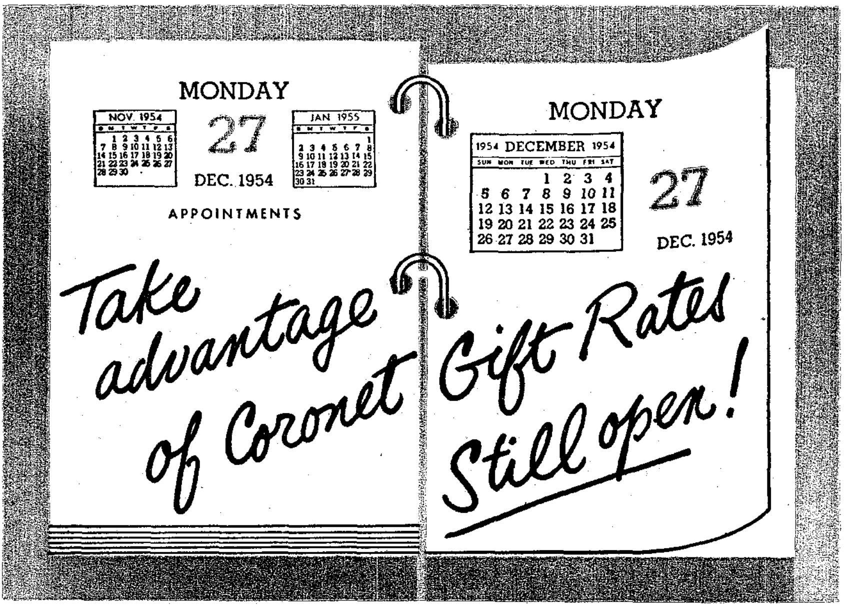
Regardless of the awesomeness of nuclear weapons, human conflict, as always, will resolve itself into a struggle between offense and defense. We cannot be strong everywhere. With our limited manpower, only in the air can we have the superiority in quality and quantity to win. Once this is understood and our strategic capabilities are reappraised in unison with the new realities, we *will* have a true deterrent. We *will* have an invincible Air Force to break the back of the enemy's offensive, and the power to strike back at him with finality.

That strength will provide a core of hope for free people everywhere. Together, we shall be able to pursue our goal of world peace with confidence and without fears spread by outcries of apocalyptic doom.

Saturation Point

DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER, who has devoted a lifetime of self-sacrifice to the welfare of natives in French Equatorial Africa, was conducting a group of visitors through the hospital he maintains in the sweltering settlement of Labaréné. When one of the party commented upon the absence of weather thermometers, the Doctor had a ready explanation.

"We don't dare use them," he confided. "If you knew how really hot it was here, you wouldn't be able to stand it." —MAXFIELD CHARLES


MONDAY
27
DEC. 1954
NOV. 1954
JAN 1955
APPOINTMENTS
MONDAY
1954 DECEMBER 1954
27
DEC. 1954
Take advantage of Coronet Gift Rates Still open!

A wise reminder . . . since these special rates will be in effect only until midnight, January 15th. It's a great opportunity for you, too, to remember friends and relatives (especially anyone overlooked at Christmas) at a substantial saving under the regular prices.

You'll find it easy to order. Simply fill in the names of those you want to remember on the convenient, postpaid reply envelope attached to this page. Don't forget your own name, so we can hand-sign it on the cards sent to announce your gifts.

Important: You can also include your own subscription, new or renewal, at these lower gift rates.

SAVE WITH THESE GIFT RATES
(Open until January 15th)
3 one-year gifts **$7** (Save $2)
2 one-year gifts **$5** (Save $1)
1 one-year gift **$2.50** (Save 50c)

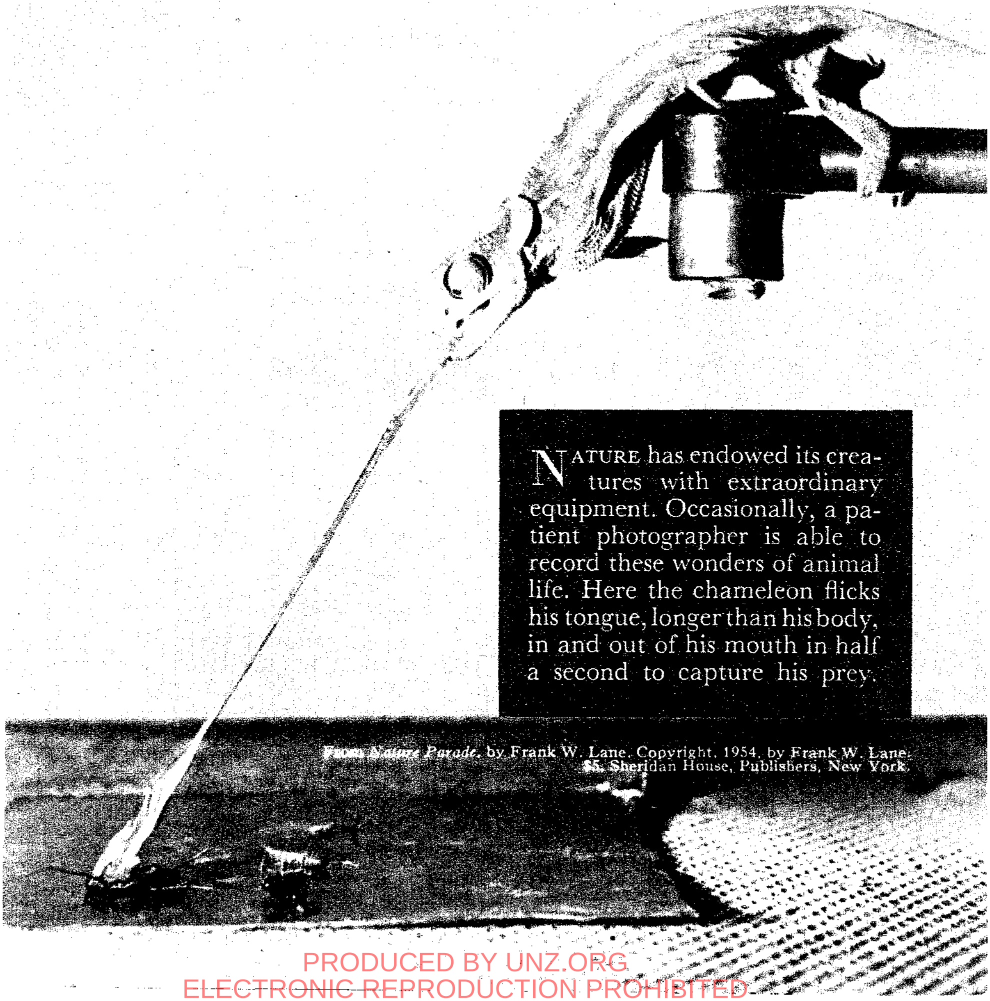
Use this postpaid envelope to order your gift subscriptions, right now!

Coronet • **BOULDER, COLORADO** • **DEPT. 1016**

Picture Story

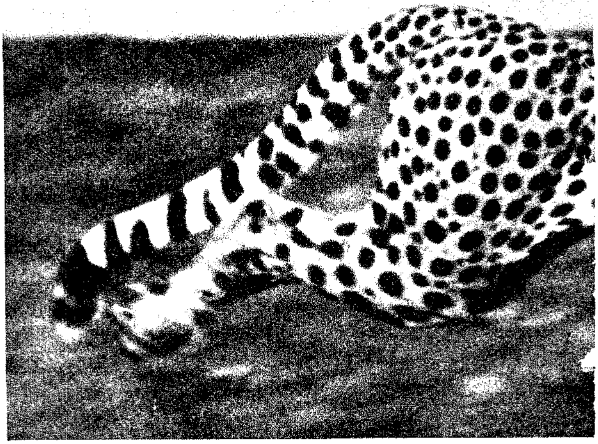
ANIMAL ANTICS

The speed camera catches some oddities in Nature

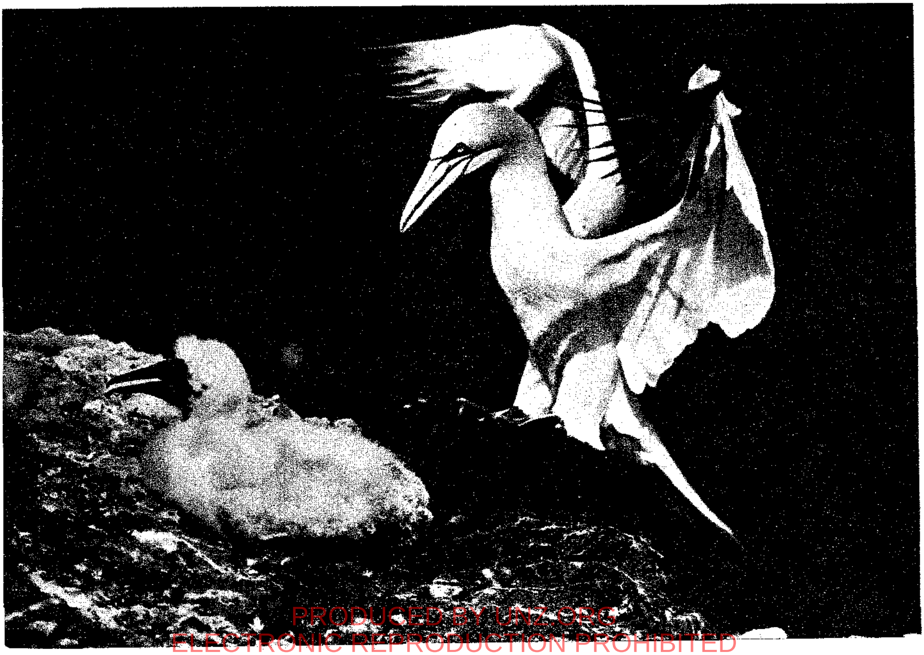


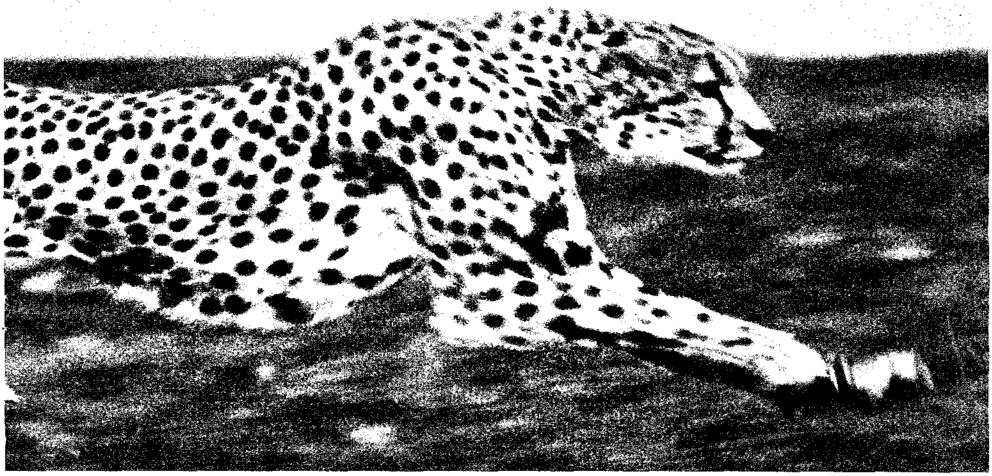
NATURE has endowed its creatures with extraordinary equipment. Occasionally, a patient photographer is able to record these wonders of animal life. Here the chameleon flicks his tongue, longer than his body, in and out of his mouth in half a second to capture his prey.

From *Nature Parade*, by Frank W. Lane. Copyright, 1954, by Frank W. Lane.
$5. Sheridan House, Publishers, New York.



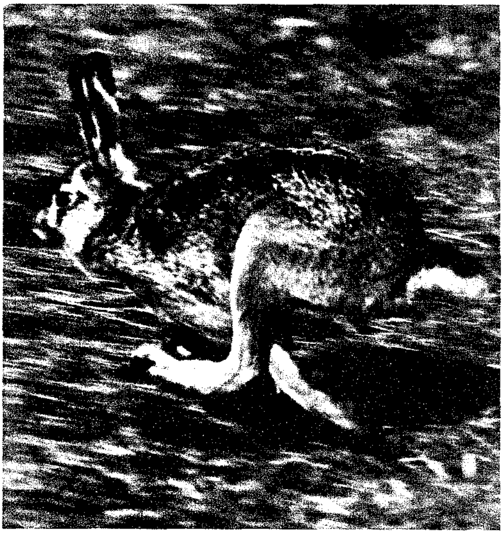
The gannet, a close relative of the pelican, uses its wings as brakes in landing. These long-living birds hug the rocky coastlines of the British Isles and Canada, high-diving at fantastic speeds for fish at feeding time.





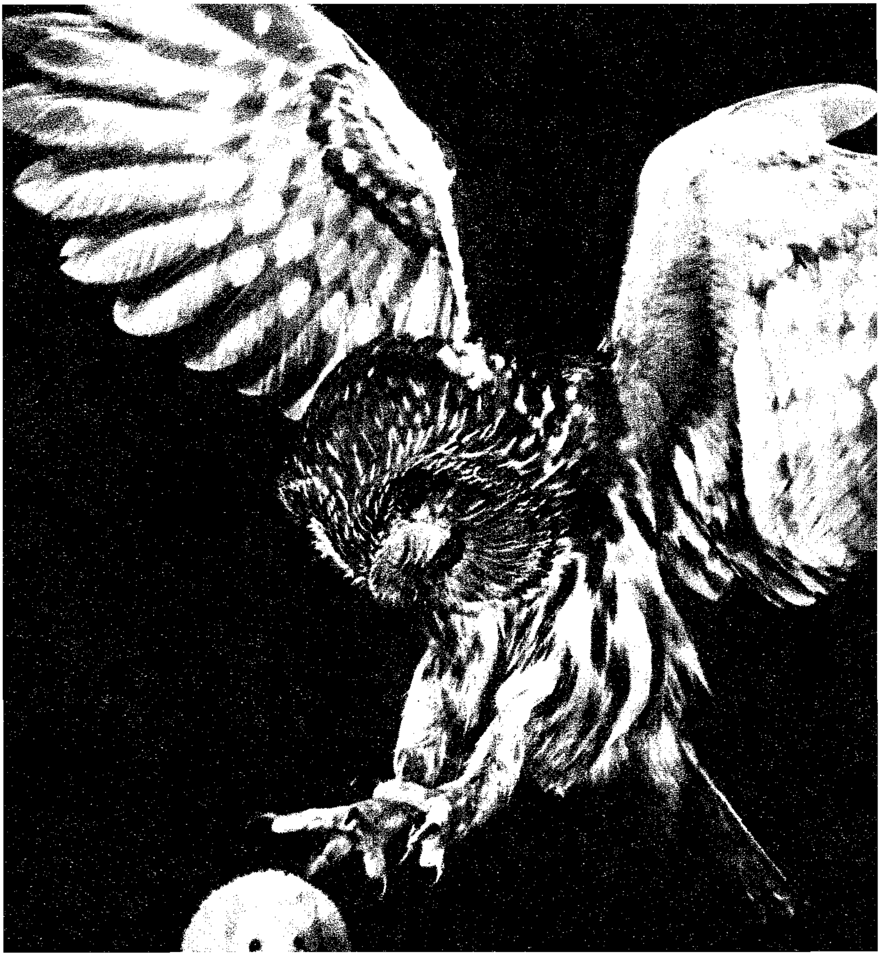
From a standing start, the cheetah, mostly found roaming African jungles, can accelerate to 45 miles an hour in two seconds—the fastest animal on earth. In India he is tamed and used like a falcon, for hunting.

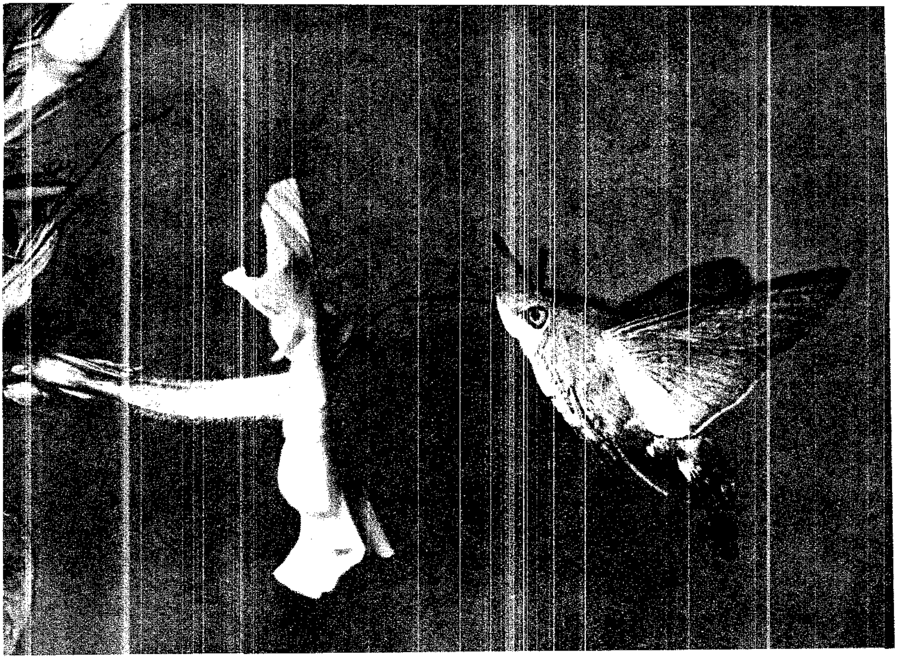
The hare's hind legs are nearly twice as long as his forelegs—notice how they overlap as he races. His eyes are placed so he can look backward and forward without turning, and he can change directions by sudden side-leaps in a split second.



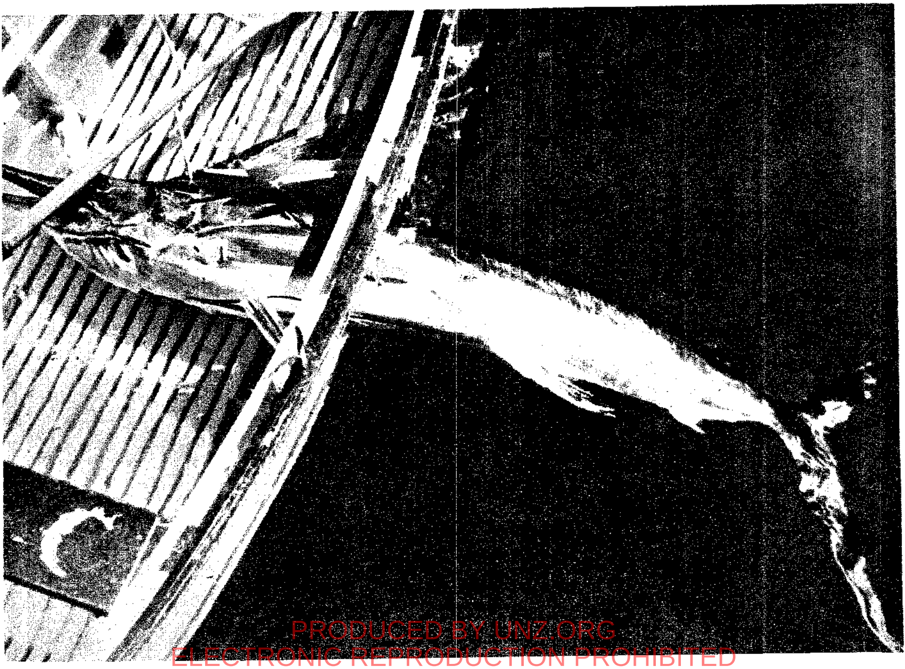
At feeding time, a hungry brood of eager young blackbirds compete noisily for the next mouthful. Some young birds eat 14 feet of earthworms a day—a diet which keeps the parent-provider extremely busy.

The saw-whet owl's wing and tail feathers are covered with a soft pile which give him the considerable advantage of silent flight. He is thus able to surprise even animals who are endowed with highly sensitive hearing.





Beating his wings about 40 times a second, a humming-bird hawk moth drinks nectar from a flower. The speed (60 m.p.h.) and power of the marlin (below) have few rivals among fish. Shot with an arrow, this angry swordfish charged the boat, penetrating both half-inch-thick sides.



WHISTLING WORDS

In a West Point chemistry class one day in 1854, Cadet James McNeill Whistler was asked to discuss silicon. He stood up and began: "Silicon is a gas."

"That will do, Mr. Whistler," said the professor—and shortly thereafter Cadet Whistler was handed his discharge papers.

In later years, when he had made himself one of the finest painters of his day, Whistler liked to say: "If silicon had been a gas, I would have been a general."

Once a lady asked him what he thought of her new dress, fresh from Worth in Paris. He adjusted his glass and began critically: "There is only one thing—"

"Oh, Jimmy, what is it?" she interrupted. "Tell me where it is wrong."

"Only that it covers you, madam," smiled the painter.

Whistler, who always made it a matter of principle not to suffer fools gladly, was once approached by a picture collector who was contemplating leaving his collection to some institution and asked the famous artist for his advice. After inspecting the pictures, Whistler suggested: "I should leave them to an asylum for the blind."

A lady who asked him if he thought a certain sketch indecent, was told, "No, madam, but your question is."

Once a bill collector found Whistler drinking champagne. "You will pardon me, Mr. Whistler, but while you find yourself unable to settle my bill, I am surprised that you are able to indulge in champagne."

"Oh, don't let that worry you," Whistler replied. "I don't pay for that either."

Once someone remarked: "The Prince of Wales says he knows you." To which Whistler observed pleasantly: "That's only *his* side of the story."

When one of his students who had painted a "red elbow with green shadows" argued with sincerity, "I am sure I just paint what I see," the Master answered, "Ah, but the shock will come when you see what you paint."

—Hesketh Pearson, *The Man Whistler* (Harper & Brothers)

One of the world's most glamorous women reveals her unorthodox and sometimes cynical views about the other sex

The Men in My Life

by **Zsa Zsa Gabor**

I'M TOLD THAT I CAN BE CONSIDERED one of the foremost feminine living authorities on men. I'm not sure how I've earned this title: I'm not even sure if it's meant to be a compliment or an insult. But I make no apologies for choosing to write about men.

Still, I'm afraid I will be condemned by some women who will think I'm being too bold. These are the women who say they're not really interested in men—and that men bore them. The hypocrites! What they mean is that men haven't shown much interest in them.

However, I don't want you to think that I've been conducting a kind of Kinsey investigation, going about the country asking men impertinent questions. This is a purely personal report about the men I've met—actors, diplomats, writers, politicians, businessmen, bad men, good men, silly men, passionate men, cold men. All varieties.

Mainly it is about husbands, my own. I'm happy to say I've been able to conduct most of my studies as a married woman. In fact, up to last April, when I divorced George Sanders, I couldn't remember when I hadn't been married.

Of course, I can't say that I have spent my whole life in a state of marital bliss with one man. Who can? I've just been married almost continuously, with very little breathing space between my three husbands.

Each marriage lasted several years—to be exact, two, six and five, respectively. So I can hardly be accused of rushing from the altar to the divorce court.

Like many European girls, I started my marital career very early. I was only 16 when I married for the first time. I know now I was much too young. My husband was a diplomat and an important member of the Turkish Government. Burhan Belge was 20 years older than I—suave, worldly, well-bred, Oriental and tolerant. Saddled with an impetuous, inexperienced, temperamental girl bride who knew nothing of his ways, he had to be tolerant.

My next husband was Conrad Hilton, owner of a chain of hotels. He was a typical successful American businessman—hard-headed, hustling and impatient. He won't mind my saying, as I often told him, that he was also emotionally immature. I think most American men are. It's the fault perhaps of their women, who mother and dominate them too much.

My third and last husband was George Sanders, an actor, and therefore a member of a race apart. Since I now make some claim to being an actress myself, I can't pretend not to have understood him. He was moody, of course, supremely egotistical, but overwhelmingly charming when he wanted to be.

Well, that's the trio. I have met other men. Men that I've worshipped, mainly from afar. Men who've taught me that they can be attractive, fascinating and appealing, though they are not good-looking. There have also been men I've met with no claim to fame or distinction, except that I've found them exciting and interesting.

I have to admit—and this seems to be the place to do it—that I get on much better with men than with women. Leaving out my two sisters and my mother, I have few real friends among my own sex.

I can't remember exactly when I first discovered I had more understanding with the other sex than with my own. Perhaps it was back in Budapest, where I was born.

On my fourth birthday I was given a large, well-dressed doll. The other little girls at the party either wanted to take it away from me or pull it apart. But the boys not only left my doll alone but borrowed bits and pieces from their sisters to add to its wardrobe. I was beginning to learn about the protective, helpful male, in contrast to the destructive, jealous female.

At school, it didn't take me long to find out that the French teacher (male) would be much more lenient when I had some mistakes than the history teacher (female). I am sorry for any girls who don't make a similar early discovery.

I remember I fell madly in love with that French teacher. He was tall, brown-eyed and very French. But he was married. When I first heard that, I experienced a feeling of hopelessness which I'll never forget. I was ready to commit suicide—a girl can be very foolish at the age of twelve.

Still, I was learning lesson No. 2. Stay away from married men. I know it's been said before, but it's still being ignored by girls who end up with nothing but heartbreak. He may swear undying love and promise to leave that wife who doesn't understand him, but he always crawls back for forgiveness, even taking his presents with him if he gets the chance.

Now I can confess that I proposed to my first husband, Belge, the Turk. I met him at a party in my father's house in Budapest when I was only 14. I suppose I looked fetching in my pigtails, ribbons and party dress, for he said jokingly when he was introduced: "One day I'll marry you. Remember!"

I remembered. About two years later when I was not quite 16, I entered the Miss Hungary Beauty Competition unknown to my father but with my mother's connivance. I remember on the night before the competition, my older sister's party dress had to be altered to fit me and a shoeshop was specially opened after hours so I could get a pair of high-heeled shoes. I stumbled to victory in those first high-heeled shoes and became Miss Hungary 1938.

THE TITLE BROUGHT stage and film offers, and sparked my ambition to be an actress, but my father firmly said "No!" So I decided the best way to escape his control was by marrying. I called up my Turk and said: "You made me an offer of marriage two years ago. In case you've forgotten, I'm now proposing to you."

Being a gallant gentleman he replied: "Of course I haven't forgotten. I expected you would take a little time to think it over."

Three days later we were married. It was a long time before my father forgave me.

The Turk took me on our honeymoon to Albania, where his brother-in-law was Turkish ambassador. I was treated like a princess and I enjoyed every moment. But when we arrived in the Turkish capital of Ankara, I was in the newspaper headlines as "The Foreign Wife." I then learned that my husband had broken the official rule that Turkish diplomats should not marry foreign wives. This didn't make life any easier for the first few weeks. But the "mistake" was soon forgiven and I settled down to my new environment as well as I could.

I couldn't have been an outstanding success as the 16-year-old hostess at my husband's formal dinner parties with princes, counts, prime ministers and occasionally a king among the guests. I was completely lost when the conversation got around to international political problems, as it always did.

I still blush when I think of the time I was asked by a minister what I thought of the Nazis. I hadn't been listening closely, so I replied: "Aren't they the dull couple who left the ball early last night?"

My husband luckily had the patience and philosophical understanding of an Oriental. He was highly educated, spoke 11 languages fluently. I could only chatter frilly nonsense in five, including Turkish which I had managed to pick up with my husband's help.

When we had an evening to ourselves, he would read to me from the classics—Balzac, Voltaire and Shakespeare. I think he enjoyed the role of teacher. And I have learned since that all men do. They prefer their women to be just bright enough to realize what bright people *they* are.

At this time in Turkey, I was no match for my husband intellectually. He knew it and I knew it. But at least I had some decorative value at the receptions and balls which filled the calendar. I was young, pretty and vivacious. I was also flirtatious, but in a harmless way. I was feted and flattered by the men, hated and ignored by the other wives who gossiped maliciously about me. No wonder I welcomed the prospect of a change when my husband took me to England on a diplomatic mission in 1939.

We arrived just before war broke out, and the visit was a hectic round of parties and receptions. I met a host of celebrities, the most fascinating being George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells.

"HOW NOT TO LOVE A WOMAN" by JUDY GARLAND

A young actress who has known both happiness and despair tells what every man should learn about the woman he loves. In February Coronet.

Meeting my husband at a party, Wells had been impressed by his intelligent conversation and had suggested to Shaw that he invite us to lunch. I expected as we drove to Shaw's house that I might be bored: I was prepared to be neglected while the talk flowed on a level above my head. I didn't know then that Shaw and Wells were by no means blind to feminine attractions.

Sitting between them at lunch, I was plied with attention and flattery. When Shaw told me for the tenth time that I was an attractive woman, Wells said: "You're much too old for philandering!"

Shaw replied: "A man is never too old. But anyway, you're mistaking gallantry for philandering."

Back in Ankara, I found it impossible to settle down again to the old life. I was bored with the endless receptions and parties and functions. I was bored with the gossiping wives. I was bored with my husband. I had never really loved him. It had been a marriage of convenience and now I realized it was over.

Which raises the vital question: how does a wife get a divorce in a case like this, without recriminations? Whatever she does, she shouldn't ask for it directly. That's a blow to man's vanity. It's better to maneuver him into a position where he does the asking.

Conveniently, my husband, I had noticed, had been casting an Oriental eye in the direction of a dark-haired young beauty. So we parted good friends and I set out for America, where my sister Eva was making her home.

I was bewildered and a bit disillusioned when I arrived in America in 1939. I had formed my whole impression of America from the movies. I was surprised to discover that all the secretaries did not have mink coats, and that the shop girls didn't ride in Cadillacs.

During the first days in New York, a newspaperman came to my hotel suite to interview me. In his direct American way, he went straight to the icebox for a drink. He was amused when he found there only two rows of orchids, which had been sent by friends, and a salami which I had bought myself.

What he wrote about me was headed "Orchids and Salami" and from then on, the label stuck. It still, I suppose, describes my personality and approach to life very well.

After a short time in New York, I set out for Hollywood to stay with Eva who was then working for Paramount. During my marriage with the Turk, I had almost forgotten my ambition to be an actress. Here in Hollywood I had an opportunity to do something about it.

Soon I was taken to one of those large Hollywood parties, where some of the stars act more than they do before the cameras. Lana Turner arrived with a tall, suntanned, athletic-looking man. He was Conrad Hilton, the hotel owner. He introduced himself and asked me to dance. We danced together for the rest of the evening.

During the last dance, he said: "I'm going to Miami tomorrow. Why don't you come with me for a few days?" I was shocked—genuinely shocked. All I could say was: "But Mr. Hilton, I hardly know you!"

This I know is a very corny line of dialogue which you hear in the movies, but I still maintain a girl should never leap too eagerly at a man's first offer. At the same time, don't discourage him too much but remember what's easy to get isn't valued and cherished.

Remembering all this, I allowed Mr. Hilton to go to Miami alone. Every day while he was away, he sent a large bouquet of roses with his card, saying: "Hoping to know you better."

When he came back in a few weeks, he set out to woo me in the high-powered American way—more bouquets, presents and a barrage of phone calls. When the first call of the day started at 6 A.M., my sister Eva announced: "Better marry him immediately or look for a flat of your own!"

We were married two weeks later at one of his hotels in Santa Fe. The hotel was decorated throughout with white camellias and orchids. There was an endless flow of champagne, caviar—and, of course, salami.

We were a happy couple at first. He represented the security I had missed since I had left Hungary. In America, where the dollar is worshipped, it was difficult not to be impressed by his financial success. If I said I wasn't, I would be a hypocrite (and whatever else I'm called, no one can call me that).

I was proud of his achievements. At 45, he had known failure and had started again with only $5,000 to build up his immense hotel empire. But I would have been just as proud if he had fought for success in some other field with smaller cash returns.

The difference in our ages—he was 33 years older—seemed to make little difference, for he had youthful enthusiasm and energy. I used to think at times that he needed two wives, because no one wife can dance till 4 A.M., and rise to play golf at 10 A.M. as he liked to do.

I settled down to being a Californian hostess and wife, and once again forgot my ambition to be an actress, though I was meeting movie celebrities all the time. Maybe I was held back because I was meeting too many stars, who didn't always impress me.

I used to feel sorry for the wives of movie stars who had to cope with their egos and their belief that they must bestow their irresistible charms on as many women as possible. I am sorry to disillusion millions of girls who dream about marrying one of these celluloid Don Juans, but it seemed to me there could be no unhappier fate, unless you're very generous and don't mind sharing the gift. I never thought then that I would be finding out for myself in a couple of years.

At that time, Conrad Hilton and I were very close friends as well as husband and wife. We shared day-to-day troubles and helped each other as much as possible. I even helped him to choose his clothes. I also tried to take an interest in his business.

WHEN HE WAS first offered the Plaza Hotel in New York, he came to me and said: "How can a Texas man win out against all these smart New Yorkers?" I encouraged him to go ahead and told him he was as good as any of them. From then on, there was no stopping him.

But there were few moments of light relief and few moments of connubial bliss as he got more and more engrossed in his hotel empire. He would be away from home for weeks on end, and he became so busy that he had no time even to phone me. Instead, I would be told by his secretary to meet him, for example, in El Paso for the Christmas holidays, and she would ask what I would like as a Christmas present from my husband.

It was becoming increasingly obvious to me that the marriage was more or less over. If there had been another woman, I would have known what to do. In a case like that, a wife should a) have a complete beauty treatment and make herself as attractive as possible; b) spend as much of her husband's money as she can on some stunning new clothes; and c) find herself another man. The jealous husband will come running back quickly.

But this was different. How could I compete with the Plaza or the Waldorf-Astoria? I would have left immediately and sued for divorce, except that I was expecting a baby.

For the last few months of our marriage, I didn't stay with Conrad. I moved out of our home and lived alone. After the baby was born, I received a note from my husband asking me to go back to him, but I refused. We might have patched things up for a while, but I knew it couldn't last.

I had another reason. I had fallen recklessly in love with George Sanders. He had met me at the psychological moment when I needed sympathy and understanding. Apart from that distinguished appearance of his, he had an engaging personality, worldly charm and a sense of humor. And he had European background and breeding as well.

I was in revolt—for the moment—against the American male. I was too blinded by love for George to notice that he had any faults at all. I found out about them later. I also found out what a mistake it is to think that any mere man is perfect.

If you find yourself falling in love, there are several tests you can try, like asking yourself if he is 1) always loving and devoted, 2) never selfish and thoughtless, 3) always generous and honest, 4) never mean and just a little dishonest, and 5) if he would refuse an invitation from a Hollywood star to spend a weekend with her. You'll be surprised how imperfect he can turn out to be.

Not having made the tests, I accepted George's proposal without hesitation. We married shortly after my divorce from Conrad Hilton came through. George moved into a house I had bought, and brought one or two pieces of his own furniture, including his piano. But he never gave up his bachelor apartment in the heart of Hollywood.

It was an excellent arrangement for him, but not for me. I imagine most husbands would like to hang on to as much of their freedom as possible. The only way a wife can counteract such a move is by threatening to open a private little boudoir of her own, outside the home. I didn't, of course, until it was too late.

When I was still in the worshipping, doting state, I pretended that the apartment didn't exist or that George only went there to read or study his scripts. A woman in love can make herself believe anything. But then, as the inevitable disenchantment began to set in, I started to worry and wonder.

This was life with a movie star—and I had asked for it. I had seen it happen to other Hollywood wives, so I shouldn't have been surprised when I was expected to applaud at parties while other women threw themselves at my famous husband.

Life with George became even more complicated when he started going to a psychoanalyst. I had to cope practically every day with a different personality when he came home from the couch.

In 1952, George decided to leave his psychoanalyst and me to go to England and play one of the leading parts in a film version of "Ivanhoe." I asked him to take me with him, but he said straight out: "No, I'll have more fun on my own." So I knew where I stood. I said to myself, now is the time to do something at last about that career. The first step, however, was more or less unplanned.

I was invited to appear as a guest in a new TV panel show called "Bachelor's Haven." Just a week before he left, George had made me turn down a similar offer because he said I was "too dumb." I was determined to show what I could do, so I immediately accepted the new offer. The show became a success and in a few weeks, MGM studios sent for me.

I didn't have an agent of my own so I asked George's agent to come with me. As we drove to the studios, we discussed the salary I should ask for if they offered me a part. He told me George had started at $400 a week but suggested we try for $2,000.

We were met at the studios by director Mervyn Le Roy, who was preparing a new Technicolor film. He offered me one of the leading parts. My agent winked at me when he said I would expect a salary of $2,000 a week. He almost fainted when they agreed immediately.

That evening I phoned George in London to tell him the news. All he could say was: "Extraordinary!"

Three months later, when he

came back, George found a star-in-the-making instead of the hausfrau he had left behind. When his plane landed in America, three of the leading magazines carried cover pictures of me. George didn't exactly jump for joy. In fact, he resented my success.

Show me a husband who doesn't resent, in some degree or another, an ambitious career wife. They all insist, these husbands, that a happy marriage is impossible unless the wife stays home all the time to look after them. What some of them would prefer, I think, is a kind of robot mechanical wife—a combination of washing machine and vacuum cleaner, which couldn't disobey them and which, of course, had some female sex hormones.

As my career prospered, little incidents involving George and me took on new proportions. One night when we were walking down Sunset Boulevard after a film premier, we were stopped by a bunch of teenagers who screamed: "Zsa Zsa, give us your autograph!" One of the boys looked up at George and said: "You look very familiar but I don't remember your name."

Not a major catastrophe, but, remember, to a famous actor, the remark was a great insult.

When George went to Italy to make a film with Ingrid Bergman, I knew our marriage was more or less wrecked. Although I knew that nothing could be salvaged, I flew over to see him in answer to a personal SOS.

It was on this trip that I met Ingrid Bergman for the first time. When we were introduced, she said, "You must be George's wife?" I replied: "Yes, and you must be Roberto's wife?"

A few months later back in America, I became George's ex-wife.

After I divorced him, I sat down to take stock. My third marriage had failed, and I decided, not surprisingly, that I wouldn't embark on another in the immediate future. I didn't rule out marriage altogether—and I still don't. Being a romanticist at heart, like most women, I still think I can experience the almost completely happy marriage. (The completely happy one is of course an impossibility.)

I knew myself too well to make any rash decisions about existing with no men in my life. Besides, I had met Porfirio Rubirosa. Our first meeting was in New York in 1953, when George was in Italy. We started to go together, but my conscience didn't trouble me, because at that time my marriage to George existed in name only. I confess I fell in love with Rubi, but it happened only after I had fallen out of love with George.

Rubi was attentive and flattering while George had become distant and cold. Rubi was charming and exciting while George had become morose and absent-minded. But Rubi, with his volatile Latin temperament, could also be jealous and demanding. He kept asking me to speed my divorce from George, but there was a series of postponements. It was this that led to the overpublicized quarrel in Las Vegas last year when I was appearing there in a cabaret.

I won't deny that in a moment of anger Rubi hit me, and that next day I had an unsightly black eye. The incident was exaggerated out of all proportion by local publicity men. And perhaps I made a mistake by wearing a black patch which drew attention to the eye. But don't forget, I was appearing in public at the time. I had to cover it up somehow and try to look as glamorous as possible.

As everyone knows, Rubi married Barbara Hutton after our quarrel in Las Vegas. I don't know—and I don't want to know—the reasons, but in six weeks the marriage was over. And in approximately two months, Rubi and I were together again.

RECENTLY WE HAVE spent most of our time in Hollywood, New York and Paris, where he owns a beautiful 18th-century house which he has furnished and decorated himself in exquisite taste. He is the only man I've known whose taste extends to women's clothes. He has an unfailing eye for the right color, the correct line, the becoming curve. If he says: "Zsa Zsa, take that hat off—it doesn't suit you"—I do.

I have to accept other corrections from him. Recently, we were having lunch in his home when one guest admired the Queen Anne cutlery. I said, "They are real antiques—bought in London." Rubi looked up and whispered: "They are antiques. You don't have to say real."

I was mildly irritated, though of course he was right. I had been too long in Hollywood, where everyone is anxious to make it clear that their imported antiques are the real thing.

We have discovered that we have a lot of common interests. We disagree about car racing, which fascinates him and scares me to death. But I'm just as enthusiastic as he is about horse-riding and I like to watch him play polo, his favorite sport. He owns a string of polo ponies which are his pride and joy. I was amused, and a little insulted, the first time he told me, "I love you even more than my polo ponies." Later I realized it was the greatest compliment he could pay.

For the moment I'm very happy with Rubi. My only worry is his unjustified jealousy. But it goes with the Latin temperament, and though it's a little trying on the nerves, it's certainly good for the feminine ego. A woman likes her man to be possessive and demanding. She likes him to insist on devotion and faithfulness—though she knows he has no intention of offering the same.

That brings me to the question of what else I've learned about men and from men. Here briefly is the Gabor Guide for Other Women.

Always marry older men as I have done. Women mature more quickly than men. If you start off by marrying a man of your own age when you're in your twenties, you'll almost certainly find he is your inferior—emotionally and physically. The older men are more thoughtful, more experienced, more gallant and more grateful.

Whatever you do, don't marry a man younger than yourself, unless you're 65—and desperate. Or unless he has just inherited millions. But remember, millionaires don't necessarily make good husbands.

Concentrate on one man as far as possible while you've got him. But don't hesitate to leave when love has gone. At the same time, don't discourage the casual innocent flirtation with the man who sits next to you at dinner. And don't turn away from the roguish looks thrown by the man who sits opposite you in the bus.

But, please, don't over encourage, either. Kept in hand, there's nothing better for a woman's morale than the flirtatious attention of a strange male. And nothing better for a husband to know than that his wife is admired by other men.

If you and your husband can afford it, have separate holidays at least once a year. The quickest way to get fed up with each other is to spend every day—and night—together. I also recommend separate bedrooms if possible so that the woman retains some of her mystery allure—so that she can be mistress as well as wife.

Don't be surprised if you find your man is interested in another woman—or has got beyond mild interest. Men are made that way. But don't try to hold him with tears and recriminations. You'll drive him even further away. Try disappearing mysteriously in the afternoon and make him wonder what you're up to. If this isn't enough, try to find out what she's got that you haven't—and get it!

Never ask a man for a present as though he were under obligation to you. Make him feel subtly and indirectly that he wants to give you a present—the most expensive one he can afford.

Don't fall into the mistake of dressing too loudly to catch a man's eye. You'll probably scare him away instead. Men don't like their fiancées or wives to look like musical-comedy stars. After you've got him, don't make that common mistake of thinking you can afford to let your appearance slip. If you don't keep it up to scratch, you'll lose him to some other woman who has.

Don't try to change and reform your husband too much. If he resists, he'll be unhappy, and if he does change, you may not like the new man at all.

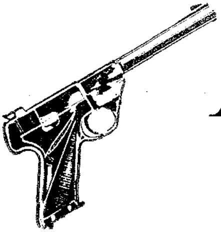
Try to take an interest in his work. He'll be happy if you just listen attentively when he's talking about it—or look as though you are. And even more important, try to share the same hobbies. Otherwise, you may find he's taken a hobby you can't share, like taking his secretary away for weekends.

Finally, always flatter a man. Tell him that he belongs to the superior sex, and that he's the dominant partner. But never, never believe it!

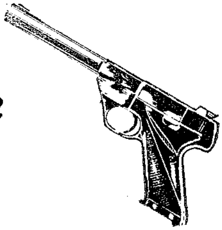
Suppose It Happened To You

(Answer to brain twister on page 104.)

JOHN FIRST PAINTED every other step. While these steps were drying, the family walked up and down the unpainted ones. Hours later, when the paint dried, John finished the job by doing the other steps.



A Hand for the Champion



by **Jack Paar**

In 1939, young Károly Takács of Budapest had already gained recognition as one of the finest pistol marksmen in Hungary. So great was his ability that experts from almost every country considered him one of the strongest contenders for the championship at the coming 1940 Olympic Games.

Tirelessly, the young marksman practiced for that occasion, but the day was not to come. In September, World War II began and the Olympic games were abandoned for the duration.

Takács was drafted into the Hungarian army where his amazing abilities with a pistol paved the way for quick promotion to sergeant. He became an instructor, teaching recruits how to handle the tricky weapon. Thus, he was able to practice his art daily and to sharpen his competitive urge in contests against fellow soldiers.

When the war ended in 1945, plans to stage an Olympiad in 1948 got underway. Hungary, even though a wartime enemy, was given an opportunity by the free world to send a team to the Games.

Takács was overjoyed. Again, practice sessions became his daily ritual. He won the Hungarian National Championship in 1946, and set his sights on the coming Olympic games. Then, late in 1946, tragedy struck.

He was driving his automobile through a darkened Budapest street when without warning another car loomed from the blackness, heading straight for him. Takács slammed on the brakes, but it was too late. The two cars crashed together, and Takács was trapped in the wreckage.

At the hospital, he awoke to realize that his right arm, the arm that had made him one of the world's great marksmen, had been amputated. It was a fate worse than death.

Months later, after he left the hospital, Takács went into almost complete seclusion. His strange actions began to worry his friends, who wondered what he was doing.

Two years later, at the Olympic Games in London, the world learned the answer. Few spectators will ever forget the scene when Takács stood high atop the winner's platform to receive the first-place medal for pistol shooting. Károly Takács was a superb symbol of courage and determination against almost impossible odds. For, after months of painstaking practice, the great marksman had won the event using his *left* hand.

Jack Paar stars on "The Morning Show," CBS-TV, Mondays through Fridays.

Armed with keen intelligence and a strong sense of duty, they are ready to give their lives to save the flock

Shepherds in Fur

by **Oren Arnold**

One morning in 1948, a California sheep-raiser rode into the wilderness in his jeep to take supplies to his herder. He found the grazing animals, safe and sound, but there were no shepherds.

An expert at outdoor lore, he read the cold camp signs, studied tracks. They told him that his hired man had simply deserted—a not uncommon occurrence—and for almost a week the flock had been tended with loving care by two sheep dogs who had known what was expected of them and had carried on the herding routine.

Down the years, dogs everywhere have done much to command human respect, but in sagacity and loyalty, no group has exceeded those that tend America's sheep. Few people outside the hills and prairies of the West know about them, yet their service goes back three centuries.

Though a man will frequently desert his responsibilities, no good sheep dog is likely to sink so low. He is well aware of the dangers that stalk every herd. Yet no matter how small he is, he will tear viciously into any enemy that threatens his charges.

Pierre Montan's pointed-nosed half breed weighed only about 35 pounds, but it fearlessly attacked a 124-pound cougar that was killing the herder's lambs. When Pierre came running with his gun, he heard only a gurgly moaning and the milling of excited sheep. But his lantern revealed seven dead lambs—and the fangs of Marie, the dog, tight in the throat of the dying mountain lion.

Pierre carried Marie nine miles for medical aid. And who tended the sheep while dog and master were gone? Another sheep dog.

"Marie" was a male dog; yet this is no incongruity. Men alone in a wilderness for weeks, with no companionship save that of animals, are likely to endow them with names of admired human beings.

Pierre carried a book, as better herders usually do—a history of France. "Marie" was honoring Marie Antoinette. He would talk to the dog as he would have addressed Marie in the French court, giving the explanation that all herders give: "After four weeks out with the woolies, a man begins talking to his animals. After six weeks—ho, they begin to reply! But for my dog, I go nuts, eh?"

A herder does talk a great deal to his dog, for it is essential to their work performance. It is often silent talk, executed through arm signals.

Elderly Jim "Marrogut" Jonas, a typical herder, will stand on a boulder and drive a great herd of woolies two miles across a valley, just by using arm semaphore. His twin collies—"Honed to a fine edge," as he tells it—look back at him, a mere speck on the horizon from their distance.

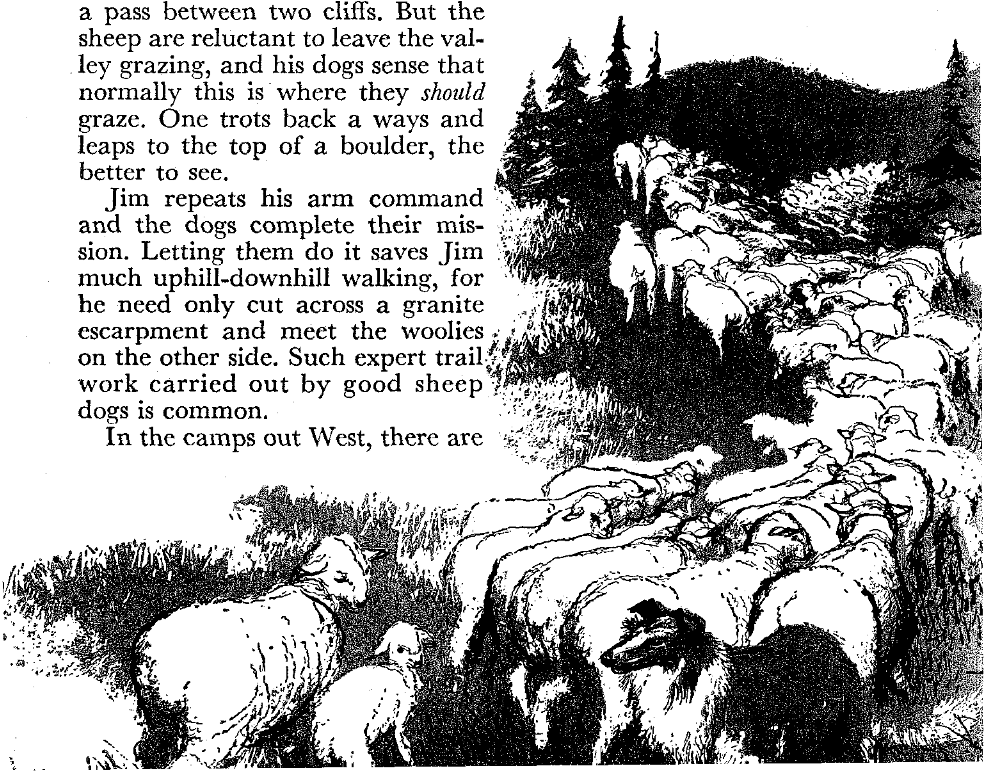
Up goes Jim's arm or arms in signal. If only one sees him, seemingly it communicates his order to the other dog, for both then swing the sheep, flowing like so much thick gray molasses across a vast plateau.

Jim may be aiming them toward a pass between two cliffs. But the sheep are reluctant to leave the valley grazing, and his dogs sense that normally this is where they *should* graze. One trots back a ways and leaps to the top of a boulder, the better to see.

Jim repeats his arm command and the dogs complete their mission. Letting them do it saves Jim much uphill-downhill walking, for he need only cut across a granite escarpment and meet the woolies on the other side. Such expert trail work carried out by good sheep dogs is common.

In the camps out West, there are a hundred definitions of a "good" sheep dog. One sheepman will swear that his dog must be a thoroughbred whose ancestry goes back to 19th-century Europe, and may cost him $100 or more as a pup. But the next camp will boast a genuine strooch—half stray and half pooch—that has worked rings around the aristocrat.

Often the sheep dog is descended from English, Spanish or Scottish stock, or from Alpine mastiffs. Most are relatively small—30 to 40 pounds—and very active. Collies are favored, being a breed that loves man and is loved in turn. They have the legs for sheep work,



also the courage and the discretion.

The best sheep dogs are two to six years old. All must learn when to bark, when to nip heels, so as to move the sheep as needed. They must keep their charges from stampeding, from drowning, from exhausting themselves, and a herd may number a few dozen or a few thousand.

If a young dog on duty gets too enthusiastic, the herder restrains him with a sharp word—or an older dog does. Punishment is rare, kindness is the keynote of training. Sheep almost never fear the dogs, but do respect them. Thus the good sheep dog is any that gets his job faithfully done.

There are professional schools for sheep dogs, where experts breed and train them for sale at a stiff fee. These schools have no set system, though most of the training is by repetition, by association of ideas. It is the same with the grizzled old herder who has picked up a pup free at some city pound.

"I just hold my right arm up pointing to the right every time I turn the sheep thataway," one such herder says, "and at the same time whistle so my dog will turn and look at me. Soon he gets in the habit of looking and turning the sheep without hearing my whistle. It's all a matter of habit, I figure."

Some herders say a dog can sense what a man wants done. Commodore, a proud collie, one autumn twilight in 1946 was sighted driving 1,400 woolies over a ridge in southern Arizona and pushing them down a mountain trail toward the home pasture. They were a day ahead of schedule, and the surprised owner rode out to meet them.

"Commodore," he called. "where is the herder, boy? Where is Leonti?"

Then he saw that the collie carried Leonti Soto's battered hat. Commodore turned up trail at once and ten miles back they came to the herder, unconscious on a canyon floor. A boulder on which he had stepped had given way with him.

"He not only brought your hat as a message of emergency," the owner said later, "but he drove the sheep in alone, rushing them gently but without rest, and lost not a one."

"Of a certainty, *señor*," the Mexican herder nodded. "Is not the Commodore a sheep dog?"

It is the highest rating a working dog can have in the West. Sheep dog—*perro de pastor* in Spanish. Commodore's feat was no more than routine in his master's eyes, no more than was to be expected of him. Yet there he was, a predator by nature, loyally guarding the very beasts that nature intended to be his prey.

Herders love to boast of their dogs' battles with coyotes, No. 1 enemy of the sheep that graze the slopes of California, Arizona, New Mexico, the plains of Texas and wherever else western sheepmen have set up shop. Yet dogs, like men, are subject to error. Once in a while a sheep dog goes bad, and nobody can say why. Perhaps it is the "call of the wild" as sounded by a coyote's wavering "*yip-yap-ou-ou-ou*," a harking back through the centuries to a time when all dogs were wild.

Sox, a white-footed mongrel who had been faithful for three years, suddenly joined a band of wild dogs and began killing the very sheep he had guarded. Sox knew the herder's habits so well that he had no trouble avoiding the man's gun.

Bears often come out of mountain fastnesses and attack sheep. It takes a nervy dog to counter-attack a bear, but there are plenty of nervy sheep dogs. Usually the commotion is enough of a delaying action for the herder to arrive with his rifle and end the fight.

Though highly self-sufficient, sheep dogs need approbation and encouragement, as a child does. They must be protected against injury and disease. Cactus thorns and rocks in some areas will wear down the pads on their feet so that they cannot walk unless the herder provides moccasins of soft leather.

Just as a dog raised in the intimacy of a family probably thinks of himself as a human being, the good sheep dog considers himself a sheep. As a pup he usually is taken from his mother and nursed by a ewe, or by a nanny goat that runs with the sheep. Thus he grows up as a part of the herd he is to guide and guard. Almost literally he speaks their language; certainly he understands it.

The good shepherd dog learns by sight and smell, and probably by sound, every individual in his herd, though there may be a thousand or more. Lacking the thick wool of their charges, the dogs are smart enough to burrow into the close-packed herd if a blizzard strikes. But the tip of a nose will be held up and out, "reading" the air for any sudden call to duty.

"I EARNED $637 LAST YEAR!"

Mrs. Paul Stokes tells of success!

Last year, Mrs. Stokes joined the many thousands of Coronet Representatives who find subscription selling a *proven* way to earn extra cash. You can do the same!

The Coronet Agency is willing to start you in your own business now, and there's no investment or experience needed. As a Coronet representative, you will be able to offer your friends, neighbors—your entire community—lowest authorized prices on all their favorite magazines. And for performing this helpful and convenient service, you keep an immediate cash commission on every sale!

And that's not all! You'll also "be in on" all these special advantages:

✓ *Special Offers*—attractive rates that prompt added sales for you!

✓ *Easy-to-win Cash Bonuses*—a sure way to increase your profits!

✓ *Valuable Merchandise Awards*—items you and the family will enjoy using!

✓ *Free Sales Aids*—at your request, to make order-taking easy and enjoyable!

To get started immediately, rush a postcard to me, and I'll promptly send your *free* 1955 selling material. Write today to:

James M. Foster, Dept. 272, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Musical fads come and go, but "the sweetest music this side of heaven" is still the favorite of millions

GUY LOMBARDO: Legend in Music

by GEORGE FRAZIER

IN THE MATTER OF varied durability, few individuals have ever been the equal of Gaetano Lombardo, Jr., a swarthy, thick-set man of 52 with glossy dark brown hair, a large misshapen nose and heavily-lidded eyes, who is more commonly known as Guy Lombardo, leader of a dance band called the Royal Canadians.

Among other things, Lombardo has survived as a big-name leader for 30 years and has discharged fewer musicians than any other leader. And he and his band have played in centerfield for the New York Yankees before more World's Series at Yankee Stadium than any other outfielder of the present team.

In the course of establishing such records, Lombardo has also managed to remain remarkably unconcerned with them. When, for example, he is handed a sheaf of press clippings by his press agent, he pushes them back gently and says, "Send them to my mother. She'll get a kick out of them."

What lends the Lombardo success a touch of the incongruous is that he and his Royal Canadians play what many critics dismiss as the least inspired dance music of all time, a fact that prompted several of them to refer to him as "Guy Lumbago." Lombardo responds to such jibes by remarking pleasantly, "Nobody likes my music but the public."

As it happens, the public has liked it for an impressively long while. Lombardo has been a professional leader for 30 years and a fabulously successful one for 25. The first acknowledgement of his commercial possibilities appeared in *Variety*, the theatrical weekly, in July, 1927. Datelined "Blossom Heath Inn, Cleveland," it had this to say: "The band attraction is Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians, so named because of their Canuck derivation, and shaping up as a musical find that should inspire a 'rave' in these dog days of dreary dansapation and so-so entertainment . . ."

Two years later, on the evening of October 5, 1929, three weeks before the stock market crash, Lombardo opened in the Grill Room of the Hotel Roosevelt in New York City, and has been there—with one exception—every season since. During his annual six-month engagement, the Roosevelt houses the most thriving ballroom anywhere in the U. S.

What is more, not only has Lombardo rarely been without a radio sponsor, but he has never turned out a genuinely unprofitable phonograph record. This achievement is unequaled even by such entertainers as Crosby, Como, Sinatra, Goodman, Dorsey, Shaw, and the late Glenn Miller. One of the reasons would appear to be that his music is as utterly unpretentious as he himself.

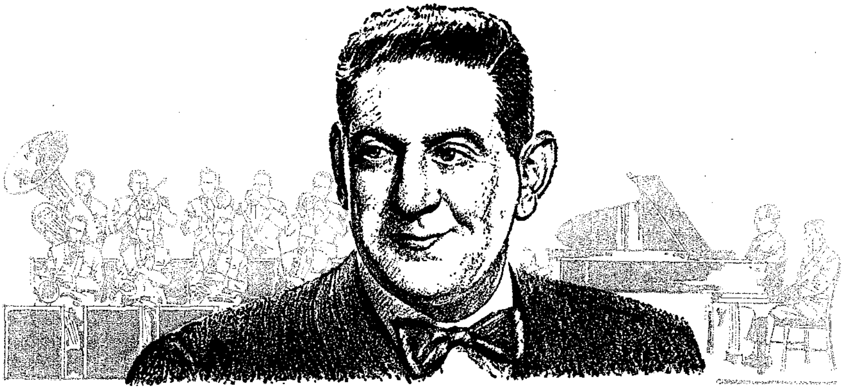
Perhaps the major asset of the Lombardo band is that it never disguises the basic melody of a song with an ornate arrangement. In an interpretation by the Royal Canadians, even the tawdriest product of Tin Pan Alley is accorded as much reverence as if it were Beethoven's *Ninth*. Although a great many musicians are disposed to sneer at what they consider the unimaginativeness of such simplicity, few have yet disputed its abiding appeal.

Paradoxically enough, Lombardo—notwithstanding the sweetish and unimprovisational nature of his style—holds the unqualified admiration of such titans of hot jazz as Zutty Singleton, the drummer, and Louis Armstrong, both of whom used to rush home from work in 1927 to hear his broadcasts from the Granada Cafe in Chicago.

"My, my, whata man," Armstrong enthuses when recalling those faraway nights. "With the lights down real low, and no one would say a word while they would play, Guy Lombardo had us spellbound—'Sweethearts on Parade,' 'Coquette,' and other fine tunes."

There is no questioning the fact that the "sound" of Lombardo's music holds a special enchantment for its devotees. Over the years, various explanations—many of them highly unflattering—have been offered as to how the Royal Canadians achieve this unique sound. One school of thought contends that the saxophone section is deliberately tuned off-key; another that its members use special mouthpieces; a third that the trick consists of pouring a quart of warm milk through the saxophone.

Lombardo merely smiles when



confronted with such theories. Actually, of course, there is no trick employed. It is simply a matter of phrasing in a distinctive way that bears more than a slight resemblance to the vocal style of Guy's brother Carmen. Lombardo is so little disturbed by jibes at his music that he himself delights in telling a favorite story about the night he played a half-hour broadcast without realizing that his drummer was absent.

THE ELDEST OF seven children, Guy Lombardo was born in 1902 in London, Ontario, where his father, a custom tailor, had migrated from Italy. The father, who had had some voice training, insisted that his children study music. In one instance, when he was dissatisfied with the quality of piano instruction in their home town, he paid a teacher to come from Toronto once a week.

Until his death a few months ago, he was still something of a taskmaster. Often, when aproached by Guy for encouragement, he glared at his son and said, "If it's praise you want, go to your mother. I give criticism!"

Lombardo was still in high school when he formed his first band—a four-piece combination consisting of himself on violin; Carmen, who is a year younger, on flute; another brother, Lebert, a year-and-a-half Carmen's junior, on drums; and Fred Kreitzer, who is still with the band, on piano.

During the week the group entertained at private parties or church socials and, on Friday and Saturday nights, at country clubs and lakeside resorts. Rehearsals were held in the Lombardo tailor shop.

Presently, though, Lombardo and Company, as the band was known, had to change its style, for in Atlantic City a massive man with a wisp of a waxed mustache was revolutionizing the dance-band business with his sweeping arrangements and symphonic style. He was Paul Whiteman and his influence was enormous. Lombardo expanded to 13 pieces.

It was not until 1923, however, and with a nine-piece group, that he began to develop the style that has become a part of Americana. Meanwhile, Carmen, a flutist of imposing talent, had horrified his father by learning the saxophone, and Lebert had switched from drums to trumpet.

The advent of swing was still some 12 years away, and the Lombardo band fitted perfectly into the dance music idiom of 1923. The extraordinary thing is that it has managed to remain fundamentally unchanged through the fickle years that have followed. Indeed, one of Lombardo's most profitable periods was during the height of the swing craze. Of all so-called "sweet" bands, only the Royal Canadians were conspicuously successful in maintaining their popularity. Furthermore, except in one case (when he used his sister Rosemarie), he also defied the widespread conviction that every band had to have a female vocalist.

"Girl singers are a headache," he says. "First of all, if they're any good, they leave you and steal your arrangements. Or just when they're beginning to get good—and it takes time to train a singer—they decide to get married."

The Royal Canadians of today

are not appreciably different, either in style or personnel, from the band that opened at the Granada Cafe in Chicago in 1927. Only the size of the payroll and the extent of the drawing power have changed. At the Granada the band was paid $1,400 a week, an increase of $300 over what it had been receiving in Cleveland, which had been its first stop after Canada.

"A HIT IS BORN"
by PERRY COMO
An exciting picture story of the fun and fervor that are part of the birth of a new song, told by one of America's top singers. In February Coronet.

But more remuneration or not, Lombardo, whose broadcasts over WTAM in Cleveland had secured him a following in that city, was not especially happy with what he found at the Granada the night of his opening. "The joint," he says, "was empty. And it stayed that way, too, night after night."

The proprietor, an individualist named Al Quadbeck, liked the band so much that he kept it on purely for his own enjoyment, however.

"All we did was rehearse while this guy Quadbeck would sit there and eat it up," says Lombardo. "Finally I told him, 'Look, Al, you gotta put us on the radio. Not even our family knows where we are.' "

Eventually, Quadbeck agreed that Lombardo could do a single broadcast from 9 to 9:15 P.M. The band had been off the air but a minute or two when the station telephoned to inquire if it would play for another 45 minutes. As things turned out that night, the Royal Canadians broadcast until one in the morning. The following Wednesday they went on the air for Wrigley's gum. From that point on, the Granada was thronged with people who had come to hear "the band that plays that soft music."

Three months later, Lombardo was signed to appear at the Palace Theater in Chicago for $4,000 a week, a figure demanded by his agent, a former physician named Jules Stein, who was eventually to build MCA (Music Corporation of America) into one of the most powerful talent agencies in the world.

The Royal Canadians of that time were eclectic. Although they played ballads caressingly, they also indulged in a good deal of the nonsense that seemed to captivate the era. They put on paper hats, did novelty numbers, and, generally speaking, conducted themselves like boys. On one occasion, a theater manager blew up.

"For $4,000 a week I can hire all the comedians in America," he shouted. "Next show, play what I bought. Play soft, damn it!"

The following morning's Herald-Examiner contained a review of the band by the late Ashton Stevens. "This," it concluded, "is truly the sweetest music this side of Heaven."

Lombardo is still puzzled by the length of time it took him to realize that the appeal of his music lay in its silkiness. When he returned to the Granada a year later, he was a conspicuous failure for the first ten nights. It was not until he had been told so by his barber that he became aware that the band had been playing too loudly.

"You'd be surprised how easy it

is to change from what people have come to accept," he says musingly. "You can drift and never know you're drifting."

Fortunately, although Lombardo's music may have drifted from time to time, his musicians never have. Seven of the ten who opened with him at the Granada are still in the band. This undoubtedly has much to do with the fact that, by and large, they have an easier time of it than any other musicians around. There is an almost uncanny musical rapprochement among them that practically eliminates the need for formal rehearsing.

IN A LINE of endeavor that has always had more than a generous share of odd personalities, Lombardo seems almost demure. And the Royal Canadians, who never drink while on the bandstand, are probably the most temperate group of musicians around. "No drinking, no gum chewing," says Lombardo. "No characters. No crossing legs."

Basically, Lombardo is as much a businessman as he is a musician. Although he originally played the violin with his band, he gave it up some years ago. For a while afterwards, however, he used to hold an inexpensive bow and fiddle while conducting. He renounced this when Abe Lyman, while sitting in on drums with the band one New Year's Eve, picked up the violin and broke it over the head of the player in front of him.

Although there are no available figures as to the exact amount of Lombardo's fortune, it is no secret that he is an extremely wealthy man, who shares with his brothers Carmen and Lebert in the staggering proceeds from the Royal Canadians, oil wells, a music publishing firm, such ventures as "Arabian Nights," a musical extravaganza starring Lauritz Melchior, produced at Jones Beach last summer and East Point House, a thriving restaurant in Freeport, Long Island. The restaurant is not far from the waterfront home occupied by Lombardo and his wife Lilliebelle.

But from the point of view of sheer talent, Lombardo's most notable endowment is neither as a musician nor an investor, but as a speedboat pilot.

In 1946, his *Tempo VI*, with its complicated Zumbach-Miller engine, won the International Gold Cup Regatta on the Detroit River. Five years later, knifing through the waters at Red Bank, New Jersey, it won for Lombardo his third National Sweepstakes championship.

Yet speedboating has proved both costly and hazardous for Lombardo. In 1948, while competing in the Gold Cup Regatta on the Detroit River, he deliberately capsized his boat in order to spare a competitor's life. He sustained a fractured left arm, numerous lacerations, and a repair bill for more than $10,000.

Lombardo's passion for speedboating is probably the one authentically colorful aspect of an individual who is so much a creature of habit that he and his musicians, when traveling on a bus (which always has the same driver), invariably sit in the identical seats they occupied on all previous trips.

Year after year, at midnight on New Year's Eve, from radios in living rooms across the land comes the soft, velvety sound of *Auld Lang Syne*, played by Guy and his Canadians. Then, too, the Indian summer afternoons at Yankee Stadium with the New York Yankees about to start a World Series—but never before Lombardo, out in centerfield, leads his men in *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

In a way, the Lombardo Saga is rather like a Forsyte Saga in popular music. Indeed, if one thing more than another would appear to have influenced Lombardo's career, it is his fierce sense of family.

No family could be more closely knit. Guy, Carmen, Lebert and Victor are, of course, constantly together. Their sister, Elaine, is married to Kenny Gardner, who has been the male vocalist with the Royal Canadians since 1940. Another brother, Joseph, operates an antique shop in New York City. Rosemarie, recently married to Sidney Rogers, manager of a Long Island hotel, spends much of her time at her mother's lovely home in Stamford, Connecticut, where the entire family assembles for frequent spaghetti dinners.

To Lombardo, the notion of changing one's musical style in order to be progressive is as unthinkable as the idea of getting a second and younger mother because the first one is beginning to age. It helps explain why his basic personnel has remained virtually intact over the years: Lombardo and the Royal Canadians are more family than dance band.

When Dudley Fosdick, a Lombardo musician who has since retired, was asked about this, he summed it up neatly when he replied: "I've been with the band 12 years and I'm still regarded as a newcomer."

Yes, it is all very predictable, all very reassuring, as if proof of the fact that nothing ever really changes. The Roosevelt Grill, for instance. Season after season, many couples return to the Grill who are fat and middle-aged now, but only one-and-twenty when first they danced there to Lombardo—returning now to dance to him again. But the odd thing is that while the couples have changed in appearance, Lombardo himself has not. He is still there, spinning gracefully as he heads the band, regulating the lights, signing autographs and smiling to his old friends.

Nor has his music changed either. If age has ravaged anything at all, it is apparent only in the fact that the band no longer does its celebrated *St. Louis Blues*, with Carmen holding the long note and the musicians imploring, "Don't let go *now*, Carmen!"

PHOTO CREDITS: 6 Paramount; 8 left Bermuda News Bureau, top right Elizabeth Hibbs, bottom right Roy Pinney from Monkmeyer; 10 Walter Fischman; 18 Nat Fein from New York Herald Tribune; 20, 22 Ed Bakal; 51-58 Bernstein from Black Star; 83, 89 bottom, 92, 95 bottom Rolf Tietgens; 84, 91, 94 center, 96-7 Josef Muench; 85 top Martin Litton; 85 bottom Lark from Western Ways; 86-7, 88 top Ray Manley from Western Ways; 88 bottom Chuck Abbott; 89 top Koonce from Western Ways; 90 Ansel Adams from Magnum; 93 top Walt Wiggins; 93 bottom Herbert from Western Ways; 94 top Meisel from Monkmeyer; 94 bottom Magee from Western Ways; 95 Standard Oil (N.J.); 98 Candelario from Western Ways; 123 Kodak Ltd.; 124-25 top Topical; 124 bottom R. D. Robinson; 125 bottom A. Christiansen; 126 R. Thompson; 127 R. C. Hermes; 128 top D. Webb; 128 bottom World Photos; 130 DeDienes: Rapho-Guillumette.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by CORONET for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

"I Wish I Hadn't Said That!"

The simplest remark may prove tactless unless you really know the people with whom you're conversing

by **GRACE STUART NUTLEY**

HAVE YOU EVER grieved over heedless words you have uttered and thought, "I wish I'd never said that"?

Everybody has at one time or another experienced the chagrin of saying words which injured someone. Once spoken, such words can never be erased. Apology and forgiveness may smooth things over, but can never obliterate the words themselves. Such blunders can only be prevented by always thinking before speaking.

A young lady, during a pause in a social gathering, offered to read palms. The guests were delighted by her performance. Her readings were impressively accurate, especially as she was a visitor in the town and a stranger to most of the guests. As she took the palm of one of the men present, she peered at it intently with growing excitement.

"My," she said, looking up, "I've read about this line, but I never saw one. A murderer's line!"

In the silence that followed, the man in question stood up, found his hat and left without saying a word. The young lady looked around in consternation. "What did I say?" she asked.

"Hadn't you heard?" asked her hostess. "Last week he was acquitted of murdering his mother!"

Here in one gruesome story are all the ingredients of tactlessness, both of omission and commission. To begin with, the young lady was ignorant of the personal histories of the group. Not knowing the people you are with is a frequent cause of innocently tactless remarks, for even the mildest statement may somehow become a tactless remark under certain circumstances.

You would not intentionally be so tactless as to discuss the latest plane crash in front of the mother of one of its victims. Yet you might easily do so if you were unfamiliar with the people in the group.

It isn't possible to learn the idiosyncrasies of all the people you meet, but you can take a step in the right direction. When you first meet a group, you can study the people carefully and listen to what they say. In this way, you will gain much

From *How to Carry On a Conversation*, by Grace Stuart Nutley. Copyright, 1953, by Sterling Publishing Company, Inc., Publishers, New York.

insight into their everyday lives.

The time for tact begins before you talk—not after.

There are people who are afraid of tact because they do not understand it. They believe that tact is a form of dishonesty and they pride themselves on being forthright and honest. On the other hand, there are people who try so hard to be tactful that they become ridiculous, dripping inanities which are supposed to make their listeners happy.

Both extremes are in error. You don't have to be rude in order to be honest, any more than you need to lie in order to be tactful.

Someone has defined tact as the unsaid part of what you think. Good taste is reflected by good manners. No one can achieve good manners by implicitly following the rules in a book of etiquette. Good manners reflect an inner attitude, a sensitivity to the feelings of others.

A young man, discussing a character in a book, remarked to a group, "Her mistake was in thinking a cripple could live a normal life." The remark, which in another situation might merely have marked the young man as stupid, caused this group to squirm. One of the guests was badly crippled!

If you find yourself constantly in conversational crises, saying the wrong thing or neglecting to say the right thing, become your own diagnostician and analyze your trouble. Are your remarks inappropriate because you don't know enough about the other members of the conversational group? Are you guilty of making sweeping generalizations which are offensive to some of those present?

Such errors are due to lack of knowledge of the background, personalities or prejudices in the group you are conversing with—in other words, due to ignorance.

You can fall into many pitfalls conversationally because of impatience. When you have no time to listen to another's expression of thought, or are in too much of a hurry to get your own ideas aired, you are heading into trouble.

At a banquet at which Mark Twain was toastmaster, an after-dinner speaker began his speech by saying: "If any of you gentlemen have heard this story before, just stop me." Whereupon Twain interrupted with, "My dear fellow, a gentleman has *never* heard a story before!"

If someone asks you point-blank if you have heard a story and you have, answer by saying, "I'd love to hear it again—I don't really remember it," or "Yes, but do go on with it. It is so clever." Then continue to be tactful by not attempting to improve on its telling!

It is difficult, I admit, to listen to a story poorly told—especially when you are sure you could build up the laughs. But a story is never made better by taking it away from someone else. It is extremely annoying to have someone say, "The way I heard it was . . ."

Perhaps the most common fault of people in conversation is failure to distinguish between argument and discussion. Argument has no place in conversation; it is too heavy, too final and, unfortunately, often too personal to be a form of entertainment. But intelligent discussion is the life of stimulating conversation. The presentation, rightly handled, of a different point of view adds real spice to any talk.

There is a decided difference between the "Don't you think?" attitude and the "I'm telling you" position. Certainly it is not tactless to disagree with someone conversationally. But it is the manner, the tone, in which the disagreement is expressed that makes it acceptable —or offensive.

A person of firm ideas commands respect if he has tact in expressing his convictions. Cultivate the use of such phrases as:

"I'm afraid I can't agree with you there."

"My impression was quite different."

"Would you tell me how you arrived at that conclusion?"

Such phrases as these can never cause offense except in a bigot—and a bigot does not belong in any conversational circle.

Highways to Happiness

I BELIEVE THE RECIPE for happiness to be just enough money to pay the monthly bills you acquire, a little surplus to give you confidence, a little too much work each day, a substantial share of good health, a couple of real friends, and a wife and children to share life's beauty with you. —J. KENFIELD MORLEY

MOST PEOPLE are about as happy as they make up their minds to be. —ABRAHAM LINCOLN

DON'T EVER MISTAKE pleasure for happiness. They are entirely different breeds of dogs. —JOSH BILLINGS

TO FIND A CAREER to which you are adapted by nature, and then to work hard at it, is about as near to a formula for success and happiness as the world provides. One of the fortunate aspects of this formula is that, granted the right career has been found, the hard work takes care of itself. Then hard work is not hard work at all. —MARK SULLIVAN

OUR GREATEST HAPPINESS does not depend on the condition of life in which chance has placed us, but is always the result of a good conscience, good health, occupation, and freedom in all just pursuits.—THOMAS JEFFERSON

THE ONLY TRUE happiness we may look for comes from squandering ourselves for a purpose. —JOHN MASON BROWN

HAPPINESS IS NOT so much in having or sharing. We make a living by what we get, but we make a life by what we give. —NORMAN MACEWAN

—From *The Forbes Scrapbook of Thoughts on the Business of Life*
Copyright, 1950, by B. C. Forbes & Sons Publishing Co., Inc.

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY

LIBERTY lies in the hearts of men and women; when it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it; no constitution, no law, no court can even do much to help it. And what is this liberty which must lie in the hearts of men and women? It is not the ruthless, the unbridled will; it is not freedom to do as one likes. That is the denial of liberty, and leads straight to its overthrow.

The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right; the spirit which seeks to understand the minds of other men and women; the spirit which weighs their interests alongside its own without bias; the spirit of Him who, nearly 2,000 years ago, taught mankind that lesson it has never learned, but has never quite forgotten—that there may be a Kingdom where the least shall be heard and considered side by side with the greatest.

—JUDGE LEARNED HAND

FOR MORE PURE PLEASURE!

No other cigarette is so rich-tasting, yet so mild as CAMEL!

With over 50 brands to choose from today, more people test, prove and enjoy Camels than any other cigarette!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

"CAMELS TASTE SO RICH AND GOOD— AND I'M GLAD THEY'RE SO TRULY MILD!"

Maureen O'Sullivan

HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STAR

For Mildness...for Flavor

CAMELS AGREE WITH MORE PEOPLE

THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!